



Mahmmut The Turkish Spy Aetatis suae 72
F. H. van Hove. sculp.



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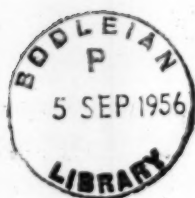
THE
Fifth Volume
OF
LETTERS
St J: Writ by a Bennett
Turkish Spy,
Who lived Five and Forty Years,
Undiscover'd, at
PARIS:

Giving an Impartial Account to the
Divan at Constantinople, of the most Remarkable Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the *Christian Courts* (especially of that of *France*) continued from the Year 1654, to the Year 1682.

Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into Italian, and from thence into English, by the Translator of the First Volume.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N,
Printed by J. Leake, for Henry Rhodes,
near Bride-lane, in Fleet-street, 1693



TO THE
READER.

P*refaces*, methinks, are so much like the *Printed Bills*, pasted upon the *Booths* in *Bartholomew-Fair*, to give an Account of the Entertainment you are to expect within; that, were it not in Pure Compliance with Custom, one would forswear writing any. But the World is humorous, and must be served according to its own Fashion. Every Thing's damn'd, that is not *à la Mode*. And he that publishes a *Book*, without Civilly accosting the *Reader* at the Beginning, is thought to entrench upon Good Manners.

To prevent all these Inconveniences, 'tis thought fit once more to say a Word or Two; not in Praise of this *Volume of Letters*, (e'en let it take its Fortune as the other *Four* have done) but by Way of *Apology* for some Things which may seem liable to Censure.

Some perhaps will be offended at the

To the Reader.

Zeal which appears in this *Arabian*, when he writes in Honour of the *Mahometan Faith*. Others will as much wonder at his Loosness and Indifference, his Doubtfulness of all Things: For, in some of his *Letters*, he appears a Great Sceptick, and confesses himself so.

These Gentlemen ought to consider, that his Style and Sentiments, are suited to the *Quality* of the *Person* to whom he writes. To his Intimate Friends, he unbosoms himself with Abundance of Frankness: But when he addresses to the *Mustri*, or other *Grandees* of the *Port*, he is Cautious and Reserved.

It may be suppos'd, that he understood himself very well, or else he was not fit for that *Employment* in *Paris*. And, without Doubt, having had his Education in the *Seraglio*, as he professes, he was no Stranger to the *Punctilio's* of Address us'd in the *Turkish Court*. It was his Policy and Interest, to appear a very Devout *Mahometan*, when he wrote to the *Ministers of State*: And 'tis possible, he was so in Reality, or at least persuaded himself so at certain Seasons. And yet this hinders not, but he might at other Times take the Liberty to descant on some Absurdities in their *Doctrine* and *Practice*,

To the Reader.

when he wrote to his Familiars, and was minded to converse with Freedom.

If in some Points, he seems to give Credit to the *Arabian Writers*, who have treated of *Egypt* and its *Antiquities*; in others, he shews himself a Man not overfond of *Fables* and *Romances*.

However, let his *Opinions* be what they will, and his *Sentiments* never so *Extravagant* in Matters of *Speculation* and *Controversy*; so long as his *Morals* are sound and good, there's no Occasion to be Captious. We need not fear that any *Christian*, or any Man of Sense will be Profelyted by his Letters, to a *Religion* which he himself, tho' professing it, yet so often doubts of, and ridicules.

He speaks very Honourably of *Christ*, and Impartially of *Christians*, accusing their *Vices* rather than their *Doctrines*, and appearing all along a Moderate Man in his Sentiments of *Religion*, and a Friend to *Virtue* and *Reason*. If he discovers some Failings, in being too Melancholy; consider, that he was a Mortal like other Men. However, *Reader*, admire his Untainted Loyalty, and Imitate it.

You will find in this *Volume*, True *History*, with Variety of Solid Remarks. And not a few Secrets of *Cardinal Mazarini*,

To the Reader.

rini, and *Oliver Cromwel*, Uncabineted. Particularly, that Famous *Intrigue* carried on by *Colonel Spintelet* and his Confederates, to save *Ostend* from being surprized by the *French* in the Year 1658, and to bubble Two of the Ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*.

After all, assure thy self, that the next *Volume* will contain more *Illustrious Relations*, than any that has gone before. Where you will hear of an End put to the *War* between *France* and *Spain*, after it had lasted Five and Twenty Years; and the Marriage of *Lewis XIV.* with the *Spanish Infanta*; as also of an *Universal Peace* in *Christendom*: The *Restoration* of *Charles II.* to his *Crown* and *Kingdoms*, after *Twelve Years Exile* in *Foreign Countries*, and *Twelve* several *Revolutions* of *Government*, here at *Home*. With many other *Memorable* and *Important Events* and *Transactions* in the *World*: As the dreadful *Earthquake* which overturned Part of the *Pyrenean Mountains*; the more *Destructive Plague* which swept away almost a *Hundred Thousand* People in *London*; and the *Deplorable Fire* which consumed the *Greatest Part* of that *Famous City*, in the Space of *Three Days*.

You will there also find an Account of the

To the Reader.

the Death of that Great Minister of State, Cardinal Mazarini: Of the Duke of Orleans, Uncle to the French King: Of the Dutcheſs of Savoy: Of Carolus Joſephus, the Emperor's Brother: Of the Duke of Vendome: Of the Queen-Mother of France; and of Philip IV. King of Spain, with other Persons of Princely Quality.

For this Arabian was Careful to transmit to the Ottoman Port, Intelligence of all Things which were moſt Remarkable in Europe. And that his Letters might not ſeem Tedious, he intermix'd Moral Reflections, with ſome Maxims of Policy, Eſſays of Reason, and now and then a Touch of Philoſophy. And if we may gueſs at the Cauſe of his more abounding in theſe Kind of Miſcellany Diſcourſes after the Year 1659, than he did before: It ſeems probable, that a General Peace about that Time being eſtabliſhed in Europe, he had little elſe to write, but his Obſervations on the ſeveral States and Courts of Chriſtian Princes, the Different Manners, Cuſtoms and Laws of People; the Counſels and Intrigues of Stateſmen: With ſuch other Matters as occurred worthy of Notice.

If either in this Volume, or in thoſe that are to come, he ſeems in any of his

To the Reader.

Letters to alter his Opinion, and contradict his Former Sentiments; remember, 'tis no more than what the Greatest *Writers* have done, who have lived to Old Age, as this *Agent* did. No Body is Ignorant of St. *Augustine's* *Retractions*, and *Cornelius Agrippa's* *Vanity of Sciences*; wherein those Two Great *Authors* run counter to all that they had writ before. And 'twere easy to produce a Hundred Instances besides.

In a Word, *Reader*, take in good Part the *Translator's* Pains, who renders Things as he found 'em, without Altering or Corrupting the Sence of his *Copy*. Farewel.

A
TABLE
OF THE
LETTERS and *Matters* contain-
ed in this *Volume*.

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

M *Ahmud* the *Arabian*, and Vilest
of the *Grand Signior's* *Slaves*,
to the *Mysterious Esad*, *Arbi-*
trator of doubtful *Problems*, *Prince*
of the *Mufti's*. p. 1.

He complains for Want of Fuller Instru-
ctions in several Cases; and particu-
larly desires his Counsel as to the Fast
of Ramezan.

II. To *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a *Jew* at *Vi-*
enna. 6

Remarks on the Death of the Roman
King: with some Curious Epitaphs.

III. To *Mahummed Hodgia*, *Venerable*
Eremit of the *Cave* replete with
Wonders.

The TABLE.

<i>Wonders.</i>	12
<i>Of Mahmut's Infirmities: A Remarkable Story of Clearchus, a devout Man in Asia.</i>	
IV. To the <i>Kaimacham.</i>	20
<i>Of the Sieges of Stenay and Arras. A Notable Instance of Gallantry in the Garrison of Mardin.</i>	
V. To <i>Dgnet Oglon.</i>	23
<i>Mahmut acquaints him how he spends his Birth-Day. With Reflections on the Usual Vanity of Mortals at such Times.</i>	
VI. To the <i>Selihtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the Grand Signior.</i>	27
<i>Of the Surrender of Stenay, and Relief of Arras. Remarks on the Signs which went before the King of the Roman's Death. Of Queen Christina's coming to Antwerp.</i>	
VII. To <i>Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs at Constantinople.</i>	31
<i>He advises him to be frugal of Time, and not to spend it in Gaming. The Misfortune of a Chinese Captain.</i>	
VIII. To the <i>Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.</i>	37
<i>He expostulates with him, about Kienan Bassa's Old Grudge, &c.</i>	
IX. To the <i>Venerable Musti.</i>	40
	Of

The TABLE.

*Of the Popes Sickness, and Last Will.
A Character of his Sister-in-Law,
Donna Olympia. Of the War be-
tween the Moscovites and Polanders.
Of the Grand Signior's Losses by Sea.*

- X. To *Pesteli Hali*, his Brother, Master of
the Grand Signior's Customs. 44
*He informs him of the Arrival of his
Mother Oucomiche, and his Cousin
Isouf, at Paris.*

- XI. To *Adonai*, a Jew, Prisoner in the
Tower of *Nona* at Rome. 50
*He reprehends his Immorality, for meddling
with the Religion of the Romans. Tea-
ches him a Receipt to procure his Escape.*

- XII. To *Mehemet*, once an Eunuch-Page
in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in
Egypt at Grand Caire. 55
*Of the Lawfulness of Wine. A Dispute
between Noah and the Devil about it.
Of Joseph's Prison; the Land of Al-
phion; the Story of Hagar the Mo-
ther of Ismael, and other Matters.*

- XIII. To *Kerker Hassan*, Bassa. 62
*Of the Popes Death; and of the Ambi-
tion of the Roman Clergy.*

- XIV. to the *Kaimacham*. 65
*He blames Kifur Dramelec, Secretary
of the Nazarene Affairs, for not send-
ing him timely and good Intelligence.*
Of

The TABLE.

Of a Violent Plague in Moscovy. Of Egyptians or Gypſies.

XV. To the ſame. 70

Divers Opinions concerning the Original of the Gypſies. Of the Conclave at Rome, and of Cardinal de Retz.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

TO *Cara Hali, Phyſician to the Grand Signior.* 75

A Story of Helal, a Phyſician of Arabia. Of Avicen, and of Thabet Eb'n Abraham.

II. To *Aſis Baſſa.* 85

Of the Strange Punishment inflicted on a Deer-Stealer of Wittemberg by the Elector of Saxony. A Story of an Arabian Captain.

III. To *Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.* 87

More on the ſame Subject. Remarks on the Indians, and on the Law of Moſes.

IV. To *Dgebe Naſir, Baſſa.* 91

Of the Sects and Diviſions among the Chriſtians. Particularly, of the Wars between the Catholicks and Proteſtants in Piedmont.

V. To

The TABLE.

V. To *William Vospel*, a Recluse of *As-
stria*. 94

*Of the Sepulchre of King Childeric.
Mahmut presents him with a Cabinet
of Curious Antiquities.*

VI. To the most Illustrious and Invincible
Vizir Azem at the Port. 99

*Of a Secret Order given him by the Vizir ;
and the Necessity of a Turkish Em-
bassador in the French Court to car-
ry on the Design.*

VII. To *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew at *Vi-
enna*. 103

*He advises him not to be too Religious,
but to follow his Business chearfully.*

VII. To *Mustapha Lulu Beamrilla*, a Man
of the Law. 105

*He argues against the false Notions of the
Resurrection Common among Maho-
metans and Christians. Of the Ap-
parition of Bones in Egypt.*

IX. To *Solyman, Kusir Aga*, Prince of the
Black Eunuchs. 110

*Of the Advance of the Bassa of Aleppo
to the Prime Vizirate.*

X. To the most Illustrious *Vizir Azem*,
at the Port. 113

*He Congratulates his New Dignity ;
and claims a Reward for having for-
merly accus'd him to the Divan, when he
held*

The TABLE.

- held Correspondence with the Venetians.*
- XI. To *Mehemet*, an Exil'd Eunuch, at
Caire in Egypt. 117
*Heridicules some Stories of the Egypti-
 ans, and relates in short the Voyage of
 Domingo Gonfales to the Moon.*
- XII. To *Zornesfan Mustapha*, Bassa of the
Sea. 121
*He wishes him good Success against the Ve-
 netians; a short Character of that Peo-
 ple. Of the Conquest of Jamaica by
 the English. A Discourse of Oliver,
 the English Protector. Of Leopold-
 us Ignatius Josephus's being Elected
 King of the Romans.*
- XIII. To *Pesteli Haki*, his Brother, Master
 of the *Grand Signior's Customs.* 126
*An Encomium of his Cousin Isouf. Of
 his being in Moscovy. He desires him
 to recommend Isouf to Kerker Hassan,
 Bassa. Isouf's Remarks on Egypt.*
- XIV. To *Ismael Kaidar*, Cheik, a Man of
 the *Law.* 130
*Of Queen Christina's Rambles through
 Europe. With an Italian Libel which
 was found in the Hands of Pasquin.*
- XV. To the same. 133
*Of a New Star appearing in Europe. The
 Jews Opinion of it, and of their Messias.
 Of the Rebellion of the late Vizir
 Azem's.*

The TABLE.

- Azem's Son. Of a Peace between the French and the English.*
- XVI. To *Solyman*, his Cousin, at *Scutari*. 138
He reprehends his Discontentedness, and encourages him to follow his Trade, by several Eminent Examples. A Story of Diogenes and Plato.
- XVII. To *Melec Amet*. 144
Of a Moor Baptiz'd in Paris. Of the Ottoman Friar in Malta. And of Don Philipppo, Son of the Dey of Tunis. Of Cardinal Mazarini's Trick to hinder Suedeland and Brandenburg from making a League against King Casimir.
- XVIII. To *Sedrec Al Girawn*, Chief Treasurer to the Grand Signior. 149
He Congratulates his New Honour. Of Kienan Bassa's being found by the Tartars on a Dunghill in Moscovy, when a Child. He descants on the late Sedition at Constantinople.
- XIX. To the same. 156
How Mahmut's Chamber was search'd, and the Method he took to secure his Box of Letters.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

- TO *Dgnet Oglou*. 165
He discourses concerning Chance, and the Origin of Evil. Of Deists in Europe. And of the Sincere Fraternity among the Ancient Arabians.
- II. Of

The TABLE.

- II. To the *Nazin Eschref*, or *Prince of the Emirs at the Port.* 172
Of a Terrible Plague broke out in Rome, Naples and the Adjacent Parts. Of the Loss of Valenciennes to the Spaniards. Of Adonai's Death at Rome.
- III. To *Melec Amet.* 176
Of a Great Chasme or Breach made in the Earth not far from Paris.
- IV. To *Zornezan Mustapha*, *Beglerbeg of Erz'ram.* 177
He Congratulates his Retreat from the Toils and Perils of the Seraglio. Reflections on the Authors of the late Troubles at Constantinople.
- V. To the most Renown'd and most Illustrious *Vizir Azem at the Port.* 181
Mahmut Congratulates his Assumption to this Dignity. Presents him with the Pictures of the French King, Cardinal Mazarini, Queen of Sueden, and others: As also with Twelve Watches of his own Workmanship. Of Queen Christina's Entertainment at the French Court.
- VI. To *Abraham Eli Zeid*, *Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.* 86
He descants on the Covenant of Mahomet with the Christians. Some Prophetick Passages of Mahomet. A Story of a Black Image in Spain.
- VII. To *Murat, Bassa.* 191
Of the Death of the King of Portugal, and the Coronation of his Son. Of Count Harcourt's playing Fast and Loose with the

The TABLE.

*the French King. And of the Mareſchal
de la Ferte's Bravery.*

- VIII. To *Hébatolla Mir Argun, Superior of
the Convent of Dervishes at Cogni in
Natolia.* 194

*He condoles the Death of Bedredin his Pre-
deceſſor: Sends him the True Effigies of
the Meſſias; With a ſhort Hiſtory of John
the Baptiſt.*

- IX. To *Selim Al' Moſel, Venerable Imam of
the Moſch of Santa Sophia.* 201

*Of Columbus the Firſt Discoverer of Ame-
rica. And of the Deſtruction of Lima and
Calao, Two Cities in Peru, by an Earth-
quake and Fire from Heaven.*

- X. To *Muſtapha, Baſſa.* 206

*Of Iſmael Bir Couli Can, the Perſian Em-
baſſador at the Port.*

- XI. To *Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch in
Egypt.* 210

*He acquaints him with the Death of Soly-
man the Kuſſir Aga. Of the Antiquity of
the Pyramids. King Saurid's Viſion.
Another of Aclimon the High Prieſt. He
aſſerts the Eternity of the World.*

- XII. To the moſt Venerable *Muſti.* 220

*He congratulates his Aſſumption to that Sa-
cred Dignity: Propoſes the Advantage of
Translating Hiſtories into the Turkiſh
Language. And diſcourſes of the Anci-
ent Arabians and Scythians.*

- XIII. To the *Kaimacham.* 206

*Of the German Emperour's Death: The Ill
State of the Empire: The Faſtions of the Ele-
ctors; And Cardinal Mazarini's Aims.* XIV.

The TABLE.

- XIV. To *Raba Mahomet*, General of the Ottoman Forces, at his Camp near *Adrianople*. 229
Of the Affairs of Babylon, and the Persians. Of the Troubles in Europe. Of a Terrible Eruption of Fire from Mount Ætna in Sicily.
- XV. To *Cara Hali*, Physician to the Grand Signior. 234
He descants on the Succession of Abubecre, Omar and Othman, the First Caliphs. And seems to favour Hali, the Prophet of the Persians.
- XVI. To *Cara Mustapha*, Bassa. 238
Of the Isle of Tenedos; and the Trojan Wars. Of Ajax's Folly in Killing himself. Of Seventeen Spanish Ships of War burnt and sunk by the English under the Command of Admiral Blake. With other Matters.
- XVII. To *Nathan Ben Saddi*, a Jew at Vienna. 243.
Of the Quarrel between the Elector of Bavaria and Prince Palatine, about the Vicarship of the Empire.
- XVIII. To *Melech Amet*. 247
Of Trances and Ecstasies. A Story of Saleh, an Indian Physician.
- XIX. To the *Kaimacham*. 252
Of the Surrender of Montmedi to the French,

The TABLE.

- French, *and the Speech of the Governor to the King. Of the Turks Ill Successes in Candia.*
- XX. To *Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.* 258
He relates in short the Life and Miracles of Mahomet.
- XXI. To *Dichen Hussain, Bassa.* 264
Of a Quarrel between the French and Spanish Embassadors at the Hague. With other Intelligence from Denmark, Portugal, Munster, and the German Court.
- XXII. To *Dgnet Oglou.* 267
He complains of his Friends Reservedness and Silence. Rebukes the Trivial Controversies of the Mussulmans. And denies that God has a Body or Passions like us.
- XXIII. To the *Aga of the Janizaries.* 273
Of the Suedes taking Fredericks-Ode by Storm. An Interview of the King of Poland and Elector of Brandenburg. Of the taking of Mardike by the French and English.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

TO *Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.* 277
He

The TABLE.

- He discourses of Free Will and Predestination. A Digression, occasioned by a sudden Tempest of Thunder and Lightning.*
- II. To *Mustapha, Bassa.* 283
Of Queen Christina's Sentencing one of her Domesticks to Death. And the Censure of the Civilians thereupon.
- III. To *Mustapha, Berber Aga.* 286
He acquaints him with the Birth of a Young Prince of Spain; and the Extraordinary Magnificences exhibited by the Spanish Embassador at the Hague on this Occasion.
- IV. To *Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs, at Constantinople.* 289
Of his Mother Oucomiche; and of Isouf his Cousin. Of the Pyramids and Mum-mies; With some Remarks on the Nile.
- V. To the *Kaimacham.* 297
Of the Sentence pronounc'd by the Venetians against Girolamo Loredan, and Giovanni Contarimi. Examples of Justice on Traytors. Of great Inundations in Germany and Flanders.
- VI. To *Solyman, his Cousin, at Constantinople.* 301
He expostulates with him about his being too Religious. Several Opinions of Philosophers concerning the Soul.
- VII. To

The TABLE.

- VII. To *Asis, Bassa.* 306
Of an Interview between the Kings of Denmark and Suedeland : And the Peace that ensued.
- VIII. To the *Mufti.* 309
He acquaints him with the Project of a certain Jesuite, to reform the State of Christendom.
- IX. To *Abdel Melec Muli Omar.* 315
He relates in Short his Education, and the Method of his Studies in Sicily. A Word or Two of Porphyry.
- X. To *Murat, Bassa.* 320
Of the taking Dunkirk by the French, and the putting it into the Hands of the English. Of the French King's Illness and Recovery.
- XI. To *Mohammed, the Eremite of Mount Uriel in Arabia.* 323
He discourses of his own Passions and Virtues. With something of his Virtues.
- XII. To *Achmet Padishami Culligiz, Bassa.* 330
He congratulates his Succession to Darnish Mehemet, Bassa. Of the Election of a New German Emperor. The Death of Oliver; and the French Design on Ostend.
- XIII. To *Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs,*
at

The TABLE.

- at Constantinople. 338
Of the Artick Regions, and the Nature of Cold. Of the Works which the Northern People build upon the Ice. Of the Funeral Monuments of Ancient Hero's.
- XIV. To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant of Venice. 313
He recommends to him Fidelity: And gives him a Short Account of his Life.
- XV. To the Kaimacham. 345
Of the Jealousy of the Venetians towards Strangers. A General Character of the Italians. A Comparison of them with the French.
- XVI. To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria. 350
Of a Street in Paris call'd the Street of Hell. Remarks on the Nature of Incorporeal Beings.
- XVII. To the Venerable Ibrahim, Cadilefquet of Romeli. 353
Of the Interview between Cardinal Mazarrini, and Dom Louis de Haro, the Spanish Minister, in Order to a Peace.
- XVIII. To Musu AbulTahyan, Alfaqui, Professor of Theology at Fez. 355
Of the Zune, or Book of Doctrine. Of the Piety of Omar Eb'n Abdil Azis, the Ninth Caliph.

LETTERS

(I)

LETTERS

Writ by
A Spy at *P A R I S*.

VOL. V.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut *the Arabian, and Vilest of the Grand Signior's Slaves, to the Mysterious Esad, Arbitrator of Doubtful Problems, Prince of the Musti's.*

WHEN I first came to *Paris*, my *Instructions* were not so Full and Particular, as to direct me in all Emergencies. A great many Things were left to my own Conduct and Prudence, both in *Civil* and *Religious* Matters.

B

ters. So that if I have made any false Steps, I hope 'twill be Excusable; in Regard, 'tis not so much my Fault, as that of the *Ministers* who reside at the *August Port*. I have often address'd to them, desiring Supplemental Rules and Cautions in some Peculiar Cases which I propos'd: But they have been very sparing of their Counsels. 'Tis true indeed, about Five Years ago, I received some Particular Orders from the then *Vizir Azem*, and the *Kaimacham*, as also from thy *Sanctity*: Wherein I was commanded to write with all Freedom to the *Grandeess*. This, with the other Directions, has been of great Use to me. It has arm'd me with fresh Courage, and remov'd the Melancholy Apprehensions I had of some Mens Revenge, whose Vices I reprov'd. Praise be to God, King of the *Day of Judgment*, I have accus'd no Man wrongfully. Yet I was full of Fears, even in the Performance of my Duty: Knowing, that Mortals Generally love to have their Faults Conceal'd, and pursue those with Malice, who discover or reprehend 'em. But now, all my Fears in that Kind are vanish'd. Yet I have Scruples of another Nature, which none but the *Infalible Guide* of the *Faithful* can disperse.

Ever since I have resid'd here, I have been precise in observing all the *Precepts* of our *Holy Law*, so far as consist'd with the Security and Success of my *Commission*. For, I have been forc'd to leap over many Lyes and False Oaths, to conceal my self. I have likewise done Abundance of other Irregular Things, to promote

mote the *Cause* I am engag'd in. For all which, thou hast vouchsafed me a *Dispensation*. There remains One Thing, in which thy Advice is Necessary.

I have been hitherto Punctual in keeping the *Fast of Ramezan*, at the Time appointed to all *Mussulmans*. Which, thou knowest, falls Earlier by Eleven Days every Year, than it did the Year before. So that in the Space of Four and Thirty Years, it passes through all the Four *Seasons*. Now this Successive Variation of the *Great Fast*, causing it sometimes to fall at the very Times of the most solemn *Festivals* among the *Nazarenes*, such as that which they call their *Christmas*, which is a *Feast* of Thirteen Days; I fear lest I may be taken Notice of, should I, by Celebrating the *Ramezan* at those Times, contradict the Universal Practice of all the *Franks*, and start Suspicions in those with whom I converse, to my Disadvantage and Ruine.

To thee therefore, who art the *Wise*st of the *Wise*, I fly for Counsel in this Exigency: Beseeching thee, to dictate plainly what I am to do.

I know, that the Sick, or Wounded, or Travellers, are Dispens'd with, if they Violate the *Sacred Moon*. At which Time, the *Gates* of *Paradise* are Open'd, and Invisible Favours are done to the Devout Observers of this *Precept*: Whilst the *Avenues* of *Hell* are barricado'd, and all the *Devils* Chain'd up from appearing abroad, or doing any Mischief in the *World*. I say, I am not Ignorant of the *Indulgence* which is given to Men under such

Circumstances; provided they satisfy the *Law*, by keeping the *Fast* at some other Season, more agreeable to their Health, or other Necessities. And thus far I could have silenc'd the Alarms of my own Conscience, without molesting thee: Knowing, that a *Mussulman* is always allow'd this Liberty in a *Foreign Country*, much more in a *Region of Infidels*.

But that which I aim at, is to be inform'd, Whether, to put the better Disguize upon my self, and more efficaciously to prosecute the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, I may not always Celebrate this *Fast*, at the precise Time that the *Christians* keep their *Lent*? For then I should pass unsuspected, and no Man wou'd take me for any other, than a *Christian* and a *Catholick*. Nay, my Manner of Daily Fasting at that Time, wou'd raise me a Considerable Credit among the *Christians* that know me. They wou'd cry me up for a *Saint*, or a very *Holy Man*. For, the *Fast* of the *Christians* is a *Feast*, in comparison with the *Rigorous Abstinence* of the *Mussulmans*. Those indeed refrain all Sorts of *Flesh*, but they load their Tables with Variety of *Fish* and other Dainties; neither have they Patience to tarry for their Repast beyond the Mid-Day. Whereas, the *Mussulmans* taste of Nothing during the *Ramezan*, till the *Sun* is gone down, and the *Stars* appear. No, not even in the parching *Desarts* of *Arabia*, where Men are ready to perish of Thirst. Yet no Man will extend his Hand to the Water-Pot, to refresh himself in those Unspeakable Agonies, till the Shadow of the *Earth*,

Earth, is advanc'd into the *Higher Region* of the *Air*, and has banish'd the least Glimmerings of the *Sun*. When therefore the *Franks* shall see me Fast after this Austere Fashion in their *Lent*, they will say, I am a very Mortify'd Man, and a Devout *Catholick*: For, they judge altogether by the Out Side. So, if any Danger should threaten me, I should find Friends among the *Zealors*: And the *Indifferent*, wou'd not appear my Enemies: But the *Wicked*, whose Black Guilt has rendered 'em a Terror to themselves, as well as an Abomination to others, wou'd stand in fear of me. Thus, on all Hands, a Way wou'd be open for me, to escape a Discovery of the *Secrets* committed to my Charge.

'Twould be much more to my Satisfaction, if I cou'd with Safety Celebrate this *Fast*, in the very *Moon* wherein the *Alcoran* was brought down from *Heaven*, as all Good *Mussulmans* Generally do. But I am taught, not to betray, or so much as hazard the *Affairs* of my *Great Master*, for a mere *Nicety* or *Punctilio* of Religion. God is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*. And it is his *Will*, that the *Empire* of the *True Faithful*, shou'd be extended where-ever the *Moon* or the *Sun* shine on *Earth*.

Great Oracle of the *Mussulmans*, Doctor of *Faith* and *Verity*, it is in thy Power to confirm or shake my Resolution in this Point. For, from thy *Sentence*, there is no *Appeal*.

Paris, 5th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

B 3

LET-

LETTER II.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THOU Informest me, that the *King* of the *Romans* is dead, and that divers *Prodigies* happen'd about the Time of his Expiring. Whilst others report, That the *German Emperour* himself died the 9th. of the last *Moon*. However, I shall transmit thy Advice to the *Shining Port*; not trusting to the Uncertain Intelligence of Fame.

Kings and *Emperours* must resign up their Breath, as well as Other Mortals. 'Tis a *Tribute* we all owe to *Nature*, who will be paid, one Time or other. Neither has she ever exempted any from the *Common Lot*, save *Enoch*, *Elias*, and *Jesus the Son of Mary*. These were *Holy Prophets*, *Perfect Saints*, and void of *Original Sin*; and therefore receiv'd an *Indulgence*. Tho' those of your *Nation*, and the *Christians* believe, That the last of these Three died on a *Cross*.

As for all others, they have either been dissolv'd by *Sickness*, or snatch'd away by sudden Death: Some by an *Invisible Dart* from *Heaven*; Others by the Ruder Hand of Mortals like themselves; Millions by the *Sword* and *Spear*, and Ten Millions by the swifter and more Unavoidable Stroke of the *Arrow* and

and Bullet. Whilst not a few have receiv'd their *Death*, from the very *Elements* which supported their *Life*. An unruly *Fire* has crumbled some into their First *Atomes*, and mingl'd their *Ashes* with those of their Houses and Beds of Repose: Whilst *Water*, a Contrary *Principle*, has quench'd the *Vital Flame* in others. There is but *One Way* to enter into this *Life*; but the *Gates* of *Death*, and the *Invisible State*, are without *Number*. And the Greatest *Monarch* may as well fall by the Prick of a Thorn, as by the Edge of a Sword. Every Time I swallow my Meat, I remember the Fate of him who was choak'd by a *Grain of Pepper*; And that of *Anacreon* the Poet, who was strangl'd by the *Stone* of a *Raisin*.

Yet I am not solicitous in Chusing or Avoiding *Particular Deaths*; knowing, that no Human Counsel, can prevent the *Decrees* of *Destiny*. It rather pleases me to think (such is my *Ambition*) that by whatsoever Method I am sent to the *Grave*, there I shall be Equal to the *Alexanders*, *Casars*, *Timurlengs*, and the Greatest Mortals. For there is no Distinction of *Noble* and *Vulgar*, in that *Region* of *Anarchy*, where all Ranks are levell'd in the Dust: As *Diogenes* told *Alexander* the Great; when the *Monarch*, beholding that *Philosopher* in a *Charnal-House*, his Eyes attentively fix'd on the Bones of the *Dead* which lay in Heaps, ask'd him, What he was doing? To whom *Diogenes* reply'd, *I am looking for thy Father Philip's Bones, but cannot distinguish*

guish 'em from those of his Slaves. Some such Thought as this, might perhaps first occasion the Custom of writing *Epitaphs* on the *Sepulchers* of Eminent Persons. Among which I have read some made by the Entomb'd themselves, whilst they were on this side the *Grave*, and for their singular Phancy, were thought worthy to be Recorded by *Historians*. Such as this :

I Sabbas of Milan, by Blood a Castilian, Friar and Knight of Jerusalem, wish a happy Resurrection to my Ashes. While I was alive among Mortals, a little satisfy'd me. Now I am dead, and alone in my Grave, I am content with less. I neither knew my self, what I was ; nor do thou enquire. Traveller, whoever thou art, if thou be Pious, pray for me, and pass on. Farewell, and live mindful of Death. Living, I provided this Epitaph, knowing I must die :

The Birth and Life of Mortals, are nothing but Toil and Death.

Such another was that of *Heliodorus*, a *Moor*; who caus'd himself to be Bury'd near to the *Pillars of Hercules*, with this *Inscription* on his *Tomb*.

I Heliodorus, a Mad Carthaginian, have commanded by my last Will and Testament, that I should be Interr'd here in this Farthest Angle of the World: To make Experiment, whether any Man more Mad than my self, would travel thus far to visit my Sepulcher.

But that which *Semiramis* caus'd to be Inscrib'd on her *Tomb*, was a perfect *Satyr* on the *Living*. It was this:

I Semiramis, whilst Living never was in need of Money; yet was always Compassionate to the Poor. Now I'm Dead, my Grave is my Treasury. If any of Royal Race be in Want, let him open this Dormitory, and he shall find a Supply.

When *Darius* Conquer'd *Babylon*, and was told of this *Epitaph*; Itung with Avarice, he caus'd the *Sepulcher* to be open'd, in his own Presence. But instead of Money, they only found a *Tablet* of *Brass*, with these Words Engraven on it:

My Epitaph is a Riddle. This is the Interpretation. I never was Covetous; onely such are Poor, these I pity; and have therefore provided this Lesson as a Treasure, for the Man who for Lucre shall presume to violate my Tomb :

If thou wilt Rob the Living, forbear to Plunder the Dead; lest they bring thee to Shame, as I have done.

Thou tellest me, that the *Emperor* seems not to be much grieved for the Death of his Son, the *Roman King*. Perhaps his Sorrow is so great, that it cannot find a Vent. Violent and Uncommon Passions, are apt to smother within the Heart, whilst only smaller Grievs break forth in Tears.

It was a Memorable Saying of a certain King of *Agypt*, who was overcome by *Cambyses*

byfes the Persian Monarch, and taken Captive with all his Children; When the Cruel Conquerour, to sport himself in the Misery of his Royal Prisoners, and insult o'er the Vanquish'd Egyptians, first caus'd the Daughter of the Captive King, to be employ'd in the Meanest Offices with the Common Slaves, before her Father's Face: Then his Son to be bridl'd, and curb'd like a Horse, with a vast Burden ty'd on his Back. At both which dismal Spectacles, the Poor Egyptian Monarch shed not one Tear: But when he saw one that had formerly been his Servant, reduc'd to great Poverty, he wept bitterly. Cambyfes asking him the Reason, Why he seem'd so Insensible of his Childrens Calamity, and yet was touch'd with so tender a Grief for the Misfortune of a Stranger? He answer'd, Son of Cyrus, the Desolation of my Family afflicts me with so profound a Sorrow, that no Tears can express it: But my Compassion to this distress'd Servant, being not so Violent, easily breaks forth in Tears.

Nathan, I wish thee neither Extreme Joy nor Grief; for they are both hurtful to the Heart.

*Paris, 1st. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.*

LETTER III.

To Mahummed, Hodgia, Venerable
 Eremit of the Cave replete with
 Wonders.

WHEN I contemplate thy Life so full of Innocence, and void of the very Shadow of Vice, I am like a Serpent rowz'd from his Sleep, by a Breeze of Cooler Wind, or the Noise of a Traveller on the Road. My *Soul* starts; and unfolding all the drowzy Curles of Sensuality, stretches it self at full Length. Surpriz'd and asham'd of its own Lethargy, it swiftly retires into any dark Corner, to cover it self from the Light of its own Faculties, and from the brighter Reflections of thy Spirit, which penetrate like the Beams of the Sun.

I do not presently curse my self, the Hour of my Nativity, my Friends that have flatter'd me into an Erroneous Belief of my own Vertue, or my Enemies that have provok'd me, and by various Trains entangl'd me in the Paths of Vice. Such *Malediction*, only becomes the Mouth of a *Jew* or a *Libertine*: For, we arrive at *Perfection*, not by Cursing the *Evil*, but by Imitating the *Good*.

I rather bless the Hour of *Conjunction*, the *Influence* of my better *Stars*, and the *Constellations* of a more propitious *Horoscope*; The Moment

ment when I had the Honour to touch the Sand before thy Feet with my Lips, in that *Sanctuary of Holiness*. O thou *Patron* of Good Intentions, Sincere Reformer of Human Errors, Refulgent Pattern of the Pious, Glory of the Wise, most Excellent of the Excellent, *Phoenix* of the Age!

Praise be to God, the *First* and the *Last*: Peace to the *Angels* who stand round his *Throne*, and to the *Prophets* who rejoice in his Presence. An Universal *Jubilee* to all the Inhabitants of *Paradise*: And Eternal Felicity to the *Saint* of the *Desart* on Earth, whose *Soul* is Expanded Wide as the *Firmament*.

I am ravish'd and full of *Ecstasies*, because there is not found thy Equal on this Side the Clouds. When thou shalt be cropt from the Earth, the Mirrour of Mortals, the Flow'r of Human Nature is gone. The Trees of the *Wilderness* will lament thy Death, by whose Presence they flourish'd, and brought forth their Fruit in due Season. At thy Departure, the Grass of the Field will fade and wither, conscious that thy Merits drew down the Rain and Dew of *Heaven*, to render *Arabia* fertile in Herbage.

The Beasts will languish for want of Pasture, and Men will bewail the Dearth of the Land, knowing, that the *Life* of the *Just* causes the *Ground* to produce a *Plenteous Harvest*.

But no Mourning will be like that of *Mahomet*, who can boast of thy particular Friendship;

ship; and in losing thee, will be as if he were depriv'd of the Light of the *Sun*, or the Morning Air, or the Benefit of Fire and Water. For, so thy Favours are refreshing, as the *Elements*, without which we cannot live.

Therefore, as oft as I turn my Face to the City Sanctified by the *Birth* of our *Holy Prophet*, I send up Vows to *Heaven* for thy Long Life; beseeching *God*, for the Universal Good of *Nature*, to continue the Man on Earth, the *Vestment* of whose *Soul*, is composed of *Rays* darted from all the *Fortunate Stars*.

Tell me, O thou *Holiest* of the *Holy Ones* in the *East*, *Favourite* of the *Angels*, secret Friend of the *Eternal*, *Envoy Extraordinary* from the *Omnipotent*, *Agent Incognito* for the *Court* of *Heaven*! Tell me by what *Chart* I shall steer my Course through this *Life*, Uncertain as the Sea, and toss'd with as many Tempests. I find in my self, manifest Inclinations to Vertue, and whatsoever is Good: Yet I still mistake the Methods of attaining my End. I wou'd fain be Perfectly Pious, Just and Wise, but know not how to compass my Design. One Event or other, still frustrates my Labour: Either a Friend or an Enemy, a Relation or a Stranger, Casualties Without, or my Passions Within, stop me in the Beginning, or the Midst of the Glorious Career, the Race which cannot be run without noble Agonies.

Then I take Breath, and rowzing my self with fresh Vigours, I cheerfully address to the

the Combat, which crowns the *Victor* with *Immortality*. My Courage is Great, my Resolution fix'd, at the First setting out: I gain Ground on a Sudden, the *Wheels* of my *Chariot* are for a Time like those of the *Sun*, whose Momentary Advances are not perceiv'd by *Mortals*. But before I get half way to the *Meridian*, some Unskillful *Phaeton*, an Erroneous Thought or a Giddy Passion, overthrows me. Either Old Habits or New Temptations, hinder me from gaining the Prize, in the *Olympicks* of *Vertue*.

Thus, often foil'd, I retire with Shame and Weakness: And finding no Redress within I fly to thee, who art Created a *Director* of the *World*.

'Twill be an Offence to make Repetitions, and ask thy Counsel again: I will henceforth endeavour to follow thy *Example*, which is certainly the most *Correct Rule* of a *Religious Life*. But then I cannot serve the *Grand Signior* in this *Post*. Resolve my Doubts. Is it Lawful for me to abandon my Duty, and retire into a *Desart*? If not, I will erect a *Solitude* in the Midst of this Populous City, and build an *Hermitage* in my own Heart. If I cannot arrive at the *Perfection* I aim at, I will at least endeavour to be as Good as I can. There is a *Religious* Dexterity, by which a Man may in the Midst of *Worldly* Business, make to himself *Paths* of *Innocence*, and walk free from the *General Contagion* of *Mortals*. If I cannot perform any *Eminent Good*, I will take Care to abstain from *Enormous Evils*:
Neither

Neither will I commit the *Least*, without a *Good Intention*; which I am assured by the *Mufti*, sometimes sanctifies a *Bad Action*. If I lye or forswear my self, it shall be to serve my *Great Master*. If I dissemble my *Religion*, and Counterfeit a *Christian*, I will propose to my self, the greater Advantage of the *Mussulman Faith*. Thus, some Higher End, shall always direct my Intention and Performances.

But if thou shalt tell me after all, That this is not the Way to *Paradise*, I will forsake all Worldly Interest, wherein I find so many Entanglements, and take up my Residence in some humble Cave, or Cleft of a Rock, or Hollow of a Tree, where I will spend the Rest of my Days, in Contemplating the *First Essence*, and all that flows from it. I will bid a Final Adieu to this *Perfidious Age*, to the *Vain Generation of Mortals* that live in it, to whose Converse I shall have Reason to prefer that of the *Beasts*, who are far more Innocent, and less debauch'd than *Men*. Even *Lyons* and *Tygers* in the Utmost Fury of their Hunger, abstain from preying on those of their Own Kind. *Man* is the onely *Cannibal*, who devours his Brother, and greedily swallows down the Blood of him, who bears the same *Image* as himself.

I speak not of the Ancient *Scythians*, *Masagetes* or *Tartars*, nor of the more Modern *Salvages* in *America*, who stuff'd their greedy Paunches with Human Flesh. Their *Barbarism* has crept by *Transmigration*, into the
most

most Civiliz'd *Empires* and *States*; and is not the Less Cruel, because it has chang'd its *Form*.

Nor do I tax the more excusable *Epicurism* of those, who ran sack all the *Elements* for Dainties, whose Tables are loaded with the slaughter'd Carcasses of *Birds*, *Beasts* and *Fishes*; their Houses polluted with an Extravagant Profusion of the *Blood* of those *Creatures*, which the *Eternal Mind* Form'd to Live, and Enjoy the Fruits of the Earth, as well as our selves.

But I accuse the Oppressors of Men; those *Cannibals* in Disguize, whose very *Bread* is mingled with the *Marrow* of the *Poor*; and their greater Delicacies are *Ragoo's*, compounded of the *Blood* of *Widows* and *Orphans*: Whilst they starve and ruine whole Families, to support a Needleless Grandeur, a Momentary Pomp, which vanishes almost as soon as it appears.

Yet these Men think to pacify *Heaven*, by building Magnificent *Temples* and *Oratories*; by entailing their Estates to *Convents* and *Hospitals*: As if the *Omnipotent* were to be brib'd; or took Pleasure in *Gifts*, which are but the *Fruits* of *Robbery* and *Injustice*. Can the *Sacrifices* of *Infidels* be more Acceptable, because they are made on *Altars* of *Gold*? Or even the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans*, in that they are breath'd out in *Mosques*, built of the finest *Marble*, crusted over with *Precious Stones*, and adorned with *Carpets*, and *Hangings* of the Richest *Tissues* and *Broccades*? The Ancient *Pagans* can instruct us better. Thou

Thou wilt not think me tedious, if I relate a Passage which just comes into my Mind; Of a Certain *Great Man* in *Asia*, who possess'd vast Herds of Cattle, and was accustomed to make Magnificent *Oblations* to the *Gods*. This *Grandee* once made a *Pilgrimage* to *Delphos*, Famous in those Days, for the *Oracle* of *Apollo*. He carried with him a Hundred *Bulls*, whose *Horns* were enchas'd in *Gold*, being spurr'd on with Extraordinary *Devotion*, and designing to do a singular Honour to the *God*. When he arrived at the Place, puff'd up with his Costly Presents, and the Flatteries of his Attendants; he boldly approach'd the *Temple*, thinking no Man on Earth more worthy of the *Gods* Friendship than himself; demanding of the *Pythonefs* (for so they call'd the Woman, who perform'd the *Office* of *Priesthood* there) Who among all Mortals made the most acceptable *Sacrifices*, and departed with the Greatest Blessing from the *Oracle*? (for he presumed, the Preheminence would be granted to himself:) When she answered, *That one Clearchus of Methydrium, was the most devout, and dear to the Gods of all Men.*

Astonish'd above Measure at this unexpected Reply, the vain Bigot resolv'd to find out this Man, and learn of him what Method he took to please the *Divinity*. He hastens therefore to *Methydrium*: And when he first came within View of it, he despis'd the Meanness of the Place, judging it impossible, That one Man, or all the Town, could be able to present the *Gods* with more Magnificent *Oblations* than

than he. Having found out *Clearchus*, he ask'd him, What *Sacrifices* he us'd to make to *Apollo*? To whom *Clearchus* reply'd, "I am a Poor Man, and when I go to *Delphes*, "I carry neither Silver nor Gold, but onely a "Basket of Fruits, the Best that my *Farm* "affords, which I freely offer to the *Powers* "which Govern *All Things*, and from whom I "receive whatsoever I enjoy. Moreover, I "keep the Appointed *Holy Days*; and my "Poorer Neighbours go Chearful from my "Table. I never Kill'd any Thing: Nor have "I done to *Another*, that which I would not "have done to *my self*. I pray to *Jupiter* every "Morning before the Sun arises, and at Night "when he goes down. I keep my self and my "Cottage clean. In all Things else, I live like "the *Beasts*, that is, according to *Nature*.

Thou wilt perceive by this, O Pious *Eremit*, that *Simplicity* and *Innocence*, are the most Acceptable *Sacrifices* to the *Supreamly Merciful*: And, that the most High God takes no Pleasure in the *Smoke of Burnt-Offerings*, or the *Pompous Addresses* of the Great, but onely in the Pure Flames of a Devout Heart; the Integrity of a Just Man, void of Deceit and Guile.

Thou Illustrious *Mahummed*, art the Person in whom these Things are verify'd. May God shelter thee with his *Mercies*, to the Hour of *Transmigration*, and beyond the Last Flight of Time.

Paris, 1st. of the 8th. Moon.
of the Year 1654.

LET-

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

There are Two Actions, which take up all the Discourse at Present. One is the Siege of *Stenay*, a Strong Town in *Flanders*, before which the *French* Army is newly laid down. The other, is the Investing of *Arras* by the *Spaniards*.

'Tis the Presence of many Illustrious Personages, that renders both these Sieges considerable. In the *French* Camp are present, the King, Cardinal *Mazarini*, and all the *Grande*s of the Court. In the *Spanish*, are Arch-Duke *Leopold*, the Prince of *Conde*, Francis Duke of *Lorraine*, with others of Prime Quality.

They are very Vigorous on both Sides, in pressing and defending these Two Places; as if the Fate of both Kingdoms, were now at Stake. In my Opinion, *France* runs the Greatest Hazard: For, if the *Spaniards* shou'd prove Successful in what 'tis said they have resolv'd upon, that is, the Relief of *Stenay*; If they should give Battle, and get the Victory, a Way would be open for them to penetrate into the Bowels of *France*. And 'tis thought, many Towns in this Kingdom wou'd open their Gates to them, whilst the Prince of *Conde* is at the Head of their Army, who does all Things in the Name of the *French* King: Even

ven his *Rebellion* it self, is masqu'd under the Specious Title, *Of taking up Arms, to rescue the Captive King from the Hands of Mazarini and his Adherents.* A pretty Way of seducing the People from their Obedience. The *Parisians*, and indeed all the *French*, are divided into Cabals and Parties; some espousing the Prince of *Conde's* Interest, whilst others manifest an Incorruptible Loyalty to their *Sovereign*. I approve the *Morals* of the Latter, yet privately rejoice at the *Treasons* of the Former, wishing their *Intestine Quarrels* may continue till the *Day of the Earthquake.*

Eliachim the Jew follows the Court, which rather ought now to be call'd the *Camp*. His Private Affairs call him that Way. From him I receive frequent Advice, of the most Important Matters in that *Theatre of War*. He informs me, That the *King of France's* Presence in the Siege of *Stenay*, inspires his Soldiers with more than Ordinary Vigor: And, That he shews daily Proofs of an extraordinary Courage. He was one whole Night on Horse back, giving Orders and directing his *Enginiers*. Next Morning, he sent a Summons to the *Governour*: Who made a stout Reply, being resolv'd to hold out to the last Extremity; and therefore sally'd out of the Town with a Party of Resolute Men, who kill'd near Four Thousand of the Besiegers.

But alas, these *Infidels* are only stout, whilst well fed: Not knowing what it is to endure the Rigours of Famine, and other Intolerable

tolerable Hardships. In all the *Western Histories*, they cannot match the Bravery of a *Garrison* in the Impregnable *Fortress* of *Merdin*, Famous in our *Annals* for sustaining a *Seven Years Siege*, when the Mighty *Timurlen* lay before it with his *Invincible Army*. That *Scourge of Heaven*, to terrify the Besieged, and give 'em an Earnest of his Resolution, caus'd all the Old Trees round about this Place to be cut down, and young ones to be planted in far greater Numbers: Declaring at the same Time, *That he would not raise the Siege, till those Trees should be mature enough to bear Fruit*. When that Time came, he sent a Present of the Fruits to the Governor of the *Garrison*, as likewise of Mutton, with this Message, *That he took pity on so brave a Man, fearing lest he would starve for want of Necessaries*.

As soon as the Governor had receiv'd these Presents, turning to the Messenger he said, *Go tell thy Master, I thank him for his Present of Fruits: But, for the Flesh, we shall have no Occasion, so long as our Ewes afford us Milk enough to sustain the whole Garrison. And that thy Master may be assur'd we are not in Want of that, I will send him a Present of Cheeses made of the same*. Accordingly, he commanded Four Cheeses to be deliver'd to the Messenger. Which when *Timurlen* saw, and had heard the Words of the Governor, he despair'd of reducing that Place, tho' he had lain before it *Seven Years*, wanting only *Two Moons*. But, had he understood what

what sort of *Cheeses* these were, he wou'd no doubt have chang'd his Resolution. For, it seems, they were made of the *Milk of Bitches*, and were the very last Sustainance the *Garrison* had, except the *Flesh* it self of those *Unclean Animals*.

Believe me, Sage *Minister*, such Examples of Patience and Fortitude, are very Rare. And this was the more Remarkable, in that it was the First Place, where that Invincible *General* had met with a Repulse.

Paris, 1st. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER V.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THIS is the *Anniversary Day* of my *Nativity*. Which I Celebrate not, as others do, on such on Occasion, with *Mirth* and *Revelling*, with *Musick* and *Songs*. My *Chamber* is not perfum'd with the *Incense* of *Arabia*, nor with any Extraordinary *Odours*: Neither is it adorn'd with *Flowers*, *Laurel*, or the *Branches* of *Green Trees*. I am not at the Expense of *Costly Oyls*, to burn in a Multitude of *Lamps*, and make Joyful *Illuminations*, as at a *Feast*. Such Pompous *Vanity*, I leave to those who perhaps have more Reason

Reason to be Merry in this *Life*, than the Thoughtful and Pensive *Mahmut* can find out.

On the other Side, I spend not this Day in Extreme and Fruitless *Mourning*: But retaining an Indifference of Mind, I Consecrate it to the *Service* of my *Reason* and *Contemplation*: Which are the only Things considerable in Mortal Man.

From the Minute that I first awak'd this Morning, I have been pondering on *my self*, and *Humane Nature*. I suffer'd my Anxious Thoughts to start back beyond the *Hour* of my *Birth*, reflecting on the *Imprisonment* I suffer'd in my *Mother's Womb*: Which yet I cannot in the least remember. And this is the Case of all Men. We know not how we came into this Open *World* of *Light*, from that *Region* of *Darkness*; nor that ever we were so shut up, but as we are told by our *Parents*; and Common Experience confirms us, that this is the *Lot* of all *Mortals*. How then shall we be able to discover, what *State* we were in before our *Conception*? Whether we were in the Rank of *Things* which have *Existence*, or whether we were not hid in the *Womb* of *Nothing*? I tell thee, this Thought has fill'd me with great Inquietudes. I am restless to know my own *Original*. I would fain be inform'd, if that which they call the *Soul*, be a *Substance* distinct from the *Body*, or only the *Finer Part* of *Matter*, a *Quintessence* of the *Elements*. If it be distinct, as I have Reason to believe, 'twould be a Singular

gular Happiness, to be satisfied where it was, before united to this *Machine of Flesh and Bones*: And whether that *Union* be *Voluntary* or *Forc'd*. For, I must profess my self to be altogether in the Dark as to these Scrutinies. Sometimes I join with the *Platonists*, and conclude, all *Humane Souls* to be *Particles* of the *Divine Nature*, *Beams* of the *Eternal Sun*: And that though our *Light* be now obscur'd and veil'd under this Cloud of *Earthly Matter*, yet we have formerly shin'd with an undiminish'd Splendor, when only embody'd in the Clearer Air, or more Refined Substance of the Sky. Perhaps, think I, for some Errors committed in that *Superiour State*, we are sent down into these *Bodies* as into *Prisons* for our *Punishment*. Then I am vexed at the *Fatal Dulness* of my *Memory*, that retains no *Idea* of my *past Condition*.

At other Times (for like all *Mortals* I am subject to Change) I embrace the *Doctrines* of *Pythagoras*, which thou knowest are generally entertain'd all o'er the *East*: And believing the *Transmigration* of Souls from one Living Creature to another, I cannot be certain but that I have been an *Elephant*, a *Camel*, or a *Horse*, or perhaps some more *Contemptible Animal*; and for ought I know, I have undergone all the *Various Kinds* of *Metamorphosis* that ever *Ovid* mention'd.

However, be it how it will, I see no Grounds to make any Extravagant Solemnity on the account of my being born to what I am now, that is, a *Man*. For, I think we

Reason to be Merry in this *Life*, than the Thoughtful and Pensive *Mahmut* can find out.

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are the only *Spectacles* of *Folly* and *Misery*, among all the *Creatures* of *God*.

We boast of *Arts* and *Sciences*; yet the *Wise*st of *Mortals* are always most sensible, *That they know Nothing*. One *Man* builds a *Stately House*, a *Place* of *Repose* and *Refuge* for himself and his *Family*: Another comes and pulls it down, demolishing the only standing *Monument* of his *Brother's Prudence*, or rather of his *Folly*, who perhaps consum'd the greatest Part of his *Estate* in that *Costly Fabrick*; Whereas, among all his *Sciences*, had he but learn'd to *KNOW HIMSELF*; an humble convenient *Cottage* would have serv'd his *Necessities* during this *Short Life*, and so he might have avoided the *Stroke* of *Envy*.

I tell thee, my *Friend*, I cannot build *Altars* to *Fortune*, nor adore the *External Pageantry* of the *Rich* and *Great*. I equally hate to be flatter'd my self, as those are, who invite their *Friends* to solemnize their *Birth-Day*.

Yet in thus contemning *External Honour*, I do the greatest *Reverence* to my self, whilst I preserve my *Reason* free from being violated or prophan'd by *Foolish Customs*.

Paris, 1st. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

*To the Seliſtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer
to the Grand Signior.*

Sometimes we ſeem to be aſleep here in this City, for want of News. But of late, we have been rowz'd by Poſt upon Poſt: Some bringing Intelligence of the Surrender of *Srenay* to the *French* King, others of the Revolt of *Barcelona* from the *Spaniards*. But that which is of freſheſt Date, and for which all the Streets of *Paris* are this Night Illuminated with Bonfires, is the Relief of *Arras*; Where the *French* have obtained a Glorious Victory. The Number of the Dead is not yet known, but ſaid to be very great. And 'tis certain the Victors have taken above Seven Thouſand Priſoners, Sixty Cannon, Five Thouſand Waggon, an Equal Number of Horſes, with all the Plate and Rich Furniture of the *Prince of Conde*, *Arch Duke Leopold*, *Francis of Lorrain*, and the other *Grande*s of the *Spaniſh* Army. In Fine, the *French* are Maſters of the Town, and of the Field, and all *Flanders* appears now too little to hold 'em.

Theſe continual Succeſſes redound much to the Eſtabliſhment of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who now ſeems above the Stroke of Miſfortune or Malice. Yet no Man can call him-

self Happy till the Hour of his Death, which alone releases us from all Humane Miseries.

Some Days ago I receiv'd a Letter from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, which informs me of the Death of the *Roman King*, and of several Prodigious which were seen before, and about the Time of his Departure.

When he was first taken Sick, there arose a Violent Tempest of Wind, which blew down the Cross from one of their *Churches*. After this, follow'd a terrible Earthquake, that shook the whole City, threatening to remove its Foundations. Moreover, an Old *Eagle* a Domestick of the *Imperial Palace*, and that had liv'd there many Years, took VVing the Day before the *King's* Sickness, and flew quite away. Then the Bells of the *Imperial Chapel* rung Thrice of their own Accord in the Space of Twelve Hours. Thus far the *Jews* assures me is true. There are Additional Reports, of strange Apparitions that were seen about *Vienna* during the Sickness of this *Prince* as of a *Funeral Procession* after Midnight through the Courts of the *Palace*; and of a Show'r of Warm Blood that fell at Noon Day in the Streets of that City. But these I have only from the Mouth of Common Fame which, thou knowest, does not always speak Truth.

I desire thee and all the *Ministers*, to make a Distinction between those Passages which I ascertain, and the Doubtful Relations of the Multitude. In these Cases, Men are prone to *Superstition*, and love to be the Authors of Portentous

Portentous News. But thou may'st believe what the *Jew* relates; for he never affects to be Fabulous.

'Twould tempt one to ask, What strange hidden *Power* produces these Unusual Signs? Whether we Mortals are under the Custody of *Invisible Beings*, who teach the *Elements* and other *Creatures* to utter the *Future Events* of *Fate*? Or, Whether all these Things which appear so strange and surprizing, be not mere Casualties; Accidents of *Nature* happening of Course, and only made Remarkable by their Timing? Who knows, but that the Voluntary Ringing of the Bells, might proceed from the Motion of the Tower where they hung, during the Earthquake? Or, Why, need we wonder, that a *Cross* or a *Crescent* shou'd be blown down from the Top of a high *Minaret*, by a Violent Tempest of Wind?

These Things appear to me as Natural, as for the Rain to lodge all the Corn in the Fields, or for a Storm to tear up Trees by the Roots, overturn Houses, and commit a Thousand other Violences. Neither do I perceive any Thing worth Admiration in the Flight of the *Eagle*. Perhaps, some *Royal Caprice* sprung in the Head of that *King of Birds*, which he ne'er felt before. There's Nothing of Prodigy in all this, but only because it happen'd at such a Critical Juncture. Had it been at another Time, no body perhaps wou'd have taken Notice of it; any more than they do of Earthquakes at *Naples*, which are Common

in that Country, where the Earth is very Hollow, being made so by Veins of continually burning *Sulphur*. They have felt several in that *Kingdom* within these Two *Moons*, as also at *Rome*. But no great Hurt has been done.

Nathan informs me also, That the *Venetian Embassadour* at *Vienna*, has distributed great Sums of Money, in Token of his Joy, for the late Victory that *Republick* obtained against the *Mussulmans*. This appears to me a Real Prodigy, that the *Ottomans* who are Invincible by Land, yet still come off with Loss at Sea.

Queen *Christina* of *Sueden*, is expected here e'er long. She came to *Antwerp* in the Habit of a Man, which occasions Variety of Censures. The *French* call her, The Learned *Amazon*, She being well vers'd in many *Languages* and *Sciences*. They extol her Virtues and Perfections, styling her, The *Phoenix* of this Age. All the Western *Nazarenes*, are devout Admirers of Women. And one of their Famous *Sages*, whom they call *Henry Cornelius Agrippa*, wrote a select *Treatise* in Praise of that Sex, wherein he endeavours to prove, That they are more Excellent and Noble Creatures than Men. But he wou'd find few Profelytes in the *East*.

'Tis certain, there have been very Famous Women in all Ages, and it would be Envy in Men to deny them their due Praise. Such was *Dido* Queen of *Carthage*, the *Roman Lucretia*, the *Sybills*, *Theana Pythagoras's* Wife, with his Daughter *Dama*; *Sappho* the *Poetess*,
with

with Innumerable others both of *East* and *West*, Renowned for their Virtue, Learning, or Valour in the Wars. But it does not follow, that they therefore surpass Men.

Let us keep the Rank, in which *God* and *Nature* have plac'd us, without being *Churlish* or *Effeminate*. And this is the best Way to get and retain the Esteem of that Nice Sex, who hate a Clown, and despise a Dotard.

Paris, 30th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER VII.

*To Pestelihali, his Brother, Master of
the Customs at Constantinople.*

THOU art he, to whom I can unmask. With others I converse (like our Women in *Turky*) under a Veil. When I write to the *Grandeess* of the *Port*, 'tis necessary for me to dissemble many Things; and, to feign some, that I may be credited in Others, and not be suspected in all. But with thee, I use no Artifice or Disguise: Thou hast a Kind of natural Right to my secret Thoughts, beyond the Claim of a Brother. I owe thee an Entire Confidence, on the Score of Friendship; and I seem to wrong my self, when I conceal my Sentiments from thee. For, besides the

Tye of *Blood*, we were Partners together in the Adventures of Youth; and the mutual good Offices that pass'd between us, fasten'd our Affections with Stronger Bands, than those of our Birth. Nor were we so unhappy, as to suffer the little Youthful Emulations which are common between Sons of the same Mother, to stifle the more solid and generous Efforts of real Love. Our Friendship grew up with our Years, cemented by Interest as well as Affection; and I esteem *Pesteli*, but my self in another Figure. If thou hast the same Regard to me, I am happy. Let us continue to cherish this noble Passion: The least Coldness or Reserve now, wou'd appear to me more hateful than a Divorce, more terrible than Death.

'Tis but Reasonable, That among the many Services our *Great Master* claims at our Hands, we should employ some of our Time and Care on our selves. We owe the *Sultan* much; but both He and We owe *Nature* more, without whose Bounty and Providence, we had never had the Honour, nor He the Profit of our being in his Debt. He is more deeply engaged in *Fortune's* Tally than we; but in the Accompts of *Nature*, We are all Equal. She is the Universal Creditor of Mankind. We are indebted to Her, for all we have; yet methinks, Nothing so much enhances our Score, as the ill Menage of Time. In that we still run in Arrears, whilst the hasty Minutes pass forward, never to be revok'd; and yet, we neither lay hold on 'em in their Flight,
nor

nor so much as imprint on any of them, the least transient Mark of Vertue or Wisdom. Thus our Lives slide away without Profit till the last Sand tells us, *We are Bankrupts, Nature will not trust us with a Moment longer.*

'Tis Time therefore, Dear Brother, for thee and me to look about us; and, since 'tis impossible for us to make a full Payment, let us at least compound with *Nature*; and getting an *Acquittance* for what is past and Irrecoverable, let us be sure to cancel the remaining Part of the Score, by a Wise Improvement of every Minute.

Think not, that *Mahmut* is perswading thee to turn *Dervise*, or to bestow all thy Time in *Prayers*: Such Rigorous Devotion is not consistent with the Life of a Man in thy *Station*. But, permit me, Dear *Pesteli*, to counsel thee, not to build *Altars* to *Fortune*, and consecrate all thy vacant Hours to her Service. I am told, thou art grown a great *Gamester*, not only at the Polemick Traverses of *Chefs*, but also at Plays of *Hazard*. The Former of the Two, is the most Innocent: Yet, 'tis too Intricate and Puzling, deserves the Name of Business rather than of Recreation: It commits a Rape on the Mind, whilst it requires as much Attention and Abstractedness of Thought, as wou'd serve to trace out the Conduct of a Battel or a Siege. But, the Latter have a far worse Influence on our Passions, by exciting us to immoderate Desire, Hope, Joy, and Grief for mere Trifles, the uncertain Products of *Chance*. Therefore

are they forbidden by our *Holy Prophet*. And, 'tis not to be Number'd among the Commendations of a *Mussulman*, to be dextrous at managing the *Cards* or *Dice*.

When thou art dispos'd to unbend thy Mind, I wou'd rather counsel thee, to use some healthful Exercise, such as may ventilate thy melancholy Blood. Our Fathers were wont at such Times to divert themselves with Bows and Arrows, Hunting, Wraſtling, and the like manly Pastimes; thus, making their Private Recreations subservient to the Publick, whilst they sported themselves into the Discipline of War, and inur'd their Bodies to Labour, even at those Hours when their Minds sought Rest.

What! tho' *Claudius Caesar* devoted himself to Gaming with *Dice*, and wrote a *Book* in Praise of his Folly? What! tho' *Domitian* the *Emperour*, and *Theodorick*, King of the *Goths*, spent whole Nights and Days in this Unprofitable Play? Thou hast not read or heard of such Examples, among the Renowned Sons of *Ottoman*. Our Glorious *Sultans*, were never Vacant to these Fooleries. And if they had, their Practice cannot justify a *Subject's* Imitation. Neither wou'd'st thou be so in Love with Gaming, didst thou consider what unhappy Destinies have commonly attended the Votaries of *Fortune*. Whole Estates have been squander'd away at *Dice* in a Night, Families ruin'd, and the Gamester himself Imprison'd in the Morning. He that Yesterday was Master of great Possessions, and a Companion

panion for *Princes*, by the Effects of this accursed Vanity, has bereav'd himself of All, and is to Day become the Scorn of Beggars.

The *Chineses* are so bewitch'd with Love of Gaming, That when they have lost all their Stakes, they'll pawn themselves, their Wives and Children; which if the Fortune of the *Dice* run against them, become all bond-Slaves to the Winner. Here is a *Dervise* in this City, of the Order of the *Jesuites*, who lately came from *China*. Among other Learned Men, I sometimes converse with Him. He relates many pretty Passages of that People, but one is Tragical, whereof he himself was an Eye-Witness.

He says, That in the Province of *Queintong*, a certain *Nobleman* who had serv'd in the Wars, and acquir'd great Fame and Honour, was envied by one of his Neighbours, who likewise had been a Captain and much in Favour at the Court. Their Emulations carried 'em to many Ill Offices, and at last to open Defiance. The *Empe-
rour* being made sensible of the Hatred that was between these Two Officers, and being unwilling their Fury should precipitate them to the Ruine of each other, became himself an *Arbitrator* of their Quarrel; laying his Commands on 'em, to embrace and eat together, which is an assured Token of Reconciliation and Friendship in that Country. They obey'd the VVill of their *Sovereign*. But sitting up late one Night at *Dice*, it was the *Captain's* ill Fortune, to lose all he had to the *Nobleman*. Mad at his unlucky Chance, and in hopes to Retrieve his Loss, he sends for his
VVife

Wife and Three Young Sons, whom with himself he pawn'd to the *Nobleman* for a considerable Sum of Money, and falls afresh to play : But Fate was his Enemy ; he lost All. Whereupon in Despair, he stabs his Wife and Three Children, and lastly falls on his own Sword ; glorying, that he and his Family, should thus escape a hated Captivity, to his Old Enemy.

Tell me, Dear *Pesteli*, had'st thou seen this *Tragedy*, wou'd it not have made thee resolve against Gaming during thy Life ? Assuredly, our *Holy Prophet* frowns from his *Paradise*, on those who violate his *Laws*. He knew our Passions, and which were the most dangerous ; therefore he prohibited such Things, as are most likely to betray us to Violence, and an Incurable Disorder. If thou wilt acquit thy self a good *Mussulman*, thou must not leap over these Prohibitions, accounting them small and indifferent Trifles. Remember the Saying of the *holy Doctor*, and Leader of the *Mussulman Armies*, the Chast *Osman*, *A little Spark will set a whole City on Fire*. And the *Roman Satyr*ist has observ'd, *That no Man becomes Wicked all at once*. Think then with thy self, 'tis for this Reason the *Messenger of God* has forbid Gaming to the *True Faithful* ; not as a Thing in it self Naturally Evil, but onely Morally, so as it is a Step to the greatest Vices. For whilst we captivate our selves to Chance, we lose our Authority over our Passions. We stand or fall at the Uncertain Cast of the *Dice*. We are Slaves to the feeblest Wishes ;

Wishes; which if they succeed not, we grow Furious, Profligate and Impious. Banishing all Prudence, Temperance and Justice, we become Impudent, and fit for the blackest Crimes.

Take not in Ill Part the wholesome Admonition of a Brother, who manifests his Love, in thus reproving thee without Flattery. Use the same Freedom, when thou hearest I am guilty of any *Unnecessary Vice*: For, the *Publick Service*, turns some *Vices* into *Vertues*.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

L E T T E R V I I I.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I Believe, thou hast a Mind to try my Temper; to make an Experiment upon me, and see, Whether I'm Proof against thy Anger: Else why should *Kenan Bassa's* Business be reviv'd again, after it had been bury'd above these Four Years? I examine not, what mighty Interest thou hast in that *Officer*, that thou afresh espoudest his Old Quarrel, as if 'twere thy own. Thy Affairs are best known to thy self. But let me tell thee, 'twill not redound

redound much to thy Credit, to be found Partial. I honour thee with all the Devoir that is due to a *Minister* in thy *Station*, and with something more: For, the Esteem a Man has for his Friend, is Singular and beyond Ceremonies. But still he owes some Regard to himself. Self-Preservation, is rooted in the Center of our Nature; and few will be Knowingly Complaisant to their Ruine. I am puzzl'd what to think, or how to write, thy last Letter has put my Mind into such a Hurly-Burly. A Thousand Imaginations like Whirl-winds, tear up my most solid Thoughts by the Roots. I'm in as Wild a Condition as a Man in an Earthquake, leaping this Way and that Way, yet knows not where to fix his Foot in Safety.

If I persevere in calling thee Friend, perhaps thou wilt accuse me of Presumption. If I change my Style, and suppose thee under another Character, Ingratitude will be laid to my Charge. To vindicate my Actions, will be Interpreted Obstinacy; and to own my self in the Fault, will be counted Weakness. Nay, all the World will call me Fool, in condemning my self for Things whereof I never was Guilty. What shall I do in this Case? I am Naturally Thoughtful and Melancholy. The Words that spring from Resentment, cleave fast to my Mind, and breed a Thousand Inferences. My busie Apprehension, extracts Menaces out of the most Artificial Expressions. I look on my self, as mark'd out for a *Sacrifice*, one Time or other. The
Will

Will of Destiny be done, Early or Late. I will not go out of my Road to avoid it; Since it is but an Ill Husbandry of Time to borrow it from the Ineffable Joys of *Paradise*, to multiply a few Days or Years, of a Miserable Life on *Earth*.

As for the *Treasurer* and the Rest of my Accusers, let them know, that I will persevere in doing my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, without warping to the Right Hand or to the Left, for Fear or Favour.

But if my *Private Agency* in these *Parts* meet with Rubs and Checks for Want of Money, let the Blame rest on those whose Charge it is, to supply me with what is Necessary for a Man in my *Station*: For, henceforward, *Mahmut* will be reproach'd no more for demanding his *Pension*.

Think not, 'tis an easy Thing for a Man to be always a Counterfeit, and never to have his Mind unbent; to act Two contrary Parts at the same Time; to be true and false; a *Mussulman* and Servant of the *Grand Signior* in Reality, a *Christian* and Subject of *France* in Appearance. My Soul is perpetually stretch'd upon the Rack of Watchful Thoughts and busie Invention, lest by some Improvident Word or Deed, my Disguise should fall off, and I appear in my Naked Colours.

'Tis but Reason therefore, that whilst this vast Solitude takes up all my Faculties, the Care of my Subsistence should rest on those who employ me. Let not the

Mi-

Ministers of the Benign Port, be peevish at me without a Cause. For I imprecate, *Serene Grandee*, that *God* would split my Soul into Ten Thousand Immortal Splinters, if ever I betray my Trust. But Needless Suspicion would tempt a Man to Treachery.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER IX.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THE *Pope* has been sick for a considerable Time, and 'tis now strongly reported, He is dead. They talk of an *Express* that is come to the *Chancellour of France*, to certifie him of it, and to consult about the Next *Election*. But this is not credited here; being only look'd upon as a *Roman* or *Spanish* Artifice, to sound the Inclinations of this *Court* beforehand, that so they may be able to counter-mine the *French* Interest, when the *Pope* shall really die. And 'tis not expected he should live long, being of a great Age, and worn out with Cares and Sicknes.

'Tis certain he has made his *Will*, wherein Two Millions of Gold are given to the *Treasury* founded by his *Predecessors*, to serve the *Church* in its extreme Necessities. But 'tis a Thousand

to

to one, if some future *Pontiff* succeeding in that *Chair*, do not in his Unerring Judgment, interpret his own Personal Occasions, or those of his Nephews, to be the Extreme Necessities of the *Church*; and then, all this huge Mass of Wealth, is Infallibly gone.

He has likewise bequeath'd large Legacies to his *Sister-in-Law*, whom they call *Donna Olympia*; and to others of his Relations and Creatures. And 'tis thought, this *Lady* will more than doubly pay her self, having the Management of all his Affairs. Indeed during his *Reign*, it may be said, the whole *Roman Church* was govern'd by a Woman. For this *Prelate*, wou'd never do any Thing without her Advice.

She was born of an Obscure *Family*, but is of a high Spirit, Ambitious of *Rule*, and a Person of great Abilities: Extremely Covetous and Subtle; turning and Winding all Events to her own Profit. All *Preferments* were at her Disposal: She sold *Bishopricks*, *Abbeys* and other *Ecclesiastick Dignities* at her own Rates, and to whom she pleas'd. In fine, whosoever had any Business with the *Pope*, made their Addresses to her. By which means, she has heap'd together a Prodigious Treasure, and is esteem'd the Richest *Lady* in *Europe*. 'Tis thought, she wou'd have sold even the *Pope*, and *Rome* it self, the *Capital Seat* of the *Christian Empire*, rather than refus'd a proportionate Offer of Gold, cou'd she have met with a Chapman to her Mind. This wou'd have been a *Merchandise* fit for the *Grand Signior*.

Signior, were it not reserv'd as a *Prize* for the Victorious Arms destin'd to conquer All Things.

The *French* seem mightily concern'd for the Tragedies Acted in *Poland* by the *Moscovites*. 'Tis affirm'd, that they have taken the Town of *Vitebsko* by Storm, (putting Men, Women, and Children to the Sword) with divers other Cities and Places of Strength: And that they have laid in Ashes, all the Towns and Villages round about *Smolensko*, so that there is Nothing to be seen but Ruine and Desolation for above a Hundred Miles round that City; which also is now closely besieg'd by the Forces of the *Czar*. If these *Northern Infidels* go on, and make such bloody Work wherever they come, they will, in a short Time over-run and dispeople all *Europe*. But 'tis to be hop'd, the *Tartars*, who are lately enter'd into a *League* with *Poland*, will put a Check to the cruel Victories of the *Moscovites*, and chastise the Treason of the *Cossacks*, who join with 'em contrary to their Faith given to the King of *Poland*.

They say, Four *Grandeess* of *Tartary* are arriv'd as *Hostages* at *Warsaw*, and as many *Lords* of *Poland* sent on the same Errand to the Court of the *Cham*; who as a farther Evidence of his Integrity, has releas'd all the *Polish* Captives in his Dominions, and sent the *Embassadors* of the *Cossacks* home, without their Noses and Ears, as a Mark of his Irreconcilable Indignation, at their Infidelity.

In

In the mean while, I am extremely afflicted to hear of our continual Losses by Sea. They say here, That above Six thousand *Mussulmans* were kill'd in the late Fight in the *Hellepont*, and that we have lost Sixteen Gallies, besides Ships of War. That Element, one would conclude, is Fatal to the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither have we had much better Success by Land this Campaigne. Yet *Chusaein*, the *Vizir Azem*, and General in *Candia*, has perform'd very Heroick Things. To speak impartially, and give due Honour to our Enemies, the *Malteses*, *Venetians* and *French*, have not been wanting in any Point of Bravery. Which also redounds to the greater Honour of the *Mussulmans*, in that they draw their Sword, against the Flower of *Christendom*, and not against *Owls* and *Pigmies*. Such are the *Persians*, when we Encounter 'em; for either they dare not endure the Lustre, and stand the Brunt of our Invincible Arms, or if they do, they sink under the First Shock.

When I name those *Hereticks*, I spit on the Ground, in Detestation of their Errors: For they are worse than the *Zindicks* and *Giafers*. I have more Charity for a *Christian* or a *Jew*, than I have for these Vermin of the Land. In fine, I wish they were extirpated from the Earth; and that they may after *this* Life, be either Metamorphos'd into *Hogs*, which Creature, thou know'st, is an Abomination to all Good Men and Angels (and they already resemble it in their Uncleanneſs) or else that they may become the Asses of the *Jews* in Hell,

Hell, to carry their Burdens for a Thousand Ages.

Paris, 17th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER X.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs.

THE God of our *Fathers* grant thee as much Joy every Minute of thy Life, as I feel at this Instant. Wilt thou know the Occasion of this Unusual Transport? I can hardly believe my self, when I tell thee of an Adventure, the most surprizing that ever happen'd to me since my Arrival in this City. And perhaps thou wilt think I Romance in relating it: But assure thy self, that of a Truth *Ouchomiche* our Mother, is at this Time in *Paris*, with our Cousin *Isonf*.

May a Thousand soft Passions thrill thy Heart, when thou readeest this News, as they did mine, when at my Chamber Door I first saw and knew the Face of her that bare me, after I had given her over for Dead long ago; for I had heard no Tidings of her these Eleven Years. Good God! So strange and unexpected a Sight, had almost dismantl'd my *Senses*, those Out-Works of the *Soul*. For a while I stood

stood still, astonish'd and trembling with Ecstasy. I was not presently satisfy'd, whether I beheld a *Mortal*, or the *Ghost* of one: For, they say, these appear in the same Forms as they bore when Alive. Neither Age nor Travel, with all the other Infirmities and Crosses of Human Life, had so alter'd her Complexion; but that I easily discern'd the manifest Features, Lineaments and Air of my Mother. I concluded therefore, it must be *She*, or her *Apparition*, if there be any such Things.

These were my First Thoughts, in that Waking Trance: But her Voice and Address, soon put me out of Doubt, when impatient to see me stand like one Thunder-struck, she ran to me with open Arms and Tears of Joy in her Eyes; crying out with a Tone and Affection peculiar to Women. *Art thou alive, my Son Mahmut? Do these Eyes see thee, or am I in a Dream?*

For my Part, I was as much upon the Rapture as she, and hardly knew how to deport my self, or what to say or do. Yet the Fear I was in lest somebody in the House shou'd over-hear us, and make ill Consequences of this Passionate Interview, taught me a Lesson of Moderation and Prudence. Wherefore I beckon'd to her, to suppress her Passion, and converse by *Signs*, as the Custom is at the *Mysterious Port*. Those Silent Expressions of our mutual Love, Joy and Admiration, were not less significant, because not cloath'd in Words. Thou know'st, there's Eloquence enough in this Mute Language.

And

And I was Jealous of Words, lest some Inquisitive Soul might understand us, tho' we convers'd in *Arabick*.

After our first Endearments and Tenderneſſes were over, in which my Cousin *Iſouſ* alſo had his Share (for we were all reciprocally overjoy'd to ſee one another, in this Neſt of *Infidels*) I began to conſult the Safety of us all Three, in providing convenient Lodgings for my Mother and Kinsman. In Order to this, we made a Viſit to *Eliachim* the Jew, who entertained us at a Banquet, after the Faſhion of the *East*. We advis'd with that honeſt *Hebrew* about our Affairs; I having made frequent and ſufficient Proof of his Fidelity and Friendſhip. In fine, he took them both into his own Houſe, under the Notion of *Greeks*, his Acquaintance; judging this the ſecureſt Way to prevent any Diſcovery, or even the leaſt Suſpicion of our Circumſtances. They have continued there theſe Five Days, and their Character has not been queſtion'd by any. I viſit 'em daily, and we paſs away many Hours in recounting the different Adventures of our Lives, in diſcourſing of our Friends in *Arabia*, *Greece* and other *Parts* of the *World*, and in concerting the beſt Methods to ſerve one another, till Death ſhall divide us from our ſelves as well as from our Friends, and rank us in a Liſt of *Inviſible Beings*, whoſe State and Qualities we know not.

Well, but all this while I believe thou art Impatient to know what Motive of their own, or Turn of Fortune, drove them into
ſo

so remote a *Region* as *France*, a *Country* Inhabited by none but *Infidels*? Shall I tell thee in a Word? 'Twas Love, on her Part; and the Desire of Novelty, on his.

Our Kinsman *Isonf*, from his Childhood felt powerful Inclinations to travel: Which encreas'd with his Years, and were much heighten'd by his Converse with *Greeks*, *Armenians*, *Franks*, and some *Mussulmans* at *Constantinople*, who had seen many Foreign Countries, both in the *East* and *West*.

The Relations they made of the Curiosities they had seen, and of their own Adventures, fir'd his Youthful Blood, and he form'd a Resolution to depart, with the First Convenience, from *Constantinople*, and visit all the *Regions* in the *World*, if his Life and Health would hold out. I formerly acquainted thee, that he had survey'd the Greatest Part of *Asia*: Since which he set forth again, and having finish'd his Travels in that *Quarter* of the *World*, he bent his Course for *Africk*; where he visited *Egypt*, *Barbary*, the *Empire* of *Morocco* and *Fez*, with that of the *Aethiopians*, and many other *Regions* under the *Torrid Zone*, too tedious for me at this Time to mention particularly, because I write in Haste. Hereafter I shall give thee a more ample Account of his Observations, &c. Wherein thou wilt find, that *Isonf* has not altogether lost his Time.

At length, having satisfi'd himself with whatsoever he thought worthy to be seen and known in that *Southern Tract*, he parted from *Fez* with a Design to see *Europe*. Some *Bills*
of

of *Exchange*, caus'd him to take *Grand Caire* in his Way, where he encounter'd my Mother. She perceiving, that he wou'd take Shipping directly for *France*, resolv'd to lay hold on so favourable an Opportunity, of seeing me once more before she dy'd. Wherefore, imparting her Design to him, *Isonf* offer'd her his utmost Service. And having settl'd her Affairs at *Caire*, and pack'd up her Money, Jewels and other Necessaries, they took the Road of *Scanderoon*, where they soon arriv'd; and putting themselves into the Habit of *Greeks*, *Isonf* also speaking pretty well that *Language* and the *Lingua Franca*, they bargain'd with the Master of a Vessel then lying in the Harbour, and bound for *Marseilles*; He took them on Board, and under the Protection and Favour of *Heaven*, they arriv'd safe at *Marseilles*, and are now in this City.

Yet amidst all the Pleasure I conceive in the Presence of so near a Relation as a Mother, I am not without some Qualms of Fear, lest some Unfortunate Occurrence should discover her to be no *Christian*: For then, the Issue might prove dangerous both to her and me.

As for *Isonf*, he designs to tarry no longer in *Paris*, than to inform himself of what is most Remarkable in this City, and to satisfie the other Ends of a Traveller. From hence, after he has visited the Chiefest Cities in *France*, he talks of travelling into *Flanders*, *Holland*, *Germany*, *Suedeland*, and the other Kingdoms of *Europe*. But for *Spain* or *Portugal*, he has

no Thoughts; either out of Fear of the *Inquisition*, which is very severe in those Countries, or out of an Aversion for the People who expell'd the *Moors*, of which he relates very Tragical Stories, which they told him during his Residence at *Morocco* and *Fez*. In a Word, he gives this Character of a *Spaniard*, That he is a *Mungrel*, between a *Man* and a *Devil*. He likes the Company of the *French*, in Regard they converse with a Natural and Unreserv'd Freedom, which becomes them very well. But he has spoke with none but Travellers yet, who have been otherwise employ'd, than in studying the Artificial Disguizes of *Courtiers*. If he sojourns the Space of Three *Moons* in this *Kingdom*, he will find some of the *French* as Affected in their Way, as other People: He will encounter with a New Sort of *Frenchmen* in every *Province*. For *France* is a mere *Gallimaufry*, made up of the Fragments and Remnants of other *Nations*. They differ also in their *Language*, as well as in their *Manners*, one from another. So that the Inhabitants of *Gascoign* and *Bretagne*, can hardly be understood by those of *Paris* and *Blois*, with the Adjacent *Parts*. These *Western* People, are not Curious in preserving the *Dialect* of their *Fathers*, but every *Age*, introduces a Change in their *Speech*. Neither are they diligent in retaining their *Genealogies*. Whereas in the *East*, thou know'st, the *Languages* remain uncorrupted, the same now as they were Two Thousand Years ago, or from the *Confusion* of *Babel*.

The same Care we *Arabians* have of our *Tribes* and *Families*.

Son of my Mother, when thou readest the Two enclos'd, and shalt see the very Hand-writing of the Dear *Oucomiche*, and of *Isonf* our Kinsman; let thy Heart be like the Valley of *Admoim*, Fragrant as a Grove of Spices; For then thy Eyes will convince thee, that what I write is Truth.

Paris, 22d. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1654.

LETTER XI.

To Adonai, a Jew, Prisoner in the
Tower of Nona at Rome.

THIS comes to thee by the Hand of a trusty Friend: Give entire Credence to his Instructions. To say I'm sorry to hear of thy Misfortune, wou'd but faintly express my Passion: 'Tis not easily describ'd in Words. I am as Melancholy as an *Antelope*, when the *Sun's* in *Conjunction* with *Saturn*. This is a sad sort of a Beast, that will neither Eat, Drink nor Sleep, during that Dull Aspect.

In God's Name, how cam'st thou to be so free with thy Tongue among the *Romans*? Or, what tempted thee to meddle with their *Religion* and *Laws*? Was it not enough, that thou

thou and all the *Jews* in that City, had Liberty to frequent your *Synagogues*, and there curse the *Christians* in Antiquated *Hebrew*; must you needs Rail at 'em in plain *Italian* too? And that, over your Cups, when Men ought to be good-Natur'd to all the World? Of what import is it to you, whether they be *Idolaters* or no, so long as they give you Leave to Adore *One God*, *Creator* of the *Worlds*? Or, what signifies it, if they are Guilty of Ten Thousand Injustices and Follies among themselves, whilst you live quietly under their Protection and Government? *Adonai*, I'm asham'd of the Immorality of those of thy *Nation*. I blush for your Ingratitude, Pride and Malice. Surely, if the *Nazarenes* did really believe what they profess, they wou'd Sacrifice you all to the *Ghost* of their *Messias*, whom they say, you *Crucify'd*. They wou'd not leave a *Jew* living in *Christendom*, but do their utmost to exterminate you from the Earth. I speak not' this as my Wish; but only to upbraid your Impertinence and Vainity, in thus foolishly provoking those, with whose Permission it is, that you live and enjoy the *Elements*.

The *Prophet Moses*, your *Law-Giver*, left you another Rule, a Lesson of Civility, when he said, *Ye shall not blaspheme the Gods of the People*. Had thou and thy Companions obey'd this *Precept*, ye might have been at Liberty: But 'tis bad falling into the Hands of the *Inquisition*. However, I am glad to hear, that you are not transported to the *Castle* of

St. Angelo. That would have been a Tragical Remove, at this Juncture. But now, as I'm inform'd, not one of you is in Danger: For, they say, that all the Prisoners in *Rome*, are by Custom releas'd upon the Death of the *Pope*, except those who are in that Fatal *Fortress*. And 'tis Generally suppos'd, the good Old *Caliph* is no long liv'd Man. For, they never use to remove the Prisoners design'd for Death, till the *Physicians* are past all Hopes of the *Holy Father's* Life.

However, in Regard there is no Certainty in Human Affairs, but a perpetual Change and Circulation of Events; lest some Unhappy Turn of Fortune shou'd either now continue thy Restraint, or hereafter bereave thee of thy Liberty, I send thee here enclos'd, a *Receipt* of a *Chymical* Liquor, which may be of some Service to thee, in the strongest Prison on Earth. 'Twas reveal'd to me by my Mother, who learn'd it of an *Egyptian* Artist at *Caire*. Despise it not, because it comes from a Woman's Hand: For I have made an Experiment of it, and find it effectual. 'Twill render Iron as brittle as Glass. 'Tis more powerful than the Water of the River *Stryx*, which no Vessel cou'd hold, but the Hoof of a *Mule*. After an Hours Application, thou may'st make the thickest Barrs, Chains and Bolts, flie in a Thousand Pieces, as if they were made of *Porcelain*.

Thou wilt not wonder at this, when thou consider'st the Innumerable strange *Inventions* of Men prying into the *Secrets* of *Nature*,
and

and Fortunate in their Searches. Above all, *Chymistry* has brought to light the greatest Prodigies of *Art*, and *Knowledge*. This *Myſterious Science*, was the peculiar Boast of the *Primitive Egyptians*, from whom all other *Nations* learn'd it. And had not *Moses* himself been instructed from his Youth in all the *Learning of Egypt*, perhaps he would have been at a Loss, when he Calcin'd the *Golden Calf*, and gave the Dust to the *Israelites* to be mix'd in their Drink, as the only Expiation of their *Idolatry*. Doubtless, this *Secret*, among others, was transmitted down to those Times from *Philemon*, the good *Priest*, who was in the Number of them who escap'd the *Flood* in *Noah's Ark*, and whose Grand Son *Masur*, was the First King in *Egypt* after the *Deluge*.

Philemon, the better to establish the State of his *Offspring*, reveal'd to them many Hidden Things; taught them the *Hieroglyphicks* of the *Dgebel Pharan*, or the *Pyramids*, with all the *Myſteries* of the *Talismans*, and the *Chymical Preparations of Moncatam*; the forcible Waters and Essences, Powders and other Ingredients, by which they made Marble as pliable as Wax or Clay. These Things he had learn'd of those who perish'd in the *Flood*: He retain'd the *Wisdom* of the *Ancients*, his *Co-evals* and *Predecessors*; leaving the Rudiments of so profound a Knowledge to his *Posterity*, as an Invaluable Treasure, of which they cou'd never be robb'd. Thus, *Science* became Hereditary to the *Coptites*, who

bear that Name from *Coptim*, the Son of *Masfar*, the First King of *Egypt*, since the *Rainbow* appear'd in the Clouds. And, 'twas from one of that Race, my Mother learn'd that Admirable *Secret*.

Trust not to Words, but try the Experiment. The *Receipt* will give thee all Necessary Directions. Yet I counsel thee not to be big with it, like him who having found out the Art of making Glass Malleable, or fit to be beat by the Hammer into any Shape or Figure, as the Silver-Smiths work their Metal; must needs go and discover his *Secret* to the *Prince*, expecting a great Reward. When, on the contrary, he lost his Head on the Spot; the *Prince* thinking it great Injustice, that so many Thousand People as got their Bread by making of Common Glasses, shou'd be all ruin'd, to promote one Man's Profit and Advantage.

In fine, use this *Secret* to serve thy self, or the *Cause* thou art engag'd in: But trust it not to another, unless on the same Equal Terms as I commit it to thee, wherein the greater Hazard is thine in divulging it.

Paris, 15th. of the 1st. Moon.
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Mehemet, *once an Eunuch-Page in the Seraglio, but now an Exile in Egypt, at Grand Caire.*

WHEN I first heard of thy Banishment from the *Imperial Palace* and City, think not that I was sad, or entertain'd the usual Sentiments of a Friend, on such Occasions. No: I tell thee on the contrary, I rejoic'd, (yet not with the Joy of an Enemy) at that Seeming Misfortune, as knowing it has deliver'd thee from a Real one, in which, according to my Presages, all the Attendants of thy *Mistress*, the Old *Queen*, were soon after involv'd.

Thou art oblig'd to *Bacchus*, for that Fortunate Calamity; which tho' it for a while eclips'd thy Honour, yet was the onely Means to save thy Life.

When I formerly sent thee an Account of my Imprisonment here, and how I was regal'd by my *Keeper* at a *Banquet of Wine*; when in that Letter I play'd the Advocate for the Juice of the *Grape*, I little thought that thou wou'dst ever make an Experiment of that Bug-bear-Liquor. Tho' I know 'tis common, even in the *Seraglio*, to drink *Wine* privately, and chase away Melancholy, the Constant Familiar of Restraint and Servitude, with generous Computations.

I am no stranger to the counterfeit Sickneſs of thoſe, who for the Sake of this ſtollen Mirth, put themſelves into the *Infirmariy*, that they may there carouſe with Freedom, and drink Healths to the *Grand Signior* without Suſpicion.

Were it not for the convenient Situation of that Apartment, and the Favour of the *Baſtangi's*, no *Wine* cou'd find Admittance into the *Seraglio*, ſave what is for the *Grand Signior's* Uſe: But now his *Slaves* drink it as merrily as he: And I am not ſorry, that thou art one of the Number. 'Tis a groundleſs Superſtition, to reſuſe the Gift of Divine Liberality, and deny our ſelves the Uſe of that *Plant*, which was made to chear the Hearts of *Mortals*. Nay, our *Holy Traditions* themſelves, and all our *Doctōrs* tacitely own, that the *Vine* is allowable, in that it was ſav'd, among the Reſt of the *Vegetables*, by *Noah* in the *Ark*: And that *Holy Prophet* curſ'd the *Devil* for ſtealing it away. Perhaps the Story will not be Unpleaſant to thee.

When *God* commanded *Noah*, with his Companions, to deſcend out of the *Ark* in Peace, they built them Houſes, and began to exerciſe *Husbandry*; They ſowed *Corn*, and the Seeds of other *Vegetables*: They planted alſo all Sorts of *Trees*; but when they came to look for the *Vine*, it cou'd not be found. Then it was told *Noah* by the *Angel*, that the *Devil* had ſtollen it away, as having ſome Right to it. Wherefore *Noah* cited the *Devil* to appear before the *Angel*, in the Name
of

of *God*, to answer his Theft. The *Angel* gave Judgment, That the *Vine* shou'd be divided between 'em into *Three* Parts, whereof the *Devil* shou'd have *Two*, and *Noah* *One*: To which both Parties consented. Whereby it is evident, that Man has some Share in the Juice of the *Grape*. For, this was the Decision of *Gabriel*, That when *Two Thirds* of the Liquor of this Fruit, shou'd be evaporated away in boyling over the Fire, the Remainder shou'd be lawful for *Noah* and his *Posterity* to drink: And thou know'st, we *Mussulmans* generally obey this *Law*, in preparing our *Wine*.

Let the *Devil* therefore, in the Name of *God*, have his Share in this Tempting Fruit, and then there can be no Injustice in enjoying our own Part. For, when that which Inebriates, is separated by Fire from the Rest, this Liquor becomes pure, holy, and blessed. This is the Sentence of the *Ancients*, the Immediate Auditors of the *Messenger of God*, as is to be seen in the *Manuscripts* they left behind them; which though they are rare and difficult to be met with, yet such as diligently seek Wisdom, shall not lose their Labour. *Abu Becre Eb'n Mahumet*, has taken great Pains to collect the *Memoirs of Antiquity*. He was a Learned *Doctor* among my Countrymen, of the *House of Sulpha*, (may he rest under the *Umbrella's of Paradise*;) From him I had this Relation.

But, tell me, my dear *Mehemet*, if thou know'st, how cam'st thou to be the only

Man that had the good Fortune to be Sentenc'd to this Happy Disgrace? Or, if thou art Ignorant, I will tell thee. For, it seems, the Rest of thy Company in that Nights-Revel were discover'd as well as thou, yet escap'd all Censure. It looks, as if they were designedly reserv'd for Victims, to a more Inexorable Revenge. And, the Event justifies this Conjecture: Since within the Circuit of a *Moon*, not onely they, but all the surviving Creatures of the *Sultana Kioscm*, were strangl'd.

Therefore again I pronounce thee Happy and doubly bless'd in being an *Exile*, since thereby thou hast escap'd the Hands of the *Executioner*, and art now living in *Egypt*, the most Fortunate *Region* on Earth. Ascribe this to thy *Propitious Destiny*, and to the Favour of *Solyman Kyzlar Aga*: Who foreseeing the Slaughter that wou'd be made of that Old *Queen's* Servants, took this Opportunity to accuse thee to the *Grand Signior*, that so he might save thy Life. For, 'twas at his Intercession, thou wert banish'd into this Happy *Province*, which is call'd the *Nurse* of all *Nations*. Improve thy *Exile* to the best Advantage; and from this *Nurse*, suck the *Milk* of *Science* with which she has formerly Nourish'd the Whole Earth. Be grateful also to thy *Deliverer*; for, he is a Trusty Friend, and Unchangeable, where he once places his Affection. He had a particular Kindness for thee. From him I receiv'd the News of thy Escape; for that is the proper Name of thy Banishment. Pour forth devout

vout *Oraisons* for his Health and Happiness: Since thou art in a *Land*, where the *Prayers* of *Mussulmans* are as effectually heard at some Particular Places, as if they were utter'd at the Tomb of the Prophet.

I counsel thee, to visit the Prison of *Joseph*, which is in the *Dungeon* of the *Castle* of *Caire*. This is a Place of great *Devotion* among the *Faithful*, and has been so in all Ages, since the Death of that *Patriarch*. *Moses* the Prophet, of whom it is said, that he died in the Embraces of God, made his *Prayers* in this Place; and so did *Aaron*, his Brother, when they perform'd those *Miracles* in *Egypt*. *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, visited this Place, both he and his Mother (on whom are center'd the Smiles of the Creator :) They there perform'd their *Devotions*, when they fled from the Persecution of *Herod*. So did the *Prophets*, and *Apostles*, as many as were in *Egypt*, with all *True Believers*. Nay, some of the *Infidels* themselves, having heard of the Renown of this *Sanctuary*, made their *Addresses* to *Heaven* there, in Time of great Distress. For, here *Prayers* are infallibly heard, especially if they be said after the *Sun* has travers'd the *Meridian*; when the *Wicked Demons* are asleep, who walk abroad till *Noon*, doing all the Mischief they can.

My Friend, when I think of the *Region* where thou art, I can hardly forbear envying thee. 'Tis a *Land* of *Prodigies* and *Miracles*. It is the Support of Men, and the *Granary* of the *World*. Those who Inhabit it, are full of

of Complacency and Joy; and those who abandon it, burn with a perpetual Desire to return. Its *Rivers* are Clear, and the *Waters* Sweet and Rich as *Wine*. The Eye of *God* is upon it, who causes the *Nile* to flow at his accustom'd *Season*, whence the Land is made fertile beyond all the *Provinces* on Earth. This *Nile* is one of the *Rivers* which *God* Caused to descend from the *Springs* of *Paradise*, on the *Wings* of *Gabriel*; and has hid the Place of its Descent, among the Inaccessible Heights of Mountain.

There are many strange Things related of the Land of *Alphiom*, and how it was First Manur'd by *Joseph*, being before his Time but a *Fen* or *Marsh*. The Story also of *Hagar*, the Mother of all the *Ismaelites*, is not Unpleasant; Thou wilt find it in the *Chronicles* of *Egypt*: For she was an *Egyptian*, of the Family of the *Coptites*; and was bestow'd on *Sarah*, the Wife of our Father *Ibrahim*, by *Charoba*, the King of *Egypt's* Daughter. After she was dismiss'd from her Lady, she travell'd to *Mecca*; from whence she sent a *Dispatch* to the King of *Egypt*, to acquaint him with her Affairs, and with the Birth of her Son *Ismael*, imploring his Assistance, in Regard she was in a Land barren of all Things. Then the King of *Egypt* caus'd a *Canal* to be cut from the *Nile*, at the Foot of the *Eastern* Mountains of *Egypt*, to the *Red Sea*; and sent Vessels laden with Corn, Fruits, and all Manner of Necessary Provisions to *Hagar*.

If thou addressest to the Feet of the *Doctors*, the Venerable *Prelates* of *Caire*, they will inform thee of more strange Things than these. It is a Noble Exercise, to Contemplate the *Kingdom* of the *Heavens* and the *Earth*; to search into their Wonders and Prodigies; to trace the Foot-Steps of *Ancient Nations*, and the *Traditions* which know no *Origin*.

Mehemet, I am an *Exile* as well as thou: Let us continue our former Friendship in this State, and do one another all the Good Offices we can. As for the Misfortunes of Human Life, let us bear them with an Equal Mind. For, they will soon have an End, as well as we our selves.

May *God*, who in the Time of *Gog* and *Magog*, took up from the *Earth* the Great *Alcoran*, and the *Sheets* of *Science*; the *Black Stone*, and the *Shrine* of *Moses*, with the *Five Rivers*; have thee in his Holy Protection and Custody, at the Hour of *Evil*, and at all Times.

Paris, 26th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THou may'st report it to the *Divan* for a certain Truth, That the *Chief Musti* of the *Christians* is dead: Which puts all the *Courts* in *Europe*, upon new Strains of *Policy*.

He was call'd *Innocent X.* after his Assumption to the *Papacy*: For, his true Name was *Pamphilio*. But some say, it has been a Custom for the *Popes* to change their Names, ever since a certain *Priest* was lifted to that Dignity, who was call'd *Bocca de Porco*, or *Hogs-Face*. He, asham'd of this Ignominious Name, as soon as he sat in the *Chair of Peter*, assum'd the Name of *Sergius*. Yet, all his *Successors*, have not observ'd that Rule.

These *Popes* have an Authority, greater than our *Principal Musti*. For, they are obey'd by *Kings* and *Emperours*. And being esteem'd little less than *Gods* on *Earth*, they are solemnly Ador'd on the Day of their *Coronation*, by all the *Cardinals*, *Princes*, *Prelates*, and *Foreign Embassadors* at that Time in *Rome*. And, for that End, they are seated on the *Altar*, which the *Nazarenes* call, The *Tabernacle* and *Habitation* of their *God*.

If I mistake not in my *Observations*, these *Roman Caliphs* aspire at a *Sovereignty* over all *Kings* and *Princes*: They wou'd make that which they call the *Hierarchy*, a Superlative Independent.

Independent *Monarchy*, to which all the *Governments* in the *World*, should pay *Homage*, and be Subject.

This puts me in Mind of a certain *Preacher* at *Naples*, who some Years ago, when *Adonai* the *Jew* was in that City, and happen'd to be present in the *Church*, having made a very *Elaborate Speech* to persuade the People, That the *Priests* were Superiour to *Kings*; at length he broke out into this *Passionate Exclamation*: O ye *Princes of Christendom*, ye are *Pharaohs*, and we *Priests* are your *Gods*; O ye *Pharaohs*, obey your *Gods*! Ye can only command the *Creature*, but we make the *Creator* himself come down on the *Altars*, at our *Pleasure*. This Relation I had from the *Jew*, in his *Travels* through *Italy*. And it is asserted by some of their *Doctors*, That the *Pope* has not only Power to *Excommunicate* the *Greatest Prince on Earth*, but also to pull a *Saint* out of *Paradise*, and send him to *Hell*.

If they cou'd persuade the *Nazarene Princes* and *People* to believe they have such an *Exorbitant Power*, perhaps in Time they might reduce 'em to as blind a *Superstition*, as the *Ancient Kings of Egypt* were Guilty of, who were so besotted to their *Priests*, that when he whom they call'd the *Cater*, or *Master* of the *Celestial Influences* commanded the *King* to Kill himself, for that it was the *Will* of *Heaven*, the poor bigotted *Monarch*, durst not dispute the *Orders* he had receiv'd, but in simple *Obedience* became his own *Murderer*.

Those

Those *Egyptian Priests* indeed, were *Masters* of great *Science*, profound *Astrologers*, Excellent *Mathematicians*, and perfectly skill'd in the *Secrets* of *Natural Magick*. They perform'd Things transcending the more Common and Obvious Works of *Nature*: By which it was easy, to strike a Terroure into the *Hearts* of Ignorant Mortals. But, as for these *Nazarene Priests*, all that they can boast of is, that they have read the *Histories* of Former Times, and are able to discourse in *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*, without having the Power to work any *Prodigies*: Unless thou wilt count it one, To keep so many Warlike *Nations* in a Servile Awe of their Authority, with the bare Pretence, of turning a *Piece* of *Bread* into a *God*.

Yet for all this, there are many Poor *Prelates*, and other *Ecclesiasticks*, who are invested with Empty Titles, having little or no *Revenues*: Among which, the Poverty of some is so Remarkable, as to become a *Proverb*. Thus, 'tis Common in the Mouths of the *Romans* to say, *The Pope's Mule fares better than the Bishop of Orvietto*.

Illustrious *Bassa*, live thou in the *Faith* of a *Mussulman*, and the Favour of the *Grand Signior*. For, in that State, thou may'st despise the Greatest of these *Ecclesiastick Infidels*.

Paris, 13th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIV.

To the Kaimacham.

I Believe, the *Secretary* of the *Nazarene* Affairs takes me to be a *Conjurer*, and thinks that I can divine of all the Changes and Alterations that happen at the *Port*, or that I have some *Magical* Glass, which represents to me the continued *Series* of remote Events, with all the Transactions of the *Imperial* Court, Camp, and City: Or else he would not be so late in his *Dispatches*, and send me such Imperfect News. I am forc'd many Times, to address my Letters by Guess; not knowing, whether the Person to whom I write be in the same *Station* he was a while ago, or whether he be among the *Living*, or the *Dead*: Whether I shou'd direct my *Dispatches* to *Constantinople*, or to the *Elyzian* Shades.

My Intelligence of the *Mussulman* Affairs, is many Times more owing to the *French* Merchants who trade in the *Levant*, or to the *Expreses* which come from *Embassadors* residing at *Constantinople*; than to that *Secretary*, whose Care it ought to be, that I shou'd be timely inform'd of whatever happens in the *Osman* Empire.

Surely, *Kisur Dramelec* has some Design upon me, in being always thus tardy and negligent. I scarce hear from him once in half a
Year,

Year; whereas he is commanded by his *Superiours* as well as *mine*, to write to me every *Moon*. And then, he sends me such a Lame Account of Things, such Fragments and Scraps of News, that his Letters need a *Comment*, to make 'em Intelligible.

About Four Years ago, I modestly tax'd him with this Neglect, when I had Reason to do it in my own Vindication, to *Minezim Alph, Bassa*. But *Kisur* heard of it, and was very Angry. He sent me a Letter, full of Invectives, which I answer'd with a Kind of Indifference, mixing Railery with my Juster Resentments. How that work'd on him, I know not; but his Reservedness ever since, makes me conclude he studies Revenge; and that he takes this Method to accomplish it, by keeping me as much in Ignorance, as he dares, of the Changes and other Important Occurrences at the *Mysterious Port*. He knows it wou'd be a Crime little less than Capital, not to write to me at all: Such a wilful Contumacy wou'd streight proclaim him a *Traytor*; since, among the other Instructions which were given him with his *Commission*, this Charge was none of the least, That he shou'd send frequent Intelligence to all the *Grand Signior's Agents*, whether Publick or Private, in the *Courts of Nazarene Princes*. He is sensible, That such a Manifest Contempt of *Supreme Authority*, wou'd absolutely ruine him. Therefore he goes more subtilly to work. For, he writes indeed, but, very seldom. And then, with cunning Artifice,

Artifice, either quite conceals, or at least disguizes the most considerable Transactions, only filling up his Letters with Trifling Stories, and Impertinent Relations, nothing to my Purpose: Thinking by this Means, to bring upon me the Displeasure of the *Grandeess*, through the Mistakes I may commit, for Want of better Advertisement.

Be it how it will, I am strangely at a Loss sometimes, what to think, or how to write to my *Superiours*; or what Sort of Conduct I shou'd use in this Place, amidst so many Various Reports as are continually spread abroad in *Europe*, concerning the Affairs of the *Seraglio*, the *Shining City*, and other *Parts* of the *Ottoman Empire*: Whilst this *Kisur* still delays to ascertain me of any Thing.

I have been wholly a Stranger, till within these few Days, to the Fate of the *Captain Bassa*, who was strangled about a Year ago, for his Cowardise and ill Conduct against the *Venetians*. Neither knew I any Thing of the Adventure and Flight of his Sons. I was equally Ignorant of the Succession of the *Bassa* of *Buda* in this Important *Command*; and of many other changes both *by Land*, and *Sea*,

So at present, here are a Thousand Rumours stirring about one Thing or other in the *East*. Some say, that *Chusaein Bassa* is strangl'd, and that the *Captain Bassa*, is made *Vizir Azem* in his Stead. Others report, that the *First Minister* was only depos'd from that *Supreme Dignity*, the *Seals* being taken from

from him; but that nevertheless, he still continues to be *General* of the *Sultan's* Forces in *Candia*. A Third sort affirm, that he intended to turn *Christian*, holding a secret Correspondence with the *Patriarch* of *Jerusalem*, by whose Means, and a General Revolt of the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and other *Christians* under the *Grand Signior's* Jurisdiction, he sought to betray the *Ottoman Blood*, and exalt himself to the *Empire*.

I am not willing to believe, that such Monstrous Perfidy, cou'd enter into the Heart of that Illustrious *Hero*; yet know not how to contradict it, for Want of true Advice.

It is reported also, That *Signior Capello*, the *Venetian Bailo* or *Resident*, at the *Happy Port*, has kill'd himself with a Ponyard: Being driven to Despair, by his long Confinement, and the cruel Usage he had receiv'd from the *Muslimans*. God knows whether it be true or no. It wou'd be much to my Satisfaction, to have a particular Account of all these Things, and of whatsoever else occurs worthy of Notice. For, how can I discharg'd my Trust, whilst I am thus kept in the Dark.

They talk here of a Violent *Plague* that rages in *Moscovy*, and that above 200000 People have died of it in the City of *Mosco* only, besides Millions that have been swept away in the *Provinces* of that Vast *Empire*. Those that really know not *themselves*, nor are acquainted with their own *Nature*, will yet pretend to penetrate into the *Counsels* of the *Omnipotent*, and pronounce this as a *Judgment*
on

on the *Moscovites*, for the Cruelties they have committed in *Poland*. Doubtless, the *Methods of Fate* are *Inscrutable*.

In the mean while, we are plagu'd here with a Crew of *Vagabonds*, whom they call *Gypsies*, or *Egyptians*: For, they pretend to be descended from that Place. They swarm up and down the Country like *Caterpillars*, devouring the Fruits of the Earth. They boast of a Profound Skill in *Palmestry*, *Physiognomy*, and other *Sciences*, cheating People of their Money, under the Notion of telling them their *Fortunes*. No Body knows from whence they come, or whither they go. For, they are as uncertain as the Wind. A Nasty Generation, and the very Burden of the Land. If any Creatures be oblig'd to them, 'tis the *Mice* and *Rats*, with whom they seem to be in League. For, they Kill and Eat all the *Cats* they seize on.

Illustrious *Minister*, I pray *Heaven* defend thee from all Sorts of *Plagues* and *Vermin*, but especially from *Monsters* in *Human Shape*.

Paris, 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To the same.

AS I am alive, these *Gypsies* have enchanted me; I cannot put 'em out of my Mind. And, perhaps, it will neither be impertinent nor troublesome, to give thee a farther Information of them.

There are several Opinions concerning the *Original* of these *Vagrants*, and they have been thought worthy to be inserted into *Histories*. Some say, they came out of *Tartary* or *Scythia*, and that they first appear'd in these *Parts*, about the Year 1417. of the *Christians* *Hegira*. At which Time, they enter'd into *Saxony* in Troops, having the *Passport* of *Sigismund King of Hungary*, and Son of *Charles IV.* They had also the Recommendations of divers other *Princes*, who look'd on them as *Holy Persons* or *Prophets*. For they pretended, that they were commanded by *God*, to travel over the Whole Earth, and not to have either Houses or Lands in their own Possession: And, that this was enjoin'd 'em as a *Pennance*, to expiate the *Sin* of their *Ancestors*; who inhabiting *Egypt* in the Days of *Jesus*, the Son of *Mary*, the *Christians* *Messias*, refus'd to entertain that *Holy Prophet* and his *Mother*, when they fled from the *Persecution* of *Herod*.

Others

Others are of Opinion, that they came first out of *Persia*, and are of the *Race* of those who Adore the *Fire*. Being forc'd once in Seven Years, to make *Decimations* of their *People*, and send away many *Caravans*, to seek their Fortune in *Foreign Countries*; *Persia* not being able to sustain their Numerous *Progeny*.

A Third Sort affirm, That they are the *Posterity* of the *Ten Jewish Tribes*, that were carried away Captives by *Salamanassar*, King of *Assyria*. No Body knows for certain what they are, or of whence. They are of swarthy Complexions, wrapt up in Mantles of Cotton or Wool. They speak Seven *Languages*, profess Three *Sciences*, obey One King or General, who always travels with 'em. The *Italians* call 'em *Cingari*, from a Word in their *Language* which signifies a Kind of *Water-Fowl*, that has no certain Nest, but is forc'd every Night to seek a New Lodging: For so these *Egyptians* rove from Place to Place. The *Germans* call them *Zingener*, from the Word *Zindel*, which is the constant Appellative of the King of these *Ramblers*; as *Pharaoh* was of Old among the *Gypsies*, and *Cesar* among the *Romans*. In many Things they resemble the *Torlakins* and *Faquirs* of the *East*; boasting of extraordinary Illuminations, and a constant Familiarity with *God*: Tho' some Learned Men among the *Nazarenes*, esteem 'em no better than a Crew of Cheats and Hypocrites: Even as they do those *Oriental Santons*; who, they say, under the Masque of an

an Uncommon Holiness, commit a Thousand Villainies.

God best knows, what Judgment is to be made either of the *One* or the *Other*. But these *Egyptians*, as they call 'em, whether they are really such, or no, have no great Marks of *Sanctity*, in that they are very *Unclean*. They seldom or never Wash themselves, but like the *Swine*, wallow in all manner of Filthiness; eating Prohibited Meats, and having their Women in Common, which are the Two Sources of all *Impurity*.

As to the *Faquirs* of the *East*, they are strict Observers of the *Law* of Abstinence and Cleanness; whether they be *Mussulmans*, or the *Gentiles* of *India*. And it in other Matters, they may be found faulty, 'tis very rare: And then they exceed not the *Character* of *Humanity*, which thou know'st, is by *Nature* prone to *Error*, and subject to a Thousand Frailties and Oversight. We are all Men, and *God* does not expect our Conduct to be that of *Angels*. His Repose is in himself; and if he takes any Complacency in the Things of the World, 'tis in beholding every Thing act according to its *Nature*. The exquisite Form and Symmetry of a *Bee*, a *Spider*, or a *Pismire*, with the Inimitable Architecture of the Two Former, and the Admirable Providence of the Latter, may, for ought we know, afford him as much Delight, as the most celebrated Beauty, Strength, Science, and Performances of Men. For, his *Power* and *Wisdom*, are Equally manifest in All Things. Every
Creature

Creature is Perfect in its Kind, onely a Wicked Man is a Blot in the Universe.

Wouldst thou know what the *Western Nazarenes* are most busie about at this Time? 'Tis the *Election* of a New Pope. He is to be chosen by the *College of Cardinals*, who are *Princes of the Roman Church*. They are all shut up in a Place, which they call the *Conclave*. This is a certain *Gallery* in the *Palace of the Vatican at Rome*; where every *Cardinal* has his *Cell* or *Apartment* by himself, having onely *Two Servants* to attend him. The *Conclave* is surrounded by the *Roman Militia*, to prevent all *Intercourse* by *Letters*, or other *Ways*, between those without, and those within. The very *Dishes* which are serv'd up at the *Tables of the Cardinals*, are narrowly search'd, lest any *Letters* shoud be convey'd in them. The last *Posts from Rome* assure us, That there were no less than *66 Cardinals* thus shut up, when they left that City. And, there they must remain *Night and Day*, without taking the *fresh Air*, or seeing any *Body*, till they have agreed in their *Election*. There are *Two Physicians*, a *Surgeon*, and an *Apothecary* shut up with'em, to serve'em in *Case of Sicknes*.

One of the *Conclavists* is the *Cardinal de Retz*, who escap'd out of his *Prison* in this *Kingdom*, and fled to *Rome* for *Protection*. From whence he sent a *Letter* to the *Arch-Bishops*, and other *Prelates of France*; which being pronounc'd a *Seditious Libel* against the *King* and the *Government*, was in the *End* of the last *Moon* burnt publicly by the *King's*
E
Order,

Order, and all Copies of it prohibited.

The King has also sent private Instructions to the *Cardinals* of his Party at *Rome*, to keep a strict Watch on the Conduct of *de Retz*, and to oppose him in all Things.

Here is nothing but Caballing and Intrigue among these *Infidels*: They are good at a Stratagem, and know better how to undermine one another, than to face their Enemies in the open Field: Which is a Character more suitable to Women than Men. Whereas thou know'st, our *Hero's* in the *East*, know no other Way to Honour, Victory and Empire, than by downright Bravery and Resolution, subduing all Things by the Force of their Arms. But *God*, when he divided the Nations of the *Earth*, and separated the Sons of *Noah*, assign'd to every one a different Constellation, according to whose Influence, the Genius of each People is dispos'd. They all obey the Dictates of their Particular Stars, and the Orders of Eternal Destiny.

Therefore, Sage Minister, since *Mars* is the Planet of the Sons of *Ismael*, and the Ascendant of the Ottoman Empire, there is no Need that we shou'd turn Apostates from the Star of our better Fortune, to court the Glances of *Mercury*, who is onely the Guardian of Knaves and Cheats.

Paris, the 26th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

The End of the First Book.

LETTERS

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *P A R I S*.

VOL. V.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the*
Grand Signior.

FOrmerly I cou'd have writ to thee with
as much Freedom, as I cou'd to *Egri*
Boinou, (on whom rest the Favours of
God) or as I can now to *Gnet Oglou*,
to my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, or to any of my
Familiar Friends. But when I consider the
Eminent *Station* thou possessest, in that the
Health and Life of the *Mighty Emperour* is

now committed to thy Skill and Care, I am many Times at a Stand how to address my self. Methinks, thou art tinctur'd with the *Majesty* of that *Personage*, whose Hand thou so often hast the Honour to touch, when requir'd to discover by the beating of his *Pulse*, the Interiour Maladies which afflict his *Royal Soul*. Yet I know thou still retainest thy Humanity, and wilt not despise those whom thou hast once thought worthy of Friendship.

Suffer me then to converse with a *Philosophick* Freedom, that is, in an Address void of Formalities and Reserves.

I know 'tis of no Import, whether *Mahmut* be sick or well, provided the *Grand Signior* be serv'd. What signify the Languishing Pains, or more Acute Agonies of a *Slave*, so long as he is able to carry on his *Master's* Interest? We are not born for our *selves* only, but by the very Condition of our *Nature*, are oblig'd to consecrate our Lives to the Service of *others*. 'Tis a Reciprocal Debt, from which no Mortal is free. Every Man owes Something to his *Relations*, more to his *Friends*, but most of all to the *Publiick*.

Therefore I make no Complaints of my *Lot*, nor murmur at the *Will* of *Destiny*. I accuse not the *Stars* of my *Nativity*, nor tax 'em with Unkindly *Aspects*: But am contented with my Fortune, be it Good or Bad, and resign'd to the Pleasure of *Heaven*.

As *Nature* has fram'd my Body Infirm and Weak, subject to a Thousand Maladies; So is my

my Mind also harass'd with Distempers which have no Number. But above all, I labour under a Kind of *Intellectual Fever*, a perpetual Thirst of Knowledge, which all the Books and Converse in the World cannot satisfy, There is no End of my Doubts and Scruples. Every Thing appears to me as Ambiguous, as the *Answers* of the *Delphic Oracle*. Nay, I am a perfect Riddle to my self.

Tell me, dear *Hali*, how I shall cure this *Dropsy* of the *Mind*, and I will not trouble thee with the Inconsiderable Diseases of my *Body*. I have a high Opinion of you *Physicians*: And shall put more Confidence in thy Advice, than in the *Testa* of the *Mufti*. Conceal not thy Art from *Mahmut*, who admires thee with a Respect equal to that which he pays to the Memories of *Avicen*, *Al Razi*, *Helal*, and the Rest of those excellent *Physicians*, mention'd in our *Arabian Histories*.

And now these Ornaments of our *Nation* are come into my Mind, permit them to divert me from saying or thinking any more of my self at present: For it will be better to turn the Discourse to such Illustrious Themes. At worst, it will be but an Innocent Digression.

In perusing the *Lives* of those Famous Men, I meet with some Passages which are very Delightful. Perhaps thou hast seen the same. Yet 'twill do thee no Hurt, to call 'em again to thy Remembrance.

I have read in a certain *Manuscript*, penn'd by *Ibrahim* the Son of *Helal*, a Renown'd

Physician at Badgat, this Memoir of his Father
" On a certain Day, says he, that my Father
" had administred Physick to the *Emperor Tu-*
" *zun*, for which he was presented with a Roy-
" al *Vest*, rewarded with Five Thousand *Pia-*
" *sters*, and by the *Emperor's* Command was
" carried through the Streets in State, I observ'd
" that he was Pensive amidst all those Ho-
" nours, and troubled in Mind, when I thought
" he had greatest Reason to rejoyce. There-
" fore I said to him, *My Father, How comes it to*
" *pass, that you are thus dejected, at a Time*
" *when all the World expects to see you dissolv'd*
" *in Pleasure?* He answer'd, Son, He that
" has bestow'd these Honours on me is a Fool,
" and does things preposterously without Reason.
" And therefore I cannot rejoyce at these Un-
" timely Favours he has shew'd me, being sen-
" sible they are not the Effects of his Judgment,
" but of his Ignorance. I gave him a Cathar-
" tic Potion, which work'd so strongly with him,
" that it excoriated his Bowels, and brought forth
" Blood. So that I was forc'd to use a different
" Method, both to remove his Distemper, and
" stop the Violent Flux. In the mean while, he
" Ignorantly believing, That the Voiding of so
" much Blood, procur'd him the present Ease,
" and Health he feels, therefore order'd these
" Honours to be done me which thou seest. Now
" that which saddens me, is my Fear, lest some
" Time or other, he may through his Ignorance
" commit as great an Error on the Contrary
" Side, and suspect that I have done him an
" Injury, when there is no Ground for it, and
" so put me to Death.

Tell

Tell me, my Friend, had not this *Physician* Reason for his Behaviour and Words? He was a Man of Great Abilities, accomplish'd with divers *Sciences*, and in high Esteem with the *Princes and Nobles of Arabia*.

It were worth thy Pains to peruse frequently the *Life of Avicen*, written by himself, wherein thou wilt behold the Methods he us'd to acquire a Profound Skill in the *Sciences*: How he was at first puzzl'd in the *Metaphysics*, and was almost driven to Despair, till a *Dream* untold to him whatsoever was difficult. When he was at a Loss in any Disquisition, he us'd to frequent the *Mosques*, and pour forth Devout and Fervent *Oraisons* to the *Source of Intellectual Lights*, till the Thing was manifested to him. He sat up late a-Nights, having a Lamp perpetually burning in his Chamber, applying himself attentively to Books and Contemplation. This was his Course, till he was Consummate in all the *Liberal Sciences*, which was in the Eighteenth Year of his Age.

But of all the *Physicians* whose Names adorn our *History*, none seems Comparable to *Thabet Eb'n Abraham*, for his Skill in exactly Indicating the *Causes* of a *Distemper* by the *Different Measures* of the *Pulse*. *Abul Pharaï*, his *Contemporary* and Friend, writes thus of him. "On a certain Day, says he, when "I was with *Thabet Eb'n Abraham* of *Har-rain*, in the House of *Abu Mohammed* the "Vizir, *Abu Adalla Ebno'l Hejai* the Poet "being there also, reach'd forth his Hand to

"Thabet, desiring him to feel his *Pulse*. To
"whom the *Physician* forthwith reply'd, *Thou*
"hast us'd a *Gross Diet*, and been *Intemperate*
"in eating *sowr Milk with Veal*. The other
"answering, That it was true, and all the
"Company admiring; *Abu'l Abbas* the *Astro-*
"loger, also reach'd forth his Hand. But when
"Thabet had felt his *Pulse*, *Thou*, said he, hast
"committed an *Excess* in taking too much of
"Cold Things; for, as I judge, thou hast eat
"about *Eleven Pomegranates*. immediately
"Abu'l Abbas cry'd out, This is a *Prophet*
"certainly, and more than a *Physician*; for he
"speaks the *Truth* to a *Tittle*. Every Body was
"astonish'd at his *Wondrous Knowledge*, and
"I more than all the Rest. Wherefore, when
"I had him alone, I said, *My dear Thabet*,
"The Study of *Physick* is *Common* to us both;
"therefore hide nothing from me, but discover
"freely by what *Art* you were able to tell, That
"the *Poet* eat *sowr Milk with Veal*, and not
"as well with *Beef or Mutton*; and that the
"*Astrologer* eat no more nor less than *Eleven*
"*Pomegranates*? He answer'd, *My Mind*
"suggested this to me, and prompted my *Tongue*
"to utter it. Then I desir'd him to shew me
"the *Scheme* of his *Nativity*: Which he did
"at his own House. And considering it at-
"tentively, I observ'd, That the Planet *Ju-*
"piter was *Lord* of the *Horoscope*. Then I
"said to him, 'Tis this speaks, my Dear Friend,
"not you, so often as you make these *Fortunate*
"Conjectures. Thus far *Abul Pharai*.

God knows, whether the *Stars* have any such *Influence* on Men in their *Birth*, or no. I am not very *Credulous* in this Point. Nor can the Authority of the *Ancients*, or the Character of the *Persian* and *Chaldean Magi*, captivate my Mind in an *Implicit Faith* of Things so liable to *Doubt*. Who knows what the *Stars* are made of, or for what *Ends* they are Created? Yet I must own, that some Men seem to be born with *Inherent Faculties*, which others can never acquire with all the *Art* and *Industry* in the *World*. One Man is of a *Poetick* Constitution: Another is *Genially* inclin'd to *Physick*; a Third excels in *Mechanicks*: Every Man has his *Peculiar Gift*. And yet perhaps all this while, the *Stars* have *Nothing* to do in the *Matter*. However, if there be any *Truth* in *Astrology*, the *Persians*, *Chaldeans*, *Arabians* and *Indians*, seem to be the only Men of all *Nations*, Constellated to understand this *Science* perfectly. One knows not what to think amidst so many *Appearances* of *Truth* and *Falshood*. Nor can our *Thoughts* be of any great *Import*, be it how it will, in these *Speculative Matters*. At the *Day* of *Judgment* we shall not be ask'd, What *Proficiency* we have made in *Logick*, *Metaphysicks*, *Astronomy*, or any other *Science*; but, whether we have liv'd according to our *Nature*, as Men, endu'd with *Morality* and *Reason*. In that Hour it will more avail us, That we have thrown a *Handful* of *Flower* in *Charity* to a *Nest* of contemptible *Pismires*, than that we cou'd muster

all the *Hoasts* of *Heaven*, and call every *Star* by its proper Name. For, then the *Constellations* themselves shall disappear, the *Sun* and *Moon* shall give no more Light, and all the *Frame* of *Nature* shall vanish: But our Good and Bad Works shall remain for ever, Recorded in the *Archives* of *Eternity*.

If from this Manner of Writing, thou shalt conjecture I am Melancholy, and wilt also reveal the *Causes* and *Remedy* of this *Distemper*, thou shalt be more to me, than a Thousand *Avicen's*, *Helal's*, *Thabet's*, or all the *Physicians* and *Astrologers* of the *East*. For, these Kind of Thoughts, are Mournful as the *Shadow* of *Death*.

Paris, 23d. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER II.

To Afis, Bassa.

I Know not whether thou wilt praise or condemn the *Sentence*, which the *Electors* of *Saxony* pronounc'd not long ago on a Poor Fellow for killing a *Deer*. Yet because there is something very Singular in it, I will relate the whole Passage, as I receiv'd it from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, the Jew at *Vienna*.

In

In the *Moon of Chewval*, a certain Citizen of *Wittemberg*, was accus'd before the *Electors* for hunting in his Forest, and killing one of his *Deer*. The *Duke* in a Rage, commanded him to be set upon a *Stag*, his Hands chain'd to the Horns, and his Feet under the Belly of the Beast; ordering, that the *Stag* with this Burden, shou'd be let loose to run whither he wou'd. The poor frighten'd *Stag*, not being accusom'd to such a Load, and terrified with the rattling of the Chain, ran away full speed over Hills and Dales, through Thickets of Briars and Thorns, never stopping till it had measur'd above Three and Thirty *German Leagues*; and then, tyr'd with so vast a Race, he fell down. At which Instant, a *Caravan* was coming by that Place, out of *Silesia*.

The poor Wretch on the Back of the *Stag*, almost dead with the Pains he had undergone, in so continued and violent a Motion, being also sorely bruis'd and his Flesh torn and mangl'd by the Bough of Trees, as the *Stag* rush'd through thick Woods; cry'd aloud to the *Caravan*, begging that some of them wou'd in Mercy dispatch him out of his Torments. But they, either for fear of the *Duke's* Displeasure, or for other Reasons, refus'd him this Kindness. So that after the *Stag* had rested a-while, and recovered new Spirits, he began a fresh Career; and never ceas'd running, till he arriv'd at a certain *Monastery* or *Convent* of *Religious*, where he beat against the Gate with his Horns, till some of the *Dervises* open'd it,

it, and let him in. They astonish'd to see a Man thus pinion'd to a *Stag*, his Face, Arms, Legs and all his Body cover'd with Blood, and himself ready to expire, immediately brought him *Cordials* and other Refreshments, whilst some were employ'd in loosing his Chains. But being inform'd by his own Mouth, how he came into this Condition, they began to think of turning him loose again, for Fear of the *Duke's* Anger. However, suffering themselves to be overcome by the Importunity of the Miserable Man, and relying on their *Ecclesiastick* Privileges (for here in the *West*, the *Convents* are generally allow'd *Sanctuaries* for all Sorts of Offenders) they took him into their Protection: but he expir'd that Night.

It is hard to determine whether the *Duke*, or these *Derviches*, were in the Right or Wrong. The *French*, who of late, have by a Fashion learn'd to grow Obdurate, justify the Proceedings of this *Prince*; saying, That Pity is a Passion fit onely for Women, Children, and Fools. They esteem it a Mark of a Great Spirit, a Mind capable of *Empire*, not to be mov'd with the Sighs or Tears of the Miserable; but to frown or laugh, at the Misfortunes of others. This, they say, is the onely Method to harden Men for War, Conquests, and Plunder: Where the Victors are to cut their Way to Honour and Riches, through the Hearts of the Vanquish'd, to quench the ardent Thirst of Glory with Humane Blood, and to celebrate their Triumphs,
onely

only in the midst of horrid Massacres and Funerals.

'Tis true, these Principles and Actions are allowable in *Men of the Sword*, when they fight the Battels of their *King and Country*, in Heat of Blood. But, Clemency and Compassion, are Vertues becoming the Greatest *Prince*, or most Valiant *General*, when their Enemies are reduc'd, by the Fortune of War, to kiss the Dust of their Feet, and beg for Mercy: Or, when in Time of Peace, their *Subjects* fall into a Crime which may admit of Indulgence. Certainly, these *Western Infidels* have wrong Notions of Humanity, in asserting, That Cruelty is either a Sign of a Noble Nature, or a Step to true Happiness: Since, the most hard-hearted *Tyrant*, one Time or other, will have Need of Compassion himself; especially in Sickness and the Agonies of Death, which perhaps prove more tormenting to him, than to the Merciful and Generous. It is recorded of *Al Hejai Eb'n Hesha'm*, a Famous *Arabian Captain*, that when, in a *Malignant Fever*, he call'd for Water to drink, and it was deny'd him by the *Physicians*, who had Care of his Health; It is enough, said he; *Rueno'ddaula*, once my Lieutenant, to whom I forgave Three Treasons, and who died a Natural Death, has refreshed me at this Minute with a Liquor unknown: Sure, 'tis the Wine of Paradise. And from that Moment he began to recover his Health, after which he liv'd many Years, often rehearsing this Passage among his Familiar Friends to his Last Day.

But

But the *Infidels* are either Ignorant of these Examples, or if they know 'em, Pride will not suffer 'em to learn Morality and Justice. They are destin'd, the greatest Part, to be Incredulous to the *Day of Judgment*. How many *Prophets* has God sent into all *Nations*, to teach them the Right Way, and not the Way of such with whom he is displeas'd; yet they will not be Converted? They look on the *Apostles* and *Messengers* of the *Eternal*, with the Eyes of *Swine*; They grunt under the Burden of their Sensuality, and like those Filthy Animals, return to their Mire again. Yet, that *Superlatively Merciful*, winks at their Frailties, and visits them with his *Graces* every Morning. But, they put their Fingers in their Ears, and turn away in Disdain, as from a Beggar. They reject the *King of All Things*, as a Fugitive and Vagabond on Earth.

From that Delectable *Essence*, the Odour of whose Sweetness is diffus'd through the *Elements*, and refreshes the Minds of the *True Faithful*; let us by continual Devotion and Vertue, attract Divine Tinctures, till our Hearts be all transform'd into *Incense*, and in this Aromatick Pile, our *Souls* expire like the *Phoenix*, to revive again in the Joys of *Paradise*, in Amours which know no End.

Paris, 8th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at*
Vienna.

I Wonder at Nothing: Much less, at the Extravagant Caprices of *Tyrants*. Methinks, there appears no Novelty in Modern Transactions. They are but a Repetition of Ancient Practices, under New Forms. Of all the Events in this Age, not one has come to my Knowledge which gives me a Surprise. Yet, I must confess, there is Something very Singular in the Punishment the *Duke of Saxony* inflicted, as thy Letter tells me, on the poor *Deer-Stealer*. And if it be just to put a Man to Death on such an Account, as the *Indians* hold; the *Duke* seems very Ingenious and Accurate, in the Choice he made of an *Executioner*.

The Ancient *Romans* had a *Law*, which they call'd *Lex Talionis*. Which in all *Criminal Cases*, appointed the Punishment to be in some Circumstances Adequate to the Fault. And thou know'st, *Moses* your *Law-giver*, left much the same *Statutes*: Requiring the Loss of the Eye of him, who had put another Man's out; a Tooth for a Tooth, an Arm for an Arm, and so proportionably of other Injuries. But this *Prince* seems to have made a Supplement, where these *Laws* appear'd

pear'd short; and has shew'd a most Exquisite Niceness of Revenge, in the Destiny of the Unfortunate Huntsman, to cause a *Stag* to be, in so peculiar a Manner, the Instrument of his Death, who had villainously murder'd one of the same *Species*. Doubtless, it was a *Princely* Freak of Justice: And had it been done purely to avenge the Blood of the slaughter'd Beast, and not in Vindication of his own Right, I cou'd not forbear to pronounce it a Frolick worthy of a *Hero*. But, he himself is frequently guilty of the same Kind of Murder; as are most of the *Great Men* in *Europe*, whose Tables are no other than the *Altars* of *Gluttony*, smoaking with Flesh and Blood, whilst *Hecatombs* of Animals are there sacrific'd to Voracious Appetites, the *Idols* of these *Western* People.

Methinks therefore, it had been more Generous and becoming a *Prince*, to pardon the Poor Fellow a Theft, which perhaps was the onely Method he had to preserve *himself* and his *Family* from starving. And for ought I know, he had as much Right according to the *Law* of *Nature*, to kill a *Stag* as the Owner has. But, there is no Talk to be made of Right or Wrong, where Power over-rules all.

India is at Present the onely Publick Theatre of Justice toward all Living Creatures. There, it is a Capital Crime to shed the Blood of any Animal, and punish'd with Death no less than the Murder of a Man. The *Princes* and *Nobles* indeed enclose *Deer* and other Innocent

Innocent Creatures in Parks, not with a Design to prey upon them at their Pleasure, but to defend 'em from the Violence of others; whilst those happy Animals range and feed where they please within those Pales, free from Peril, and never fearing any other Death, save what they pay to *Nature*, when they have spun out the accustom'd Term of their Life. They also build Hospitals for a like Purpose. And are at a great Charge every Year, to redeem a certain Number of Oxen and Cows from Slaughter. For they esteem it a Barbarous and Inhuman Cruelty, to murder those Creatures, which are the Nurses of our Life.

The *Law of Moses*, if I mistake not, obliges all of thy Nation to certain ~~Serious~~ ^{Spacious} Tendernesses towards the Dumb Animals. And *Eesa the Prophet*, a Man of no Obscure Extract, but of a Noted Race among the Hebrews, says, *He that killeth an Ox, is as if he slew a Man, and he that sacrificeth a Lamb, as if he beheaded a Dog.* And in another Place, the same Prophet says, in the Person of God, *To what Purpose is the Multitude of your Sacrifices to me? I am offended with the Smoak of your Burnt-Offerings, and nauseated with the Smell of broiled Fat. I take no Delight in the Blood of Bulls, Lambs or Goats. Who hath required these Things at your Hands? Bring no more vain Oblations, which my Soul hateth.*

By these Expressions one wou'd think, the Prophet brings in God, denying that ever he
com-

commanded any such *Sacrifices* or shedding of Blood, and protesting against it, as an Abomination. Where then is the Reputation of those *Writings* which go under the Name of *Moses*? For, in them these Bloody *Victims* are expressly enjoin'd. God cannot be Contradictory to himself. Doubtless, a great Part of the *True Law* which God gave to *Moses*, was lost in the Former *Captivities* of your *Nation*, when your Cities and Provinces were quite dispeopl'd, your Fathers led away by the Victorious *Monarchs* of the *East*, and your choicest *Memoirs* Abolish'd. So that what remains now, is only a Collection of Fragments patch'd up by *Esdra*s, and other Industrious *Scribes*, to which they gave the Specious Title of the *Law of Moses*, that so they might fasten the wavering People in Obedience, to something, tho' of their own devising.

Nathan, I do not go about to seduce thee. Examine All Things. Believe neither me, nor thy own *Rabbi's*; but trust onely thy Reason, which will stand by thee at the *Day of Judgment*, when all Things else shall fail.

Paris, 8th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To Dgebe Nafir, Bassa.

THESE *Nazarenes*, like the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, are divided into Innumerable *Sects*; and so 'tis in all *Religions*. Men cannot think alike. *Nature* it self delights in Variety. *God* has diversify'd the *Faculties* of our *Souls*, as he has the *Constitutions* of our *Bodies*. The *Zealot*, is subject to *Choler*; the *Bigot*, to *Melancholy*; the *Libertine*, is of a *Sanguine* Complexion; and as for the Rest, they are but so many Walking, Speaking Lumps of *Flegm*. This is the *Physical* Division of *Mortals*: Under which are comprehended, the Various *Tempers* which result from the different Mixture of these Four *Radical Principles*, And for this, we must thank *Galen* and *Hippocrates*.

But, if we consult the *Astrologers*, they will assign as many different *Humours* and *Complexions*, as there be *Stars* in the *Heavens*, at least, as there be *Constellations*. They'll tell ye of the *Bull* and the *Bear*, and *God* knows what *Heavenly Stories*. The *Dragon* shall spit *Venom* on one Man's *Nativity*, out of his Mouth; and give another a poisonous Lick with his Tail. If we believe all they say, there is not an Herb in the Field, but has its particular *Star*, whose *Influence* causes it to grow and prosper: tho' *Moses* tells us, that
all

all the *Vegetables* appear'd on the Earth, even before the *Stars* themselves had their Existence in the *Heavens*.

But, whether there be any Truth in *Astrology*, or no; this is certain, that Men differ in their Sentiments of *Religion*, as they do in their Faces. The *Physiognomy* of *Faith*, is Infinitely various. One Man believes in *Moses*, Another in *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, a Third in *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*. Then, these are subdivided into Innumerable Parties. The *Jews* have Seventy Eminent *Religious Factions*. There are number'd Seventy and One *Sects* of *Christians*, and Seventy Two of *Mussulmans*. These are all at Odds about Words and *Exteriour Ceremonies*; so Zealous for Charity and Peace, that they are in perpetual Wars for its Sake, murdering one another in the Love of *God*: And such stout Champions for the *Truth*, that they scruple not to tell Ten Thousand Lyes in its Defence.

The Differences between the *Greek* and *Armenian Nazarenes*, the *Nestorians* and *Jacobites*, with other *Sects* of the *East*, are not unknown to the *Ministers* of the *Port*. But perhaps thou art a Stranger to the Newer *Schisms* of the *West*.

The most Eminent *Division* of *Christendom* at this Time, is into *Catholicks* and *Protestants*. The Former obey the *Roman Musti*, and boast of an Uninterrupted Series of *Caliphs* from *Peter* the *Vicar* of the *Messias*, down to the present *Pope*. The Latter are the *Followers* of

of *Luther* and *Calvin*, Men who pretended to certain *New Lights*, and claim'd a Right to reform the *Errors* of their *Fathers*, in Matters of *Faith* and *Worship*. God best knows, who's in the Right or Wrong, of these Two *Parties*: But, they have always been at Daggers-drawing in Defence of their several *Tenets*; persecuting and massacring one another, for *Conscience-Sake*. Both Sides appeal to the *Written Law*, to *Apostolical Traditions*, to the *Testimony* of the *Ancients*, the *Decrees* of *Councils*, and the Practice of those whom they call the *Primitive Church*. Yet neither Part will allow the other a Sufficient Judgment to Interpret those *Memoirs* of *Antiquity*, nor an Authentick Power to decide Controversies of this Nature. Thus their Disputes are like to last, till the *Final Day* of *Decision*, when all Human Quarrels shall be determin'd before the *Grand Tribunal*.

In the mean Time they take all Advantages, to execute their Spight and Malice on each other, under the Notion of Justice and Piety. We are daily alarm'd here with Tragical Relations of horrid Murders and Butcheries, committed on the *Protestants* of *Piedmont*, and other Parts under the *Duke* of *Savoy*. Whilst some say, That all these Reports are false, and the sufferings of those People are according to *Law*, the due Punishment of their *Rebellious* Actions.

It is not in my Power, to adjust their Differences; nor is it Material to a *Mussul-*
man;

man, which of them has the *Law* on their Side. Yet, if I were inclin'd to take any Part, it shou'd be that of the Oppressed. Cruelty I abhor: And our *Holy Prophet* has forbid Force to be us'd in *Matters of Religion*, since the *Conscience* is Responsible to none but *God*.

May that *God*, from whose *Unity* have sprung all the Different *Essences* in the *World*, and all the Variety in *Nature*, give us Grace to love the Whole *Creation*, and not to shed Blood unless in the *Sacred Combat*.

Paris, 13th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER V.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of
Austria.

I HAD concluded thee Dead, till thy Letter certify'd me to the Contrary. So long a Silence between Friends, wou'd put any Man upon the same Thoughts. Ten Years have slipt away between my last to thee, and thy Answer. I hope, thou dost not measure *Time*, after the Rate of the *Seven Sleepers*. Perhaps, thou hast been enjoind a Ten Years *Silence* and Abstinence from all Manner of Conversation, by the *Superiour* of thy *Convent*. Such Severities are not uncommon in *Religious Societies*,

ties, where the main Business is, to acquire *Perfection*. The *Armenian Monasteries* are much more Rigid, where but for One Extravagant Word, I have known a Man's Tongue lock'd up, for the Space of Two and Twenty Years, under Pain of *Excommunication*; and then releas'd, onely for the Sake of a most Significant Jest, put on the *Patriarch*, in *Mute Signs*. Wit will find a Way to vent it self, tho' it be at the Fingers Ends. And for ought I know, thou hast oblig'd thy *Abbot* to take off the *Censure*, by the like Method. There was Abundance of *Satyre* in the Subsannation of the Ancient *Romans*; and no less *Rhetorick* in the Shrugg or Grimace of the Modern *Italians*. The *Mimicks* of *Scaramouchi*, are a perfect *Lampoon*; and *Harlequin* is *Burlesque* all over.

Thou know'st, I always entertain thee with one frivolous Discourse or other, to divert thy Melancholy; and thy own Letters give me Encouragement. They seem to be writ in a pleasant Humour. But tell me, have I guess'd right at the Cause of so tedious a Reservedness, or no? Hast thou been forc'd all this while, to speak with thy Hands, Feet, Nose, and the Emphatick Motions of thy Head and Eyes? If it were so, I phantasie thou wert excellent Company, among thy Grave Flegmatick Brethren; and in a fair Way to understand the Language of the *Beasts*, who by curvetting, creeping, leaping, frisking their Tails and other Postures, express their various Passions, Desires and Necessities, as Intel-

ligibly

ligibly to those who are us'd to them, as we can do by the most Elegant Addresses in Words.

But, to be serious: If for the Sake of *Vertue*, this *Penance* be impos'd on thee by him who Presides over thy *Convent*, or thou hast Voluntarily undertaken so difficult a Part of Self-Denial on the Score of *Philosophy* or *Religion*, thou hast approv'd thy self wise and brave in not flinching. A Coward in *Religious* Matters, is as despicable, as in the Engagements of the World. 'Tis Honourable to face Temptations, and come off with Victory.

As for what thou desirest to know concerning the *Sepulcher* of King *Childeric*; It is esteem'd a Piece of great *Antiquity*: In Regard he was the Fourth *Monarch* of *France*. He Reign'd over the *Gauls* or *Franks* in the Year 458. *Severus* being *Emperour* of *Rome*, *Severinus* and *Dagalaiphus*, *Consuls*. Yet in little more than Three Years, he was depos'd and banish'd by his *Subjects*, whilst one *Agidius* a *Roman*, was Crown'd in his Stead. Neither did this Man please the People so well, but that after some Experience of his Oppression, Avarice and other Vices, they expell'd him also, and recall'd their *Lawful Sovereign*. For, *Agidius* had vex'd them with Unreasonable Taxes, fleecing them of many Millions, which he privately sent out of the *Kingdom*, disposing of this vast Treasure at *Rome*, and among his Friends in other Parts, as a Support against Future Contingencies: For, he look'd for some Back-Blows of *Fate*. *Childeric* therefore

fore being restor'd to his *Crown*, enjoy'd it till his Death; which was in the Year 484. After whom succeeded in the *Kingdom*, *Clo-doveus* the Great, who was the First *French King* that embrac'd *Christianity*.

The Time when *Childeric's Tomb* was first discover'd, was about Two Years ago, when the *Cathedral* of *Tournay* wanted Reparation. For, as the *Labourers* were digging up the Old *Charnel-House*, they encounter'd a Long Stone; which giving 'em some Fatigue, they broke in Pieces, and found under it the Entire *Skeleton* of a *Man* lying at Length, with Abundance of *Greek Medals* of Gold, and some other Curiosities of the same *Metal*, among which was a *Ring* with this *Motto*,

SIGILLUM CHILDERICI REGIS.

All these *Reliques* were at first possess'd by the *Canons* of that *Church*, where they were found: Of whom they were begg'd by the *Arch-Duke* of *Austria*, who has them in his Custody. Therefore those who told thee they are in the *King of France's* Hands, were misinform'd themselves, or design'd to abuse thee. For, this cannot be suppos'd, during the present Wars between *France* and *Spain*: When they are more ready on both Sides to plunder one another, than to grant Civilities of this Obliging Nature.

I perceive, thou art grown a great *Antiquary*; and therefore in token of my Esteem, I have sent thee a *Cabinet* of such *Old Things*,

as I have scrap'd together in my Travels, and during my Residence in this City.

The *Agates* which thou wilt find in the *Uppermost* Drawer, may easily be dated by their Figures, which are all after the Fashion of *Gentile Rome*. As for the *Shells* in the *Second*, I leave 'em to thy own Judgment; onely this I will say, That they are not Common. The *Third* contains a Miscellany of several *Antiques*. The *Knives* were us'd by the Ancient *Roman Priests* in their *Sacrifices*. The *Weights* are at least Twelve Hundred Years old, by the Parallels which I have seen in the *King's Library*. The *Rings* also are of the *Parthian* Make: And the *Arrow* to which they are fasten'd, retains its *Oriental Venom* to this Hour; as thou wilt find by trying it on any *Animal* that deserves it. But, after all, the *Lowermost* Drawer contains Nothing but *Counterfeits*. For, those *Medals* are the Work of *Parmezan*, the Finest *Graver* in the World. If thou know'st not his Character, I'll tell thee in a Word; He was Famous for Imitating so Exactly the most Ancient *Medals*, that the *Transcripts* cou'd not be discern'd, even by the most Skillful *Artists*, from the *Originals*.

Accept these, with the same good Will as I did, when they were presented to me, and tell me wherein else I can gratify thy Wishes.

You *Monasticks* are infinitely Happy, in the Advantages of Retirement and Tranquility. You are free from the Cares which molest other Mortals. The *Bell* rings you to
Prayers,

Prayers, and to your *Repast*. You have Nothing else to regard, but your *Contemplations* and *Studies*. Many *Great Lights* have sprung from your *Various Orders*. And I tell thee, Father *William*, the *World* will be disappointed, if thou shouldst prove a *Dark-Lanthorn*, and onely be Wise for thy Self.

Paris, 25th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VI.

*To the most Illustrious and Invincible
Vizir Azem, at the Port.*

BY the Sound which the Sun makes at his going down, I swear, I was not mistaken in the *Idea* I had of thy Generosity. And, the *Dispatch* with which thou hast honour'd the *Slave Mahmut*, confirms me in a perfect Security of thy Favour and Protection.

I shall with exquisite Diligence obey thy Orders. But it cannot be attempted, without vast Sums of Money. And if I may be thought worthy to give Advice to my *Superiours*, the most Effectual Way to accomplish this, will be by sending one of the *Principal Ministers* to this Court, with a splendid *Embassy*. For, this Young King expects very Honourable Addresses, from all that seek his

more Intimate Friendship. Therefore a *Chian* wou'd be slighted on such an Occasion, and marr all the Design. I wou'd counsel, That some body be sent, who perfectly understands the *Genius* of the *French*; and the particular Aims of *Cardinal Mazarini*.

Under the Protection of such a one, I shou'd be able without Hazard of a Discovery, to act all that is necessary to carry on this Design with good Success. Here are abundance of needy *Courtiers*, on whom Gold will have a powerful Influence. But neither I in Person, nor any one whom I shall depute, can make such Tenders, unless there were here some known Publick *Embassador* from the *Grand Signior*, to countenance the Business. For, otherwise it will presently be whisper'd, That some *Private Agent* lurks here *Incognito*. They will start a Thousand *Chimera's* of Jealousie; and so I may run the Hazard of a *Second* Imprisonment, when the *Cardinal* shall call to mind the Occasion of my *First*. All that I can then say of my being a *Moldavian*, will find no Credit; and 'twill be no less than a Miracle, if they do not expose me to a Scrutiny for the Mark of *Circumcision*. Which if it be found, all's betray'd and ruin'd.

I do not value the Punishments they will inflict on me, nor the Loss of my Life: But I dread the more Important Consequences of such a Discovery; the unmasking the *Secrets* of the *Grand Signior* to *Infidels*.

These are the Chief Reasons I have to offer in behalf of an Honourable *Embassy*. As to
the

the Person whom thou shalt think fit to employ in so Glorious a Trust, I will not presume to add any Thing to what I have said already, That he be a Man of Experience in the *French Affairs*, well vers'd in the Knowledge of *Christian Policy*, the different Interests of the *Courts of Europe*, and one that exactly knows what Advantage to make of the New *Pope*. For, after long Debates, the *Cardinals* have at last Elected one, who has assum'd the Name of *Alexander VII.*

It is hard to judge at his First Accession to that *Sovereign Chair*, what Interest this *Prelate* will embrace, whether that of *France* or *Spain*: Or whether his Conduct will be *Neutral*, deporting himself with an Equal Indifference to all the *Nazarene Princes*, whom he calls his *Sons*, endeavouring to compose their Quarrels, and unite their Forces against the *Mussulmans*. I tell thee, no body can be yet assur'd, what the Temper of the *Roman Musli* may prove. For, it is usual for the aspiring *Cardinals*, to promise many Things in Hopes of the *Papacy*, which they never perform, when they have once obtain'd that *Uncontroulable Command*. *Diffimulation* is rank'd among the *Principal Vertues*, in the *Court of Rome*: And he that knows not how to disguise his Affections, is not thought worthy of any Important *Trust*. *Adonai* the *Jew*, has lost his Liberty in that City, for being defective in this Courtly Accomplishment. It seems, he and some others of his *Nation* rail'd too passionately and openly, at the *Idlatry* of the

Romans. Yet I expect daily to hear of his Release; for, I understand by a Letter from him, that he was excepted out of the Number of those, whose *Condemnation* is *Irrevocable*.

I reprov'd him for his Immorality, in reflecting on the *Establish'd Religion* of the *Country* where he resides. But, this Kind of Arrogance, is the peculiar Vice of the *Hebrews*. They despise all other People in the World: Whereas thou know'st, the *Impartial God* respects not One *Nation* more than Another; For, they are all Equally the *Works* of his *Hands*. And for ought we know, he tolerates the Variety of *Religions* that are extant in the World, with the same Indifference, as he dispenses his Common Blessings to such an Infinite Number of Men of diverse Faces.

The *Multiplicity* in the *Universe*, exalts the *Divine Unity*, which is the *Root* of *All*. And if there be Ten Thousand Myriads of *Worlds*, they all sprang from *One Cause*, and there they end. For he is the *First* and *Last* of every Thing.

Paris, 2d. of the 7th. *Month*,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

THE *Egyptians* have a *Proverb*, That he who thinks and speaks of *God*, onely when he is Melancholy, sacrifices to the *Planet Pharonis* or *Saturn*, and not to the most High and Exalted *King of All Things*, who is the Fountain of Joy to *Men* and *Angels*.

I counsel thee, not to list thy self in the Number of those who adore the *Stars*, by cherishing sad *Idea's* of the ever Indulgent and Merciful *Divinity*: Nor think thy self the less liable to this Censure, because it proceeds from a *Nation* which was once at Enmity with the Sons of *Jacob*. Despise not the Wisdom of that People, from whom even *Moses* your *Lamgiver* learn'd all his, and from whom all *Nations* borrow'd Improvements of *Learning*, if they are not indebted to them for its First Rudiments.

By what I have said, thou wilt perceive, that I consult thy Happiness, and wou'd have thee chase away Vain Fears and Superstitious Thoughts, the mere Product of an Ill-temper'd Spleen, which is the peculiar Malady of thy *Nation*. Let thy Heart be always Chearful; for *God* loves every Thing that he has made: The *Universe* overflows with his
F 4 Bounty.

Bounty. Be not *too Religious*, nor strain the Faculties he has given thee for thy Support, and not for thy Bane.

I had rather hear from thee Matter of News, than these dismal Scruples about thy *Soul*. If thou art not willing to embrace the *Mussulman Faith*, in God's Name continue to observe the *Law of Moses*, and prosecute thy Affairs with Alacrity.

Thou hast been very slack of late in sending me Advices of what passes at *Vienna*, and other *Parts of Germany*. We have flying Reports here, of the Death of *Eleanora* the *Empress*; and that on the same Day whereon she died, *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the *Emperour's Son*, was Elected King of the *Romans*. I know not how to write to the *Ministers of the Port*, till thou hast ascertain'd me of these Things. For God's Sake, be speedy in thy *Dispatches*, and inform me what is done at the *Diet of Franckfort*. Rowze up thy self, and banish superfluous Cares. Remember, that as there is but *One God*, so there is but *One Law*, but *One Thing* Necessary to Man; that is, *To live according to Reason*. This is engraven in every Man's Heart, and there needs no *Comment* to explain it. Thou art a sufficient *Lawgiver*, *Rabbi*, *Doctor*, and *Interpreter* to thy self. Let not others amuse thee with *Fables*.

I will now acquaint thee with something of Certainty. The *French* have gain'd *Landrecies*, a Strong Town in *Flanders*. It was surrender'd to them on the 22d. of this *Moon*;
And

And the next Day all the Garrison marched out, consisting of 1500 Men, besides 300 wounded.

The King is gone, upon this good News, to view and take Care of his New Conquests. For, this is not the onely Town the Spaniards have lost: They talk of *Mauberg*, *Bo-vines*, and *Conde*; all which, according to fresh Report, are in the Hands of the *French*. This Young *Monarch* is strangely Fortunate.

If thou canst inform me of such successful Campaignes among the People of the *North*, fail not to do it in Season: For we are not plac'd in these *Stations*, to whistle to Sheep.

Paris, 29th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER VIII.

To Mustapha Lulu Beamrilla, a Man
of the Law.

I Wou'd willingly be admitted into *Paradise*, as well as other *Mussulmans*. Neither wou'd I think, speak or do any Thing which might prejudice my Title, and baulk my Pretensions to Eternal Happinefs. This Desire is Natural to all Men; And when I

profess it, thou may'st believe me without an Oath. Yet methinks, I wou'd not go Hood-wink'd to *Heaven*, but wou'd fain enjoy the Benefit of my Sence and Reason, in my Advances to that *Region of Bliss*.

I believe the *Alcoran*, as the *Oracle of God*; and 'tis so firmly Imprinted in my Memory, that I cou'd repeat it *Verbatim* from the Beginning to the End, without missing a *Verse*. I give an Entire Credence to the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, being Naturally desirous of *Immortality*: But I cannot entertain the gross Conceit, which the greatest Part of *Mussulmans* have of the *Resurrection*; that is, that our very *Dust* shall be Rais'd again, and Organiz'd into a *Body*. The *Nazarenes* are of the same Opinion. But methinks, there's no Need of stretching and straining of *Nature*. Besides, this Opinion is Inconsistent with other *Fundamental Doctrines* of the *Mussulman Law*.

We are all taught to believe, That the *Souls of Just Men, Saints and Martyrs*, immediately on their Departure from the *Body*, ascend to *Paradise*. If so, then they either live there in an *Unbodied Estate*, or they have *New Bodies* assign'd 'em by the same *Providence* which gave them their *Old*. Be it which Way it pleases *God*, It will appear a manifest Borch in the *Works* of the *Omni-potent*, an *Indecorum* in *Nature*, to make these *Souls* either cast off their *New Bodies* at the *Day of Judgment*, for the Sake of their *Old Rotten Reliques*, after they have enjoy'd all
the



the Ravishing Delights of *Eden* for so many Ages; or to stand in need of any *Bodies* at all, after they have liv'd so long in a *Separate* Condition. There's no Sence in't. Doubtless, this Opinion was first hatch'd by those who believ'd the *Sleep* of the *Soul*, and held that it was Inseparable from the *Body*. For then they had no other Way to comfort themselves with any Probable Hopes of a *Surviving Immortality*, but by maintaining, That as the *Soul* slept with the *Body* in the *Grave*, so both *Soul* and *Body* shou'd conjointly Rise again at the *Day of Doom*.

Or perhaps, this *Figure* of our *Resurrection* was inculcated, to insinuate the Faith of an *Immortal* State, into the duller Minds of those, who were Incapable of comprehending either the *Pre-Existence* of *Souls*, their *Self-Subsistence* after *Death*, or their *Translation* into other *Bodies*.

It seems to me much more easie to believe, according to the most Obvious *Works* of *Nature*, that after our *Dissolution* here, we shall either assume some *Body* of *Air*, *Fire*. or other *Elemental* Supplement, or by *Magnetick Transmigration* shall be United to some *Vegetable* or *Animal Embryo*; than to dream of Recollecting all our Scatter'd *Ashes* together, after so many Thousands of Years, wherein they have been dispers'd. perhaps through all the Ranges of the *Universe*.

Surely, our *Holy Lawgiver*, and all the other *Prophets*, intended no other Thing by the *Doctrine* of the *Resurrection*, but only to convince

convince the World, that the *Soul* was *Immortal*, and that consequently there would be a Reward of *Good* and *Bad* Works after this *Life*. We shall live for ever, *Old Lawyer*: And what signifies it, whether we have the same *Bodies* or others, so long as we are Happy in any State: And if we are *Metamorphos'd*, we cannot fail of our *Specifick* Felicity, since every *Creature* is Happy in its Own *Essence*. Then let us be *Apes*, *Dromedaries*, *Camels*, or any Thing but *Hogs*, and we shall have Bliss enough. That *Creature* is the very *Emblem* of *Uncleannefs*, and therefore its *Life* cannot be the Object of a *Mussulman's* Wish. Yet we know not the *Laws* of our *Change*, or *Transmigration* from this *Mortal* *Life*. For the *Soul*, according to *Pythagoras* and the *Ancients*, is Capable of all *Forms*.

If thou wond'rest what has put me upon this Discourse, it is the Remembrance of what I have heard thee relate of the *Apparition* of *Dead Mens Bones* in the *Cemetery* of *Grand Caire* in *Egypt*, at a certain Season of the Year, when Multitudes of People by Custom flock thither to behold this Wonderful *Scene* of a *Sham-Resurrection*. I can give it no better Title, since in all Probability, 'tis only the Effect of some Artifice us'd by the *Christians*, to procure Money from the Admiring Crowd. And I'm confirm'd in this Belief, by a Letter I receiv'd from *Mehemet* the *Exil'd Eunuch*, who now resides at *Caire*; and having been curious to observe this Celebrated *Miracle*, among the other *Rareties* of this City, sent me

me such an Account of this Passage, as convinces me there's some Cheat in't.

He tells a great many other Things of the *Superstition* and *Ignorance* of the *Egyptians*, as to the *Pyramids*, and the suppos'd *Spirits* which guard 'em. In all, he laments the Condition of Mortals, who have so far degenerated from themselves; and suffer'd their *Reason* to be debauch'd with *Fables*.

Sage *Mustapha*, thou art of the *Race* of those who have preserv'd *Science* and *Philosophy*. A *Halo* of *Light* invests thy *Soul*. Let no dark Opinion of *God* and his *Works*, eclipse thy *Intellect*.

Paris, 20th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.



LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Solyman Kullir Aga, Prince of
the Black Eunuchs.

THY *Dispatch* came in a Happy Hour: Yet the Contents of it surpriz'd me. 'Tis a strange Turn of *Fortune*, that the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, after so many *Rebellions*, shou'd become the *Sultan's* Favourite, and be invested in the *Highest Dignity* of the *Empire*. Yet, who knows, but this may be the onely *Effectual* Course to reclaim him, and of an *Enemy* to render him a *Friend*? For, *Ambition* is a *Vice* so nearly bordering on *Vertue*, so refin'd and subtile in its *Complexion*, that when the *Passion* which cherishes it, is once gratify'd with its proper *Object*, it soon becomes a *Vertue* it self, and transforms a *Libertine* to a *Hadgi*, ranking a Man to Day among the most deserving *Hero's*, who but Yesterday was in the Number of the *Seditious*.

Therefore, I cannot but highly applaud the Counsel of those, who perswaded the *Grand Signior* to this Uncommon Choice of the *Vizir Azem*. The whole *Empire* has languish'd for Want of a Man of Abilities in that *Supreme Station*, ever since the *Seal* was taken from the most Illustrious *Chusaein Bassa* through the Malice of his Enemies. And in this Juncture, they cou'd not have pitch'd on a Man
more

more capable of the *Charge*, than this bold *Bassa*; who, besides his Experience in the Wars, both by Sea and Land, is look'd on as the Stoutest Man in this Age. As for his Former Crimes, they proceeded onely from his Discontent, and Thirst of Glory, which is now sufficiently allay'd by the Bounty of our *Sovereign*. The *Cause* therefore of his Extravagances being thus seasonably remov'd, the *Effect* will naturally cease.

But, suffer me to ask thee; Do they not resent at the *Seraglio*, his Approaches to that *Sanctuary of Mortals*, with such a Formidable Retinue? Thou tellest me, he is attended by Forty Thousand Men, an Equipage fit for a *Sovereign Monarch*. Perhaps, 'tis onely the Effect of his *Martial Genius*, and that he is willing to appear like a Soldier. Or, it may be, he really suspected Danger, and that he was design'd for a Sacrifice: Which made him come thus guarded to the Feet of his *Master*: That his Son might revenge his Death, by some desperate Attempt on *Constantinople*. Be it how it pleases *God*, it seems, the *Sultan* wink'd at all, and receiv'd him with such Marks of his Esteem and Affection, as are seldom vouchsaf'd to *Subjects*. I hope, the Event will answer his Expectation. These new Methods of Clemency may prove more successful, than the severe Conduct of Former Times. Men of Great *Souls*, are sooner subdu'd by Favour, than Force and Cruelty.

I am.

I am extremely oblig'd to thee for thy Instructions, which I shall exactly observe, in writing to this *Supreme Minister*. Thou hast match'd my own Thoughts, in this Advice. For, knowing that *Bassa's* Temper, it will be Policy, as well as Justice, frankly to own what I have writ against him, and not stuff my Letter with abject fawning Submissions, or sneaking Excuses. He is brave himself, and will be pleas'd to see a Man resolute in his Duty.

However, let the Consequence be what it will, I must follow the Measures of my own Integrity. There is Something so Satisfactory in Truth, and an honest blunt Carriage, as far surpasses the little faint Pleasures of Artifice and Dissimulation. And I shou'd be weary of my *Life*, were I forc'd to preserve it by such Effeminate Tricks. Yet, I must confess, 'tis a vast Encouragement, to find thy Sentiments the same. What is this *World*, that we shou'd be so fond of it? Or what is the *Life* of *Mortals*, that we need be so overstudious of prolonging the Respiration of that Breath, which may with as much Ease be all breath'd out at once, as by so many Successive Millions of Moments? For, *Death* properly possesses but an *Instant* of *Time*; no more does *Life*. Every Gasp renews the One, and the Last commences and finishes the Other. As to Pleasure and Pain, we generally have an Equal Share of 'em. And it appears to me an Equal, if not a Greater Happiness, at once to be freed for ever from the Latter, than by
such

such an irksom Composition to protract the Enjoyment of the Former.

Brave *Solyman*, when I contemplate thy Vertue, it inspires me with Courage against the vain Mists of Fear, which the *Magick* of Opinion has rais'd before the Eyes of Mortals. I embrace thee with an extended *Soul* and wish thee the Two Extremes of Happiness, Plenitude of Joys in this Life, and an Immortal *Series* of Felicities in *Paradise*. Live for Ever thou Generous Son of *Cham*.

Paris, the 2d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER X.

To the most Illustrious Vizir Azem
at the Port.

BY the *Souls* of all my *Progenitors*, I was glad to hear the News of thy Advance to this Glorious *Height* of *Power*: Yet when thou wert *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and heldest Correspondence with the *Venetians*, I accus'd thee to the *Divan*, doing thereby no small Service to the *Ottoman Empire*: For which thou hast now Reason, in Honour, to reward me; knowing, that I prevented a great Deal of Confusion and Blood. It will not become the *First Minister*, to cherish Private *Re-*
venges,

venge, or harbour Ill Thoughts of a Faithful *Slave*. In discovering thy Intrigues at that Time, I did but perform my Duty to the *Grand Signior*, thy *Lord* and mine. Nay, for ought thou know'st, I was happily Instrumental in saving thy Life, which might have been lost in the Pursuit of those Hazardous Projects thou wert then engag'd in. Be it how it will, thou art now living, and Install'd in the most Illustrious Charge of the *Empire*. And, without Flattery I speak it, a braver Man cou'd not have ascended to that *Dignity*. May *God* long continue thee in it, to the Joy and Advantage of all the *Mussulmans*.

All the World extol thy Valour and Boldness; especially the *Nazarenes*, among whom the *Bassa* of *Aleppo* is Famous. They also highly commend thy Justice. And thou wilt find in the *Register*, that when I acquainted my *Superiours* of thy *Revolt*, I was not Envious in concealing thy *Vertues*.

Therefore I beg of thee, not to be Partial in thy Resentments; but consider *Mahmut* as a Faithful *Slave*, who will never transgress the Commands of the *Mysterious Bench*, nor suffer any Sinister Motives to byass him, tho' 'twere in Favour of his own Brother. For, this is the severe Conduct that is expected of me by my *Superiours*, and which thou thyself wilt require at my Hands.

But, I believe, thou needest not these Addresses to move thee to Generosity. Thy own Native Justice will suggest to thee, that I rather merit a Reward than a Punishment, for
doing

doing my Duty, tho' 'twere in accusing thy self.

Confiding therefore in thy Goodness, and my own Innocence, I shall not despair of that Protection and Favour from thee, which all thy *Predecessors* have afforded me, since my Arrival at this Place. Nay, I think thy Friendship and Esteem is rather due to me, than to a Thousand *Sycophants* and *Flatterers*.

I will, in this Confidence, write freely to thee, as I have been commanded; and vent my Thoughts, without a Timorous Reserve. For, thou art the *Just Judge* of the *Judges*, among the *Faithful*.

There is no Doubt, but thou hast heard of the *Duke of Lorrain*, a Famous Warriour in these *Western* Parts, but now a *Prisoner of State* in *Spain*. I sent Intelligence last Year to *Mustapha Berber Aga*, of the Grounds and Circumstances of this *Prince's* Confinement: Whereof thou canst not be Ignorant. For, all my *Dispatches* are made Publick to the *Ministers* of the *Blessed Port*.

The Brother of that *Duke* immediately succeeded him, by the *King of Spain's* Orders, in the Command of the Army in *Flanders*. They call him *Duke Francis*. Every Body thought that he had consented to the Imprisonment of his Brother, as being disgusted at his Inconstancy, Avarice, and other Vices. It was suppos'd also, that his own Ambition, and Thirst of Honour, had corrupted the Fidelity and Love he ow'd to the Son of his Mother; as knowing that by his Fall, he himself shou'd rise to the Dignity of *General*, which
his

his Brother enjoy'd during his Liberty.

But now 'tis evident, that this *Duke Francis* did all along dissemble his Relentments of his Brother's Calamity. For, he is lately Revolted from the *King of Spain*, and come over to the *French*, with Five Thousand Horse and Foot. He has openly declar'd, That he will never give Rest to his Sword, till he has either procur'd his Brother's Release, or deeply reveng'd the Injuries have been done him. He was receiv'd by the *French King*, with all imaginable Endearments and Caresses. The whole *Court* are Emulous, in striving to excell one another in the Demonstrations of their Civility and Respect to this *Prince*: And they have cull'd out the best Quarters for his Soldiers. This *Nation* is always Hospitable to *Strangers*; more especially to such as court their Friendship after this Extraordinary Way, who enter into their Interests, and engage in their Quarrels. Yet neither *France*, nor all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe* together, can match the Bounty of the *Munificent Port*, which pardons and receives with open Embraces her most Implacable Enemies, on their Submissions. and Repentance.

Commander of the *Mussulman Grandees*, thou art but a Man, and hast not exceeded that Character, in the Worst of thy Errors. Now, thou art assum'd to a *Charge* which requires the Fidelity and Prudence of an *Angel*. If thou shalt reform the *State*, and restore the *Mussulman* Affairs to their true Lustre, we shall have Reason to contemplate thy Life

in some Measure a Parallel to that of *Crassus*, who was pardon'd Three *Treasons* by *Cæsar*, and afterwards became the most Loyal and Serviceable Man in the *Roman Empire*.

Paris, the 2d. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, *an Exil'd Eunuch, at
Caire in Egypt.*

THOU tellest me Wonderful Things of *Egypt*, such as almost surpass Credit. And I perceive thou thy self dost not believe the Story of the *Annual Resurrection of Bones*, which is so much talk'd of by *Travellers*. My Cousin *Isouf* Ridicul'd it with smart Reason; and was almost in Danger of his Life among the Bigotted *Moors* and *Coptites*.

But I cou'd hardly imagine there had still remain'd in that *Region* (which has undergone so many Revolutions of Government) any Foot-steps of the Primitive *Egyptians*. Yet it seems, the *Priests* of those *Early Ages* were particularly careful to transmit to Posterity, an Exact *History* of their *Kings*, with *Memoirs* of their *Actions*, the Building of the *Pyramids*, the Palace of the *Statues*, the *Magical Mirror*, the *City of the Black Eagle*,
the

the *Castle of Demons* seated on the *Brow* of the *Mountain of the Moon*, the *Palace of Adamant*, with Innumerable other *Rareties*.

I tell thee, my dear *Mehemet*, I know not how to believe all these *Romantick Stories*. It cramps my Reason to hear of a *Brazen Tree*, with *Iron Branches*, and *Versatile Hooks*, to catch *Lyers* and *Cheats*, and there detain 'em till they shou'd do Right to those whom they had Injur'd. Altogether as Improbable is the Story of *Gabdapharonis*, the *Statue* set up by King *Gariac*.

Who can read of that *Monarch's* being carried in the Air by *Eagles*, but may as well believe the *Romantick Voyage* of *Domingo Gonzales* to the *Moon*. If thou know'st not that Story, I'll tell thee in short, That this was a certain *Spaniard*, who in a Passage to the *Indies* being by Shipwreck cast ashore on the *Island* of *St. Helena*, with a *Negro* his *Slave*, they were put to their Shifts so far as to divide that Unpeopled and Desolate *Island* between 'em, out of pure Necessity, that they might both find Provision enough to keep 'em from starving (for it seems, there was great Scarcity of every Thing that serv'd the Uses of Life.)

In this Condition, *Necessity*, the *Mother* of *Cunning Devices*, taught them to hold Correspondence with one another tho' living at Opposite Angles of the *Isle*, by the Help of certain Wild *Swans*, which they took out of their Nests very Young, and brought 'em up as they do *Pigeons* at *Babylon* and *Aleppo*, to be *Letter-Carriers*.

After-

Afterwards, as the Story goes, *Domingo* trying several Experiments on his Birds and finding all Successtul, at last, having got Four and Twenty of them together, and having brought 'em up to his Lure, he ventur'd his Carcase with 'em in the Air, fastening 'em together with Ropes and other Materials. But the Extravagant Animals one Day took Wing, and carry'd their *Master* to the *Moon*: Where he resided a considerable Time, saw and convers'd with Divers Inhabitants of that Neighbouring Globe, visited the *Courts* of several *Lunar Princes*, and was kindly receiv'd by 'em all, even at the *Seraglio* of the *Chief Emperor*, or *Grand Signior* himself. And having been presented with Three *Stones* of Matchless Virtue, and other Rich Gifts, he had his Audience of *Congè*, and came down to the Earth again, where he publish'd a *Journal* of his *Travels*, out of which I have extracted this short *Epitome*; not thinking it worth the while, to trouble thee with the Entire Relation of his Ingenious Whimfies.

Doubtless, there is nothing so easie, as to invent new and unheard of *Fables*, to amuse the Credulous World, and Captivate their Understandings. And I have told thee this, as a Parallel to those Monstrous Figments of *Egypt*: Such as that of King *Gancam's* being carry'd in a Pavillion on the Shoulders of *Spirits*: His *Magical Tables*, and the rest of his glorious Whim-Whams. And that of the Queen *Borsa*, who sat on a *Fiery Throne*, and liv'd in an *Enchanted Castle*, whose Walls were

were full of Pipes, which convey'd to her the *Addreses* of all sorts of *Plaintiffs*, and her *Decree* and *Decision* of *Controversies* back again to them. Such another is that of *Bardesir's Silver Tower*, and his sitting before his People in the Clouds of *Heaven*: And *Bedoura's* sending an *Angel* who made such a Horrible Roaring, that it caus'd an *Earthquake*.

Who can without laughing, read the Story of the *Idol* of the *Test*, which distinguish'd between *Harlots* and *Virgins* by the Touch of their Hand? Or of the *Spirits* which guard the *Pyramids*, One like a Naked Woman, walking about in the Open Air at Noon, and making Men run Mad for Love of her? Another in the Form of an Old Man with a Basket on his Head, and a Censer in his Hand? A Third, of a Black Woman, with a Monstrous Child in her Arms? There is no End of such *Fables*. Neither can any Man of Reason, stoop to so much Easiness as to regard 'em. And it is a Pleasure to me, when I consider thee as a Man Actually *Satyrical* upon *Opinions* and *Traditions* repugnant to *Sense*.

Mehemet, whilst thou art in *Egypt*, remember that thou wert born in *Arabia*, where *Science* has flourish'd for these Thousand Years.

Paris, 28th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Zornesân Mustapha, Bassa of
the Sea.

I will not pretend to Divination, nor flatter thee with Presages of better Fortune against the *Venetians*, during thy Command of the Navy, than thy *Predecessors* have had. Yet I believe, thou hast more Honesty and Valour than some of them. And I Congratulate thy Rise to this *Dignity*.

If my Intelligence be true, a more Glorious Fleet has not sail'd out of the *Ottoman Harbours*, than appears now at Sea, under thy Command. May thy Success answer the Expectation of the *Mussulmans*. But, I tell thee, thou hast need to look about thee; for thou wilt encounter a Valiant and Subtle Enemy.

These *Venetians* are not like the Rest of the *Nazarenes*, Superstitiously devoted to the Sentiments of their *Priests*. That Kind of Bigottry, chains up Mens Spirits, and renders 'em Effeminate: It blinds 'em, and robs 'em of their Sense and Native Vigour. But these are bold, resolute People, fearing neither *Man* nor the *Devil*. They are also well vers'd in Stratagems, being as Cunning as *Serpents*. In fine, *Venice* is a *Commonwealth* made up of Soldiers and Statesmen: And thou canst not expect, that the Sea makes 'em degenerate.

G

There-

Therefore look for hot Entertainment, whenever thou engagest these *Aboriginal Tarpawlines*. I speak not this to discourage thee, but to arm thee with due Caution. Thou know'st the same *God* who made them, made thee and all the Men in thy *Fleet*. Thou hast also the Happiness to serve the most Victorious *Empire* in the *World*. Fear nothing therefore: But when thou loosest from the *Hellaspoint*, with the *Invincible Fleet*, adorned with *Ensigns* of High Renown, the Prosperous *Streamers* of *Mahomet*: When thou hearest the All-cheering *Clarions* and *Tymbrels* breathing the Lofty Menaces, the Vital Airs of War; then let thy Noble Heart flourish with brave Thoughts, and brisk Resolutions. Yet let not a false Assurance of Victory, make thee Rash, and bereave thee of that Conduct, which is as necessary a Qualification in a *General*, as Courage. Consider that the Fortune of Battles is Uncertain: Therefore, do all Things with great Precaution. Trust not to the Force of thy *Commission*, in that thou fightest for the *Law* and *Honour* of the *Prophet*. But remember the *Proverb* of the *Ancients*, which says, *The Devil often carries the Standard of the Living God*. There may be those in thy *Fleet*, who are Treacherous, and at the Devotion of the *Nazarenes*. For, I hear, that both *Spahis* and *Janizaries* were very unwilling to embark themselves; and *God* knows, how far the *Venetian Gold* may work on some of the *Officers*. Tho' their *Resentments* seem'd to be appeas'd by the Bounty of our Glorious
Sovereign,

Sovereign, yet the smallest Occasion may renew their Old Discontent again, and put 'em on more dangerous Tumults at Sea, than those they were guilty of ashore. Or at least, they will become more Remiss and Cold in the Service of the *Grand Signior*.

Be it how it will, if the *Navy* has not good Success, the Blame of all will be laid on thee. Pardon therefore the Freedom I take in advising thee, since 'tis an Argument of my Affection and Concern for thy Honour and Safety. And no Man can with Reason be offended at another, for warning him of Dangers. In a word, I wish thee the good Fortune of the *English*; who have lately taken an *Island* in the *West-Indies* from the *Spaniards*: They call it *Jamaica*.

It seems, the *King* of *Spain* had possess'd this *Isle* from the Time of his First Conquests in *America*, where his *Subjects* had committed horrid Cruelties on the Natives. For which, they are now punish'd by that New *Commonwealth*, who boast that they are establish'd by *God* to reform or overturn all the *Kingdoms* of *Europe*.

Thou hast heard, I suppose, of *Oliver*, the *Sovereign* of that *Nation*. He appears like another *Jingiz Chan*, setting up for a *Prophet* and Founder of a New *Empire*. He has refus'd the *Title* of *King*, which was offer'd him by the *English States*, with all the *Ensigns* of *Royalty*. But, he aims at a more Sublime Character, laying the Foundation of his Hopes in a pretended Modesty, assuming

only the *Style of Protector*. They say, he talks of leading an Army to the Gates of *Rome*, and when he has subdued the *Pope*, that he will march or sail to *Constantinople*, and drive the *Grand Signior* out of his *Seraglio*.

I tell thee, these are not Things to be condemn'd or laugh'd at. For, this *Oliver* has the Fame of a Great and Invincible General. And I can assure thee, all the Neighbouring *Kings* and *States* court his Friendship. In fine, he makes the most Formidable Figure at present, of any *Prince* in these *Western* Parts.

If it will divert thee at *Sea*, to hear of the Transactions by *Land*, know, that *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, Son of the *German Emperor*, is Elected *King* of the *Romans* in the Room of his deceased Brother. There is also a *Diet* assembled at *Frankford*, where they have too many Discords and Quarrels of their own, to have Leisure to plot any Mischief against the *Empire of True Believers*. These *Infidels*, in their Publick Councils, are like Women Scolding away the Time, that should be employed in Action.

There arrives daily a great Deal of News out of *Sweden*, *Moscow* and *Poland*. One *Post* informs us of a *Plague* raging at *Mosca*, and other Cities of that *Northern Tract*: Another alarms us with Intelligence of *Sieges* and *Plundering* of *Towns*, *Dispeopling* of *Provinces*, and a *Deluge* of *Blood* and *Slaughter*: For, the *Swedes* espousing the *Quarrel* of the *Moscovites*, endeavour to make their own Game in *Poland*: Many *Princes* and Great
Men,

Men, with their Towers, Villages and Vassals, Revolting daily from the Unfortunate *Casimir*, and submitting to the *Swedish Monarch*.

And here in *France*, those that go not to the Wars, make Private Campaignes at Home. Here's Nothing but Duelling and Murder among Men of the *Sword*; Whilst the *Ecclesiasticks* are Combating one another with their *Pens*, and the *Lawyers* with their *Tongues*.

In *Suisseland*, they're Mad about *Religion*. At *Dantzick*, Two *Eagles* were seen Combating in the Air. And, as if all *Nature* were in a Ferment, the Winds have been at Variance in the Bowels of the Earth, which has occasioned frequent *Earthquakes* in the Parts of *Germany*. The King of *Poland's* Brother is dead; and the *Queen-Mother* of *Sweden*.

We must all die at the determined Hour; And there is no other Terror in Death, but what is Created by our own Opinion, nor any greater Pain than attended our *Birth*. For, at our *Dissolution*, every *Element* of which we were compounded, takes its proper Share; and that which is *Divine* in *Us*, returns to that which is *Divine* in the *Universe*.

Paris, the 28th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1655.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs.

OUR Kinsman *Isonf* is now gone for *Ma-
scovy*, having visited the most Remark-
able Places in this *Kingdom*. I receiv'd a Let-
ter from him dated at *Diep*, A Sea-Town o-
ver against the *English* Coasts. He was just
going aboard, as he tells me, when he deliver-
ed his *Dispatch* to the *Post*. God grant him a
Prosperous Voyage to that *Region*, and whi-
therloever his *Genius* or Fortune carry him.

I am extremely pleas'd with his Conversa-
tion. Whilst he was in *Paris*, I was never
sensible of Melancholy, unless 'twere in the
Evenings, which forced us to part Com-
pany. He has an Excellent Memory, and
recounts all the Adventures of his Life with a
great deal of Ease, both to himself and his
Hearers: He never was at a Loss for Matter,
or confounded one Circumstance with ano-
ther; but ranking every Thing in its due
Time and Place, deliver'd all with a Clearness
and Grace, which affected me with singular
Delight.

Besides, he has a ready Wit, lively Fancy,
and Judgment enough for one of his Years. I
tell thee, the Relations he has made of his
Travels, with his Regular Deportment herein
Paris,

Paris, of which I have been a Witness, have Imprinted in me such an Opinion of his Abilities, that I have trusted him with some Particular Instructions, in order to a settl'd Correspondence between us, in whatsoever Court he resides. For, in a Word, I find him Mature enough for Business of Moment: And 'tis Pity his Parts should be bury'd without ever appearing in Action.

If he succeeds in what I have put him upon, when he arrives at *Archangel*, a Sea-Port of *Russia*, and a Place of great Commerce and Traffick, I shall have good Reason to hope for more Important Matters, when he comes to *Mosco*, the Chief City of the Men who worship the Eyes of their *Emperour*. And then it will be Time to give a due Character of him to the *Ministers* of the Port: Wherein thou wilt have many Opportunities, to perform the Office of a Kinsman and Friend. Those of the same *Blood*, ought thus to serve one another with Integrity and Affection: For, in so doing, we help our selves, strengthen the Interest of our *Family*, and shall find Returns in Time of Need. As thou hast receiv'd Favour from *Kerker Hassan*, *Bassa*, on the Score of being his Country man; so there is greater Reason, that thou shouldst shew Kindness to *Isonf*, who partakes of our *Blood*.

There arises a vast Complacency from doing Good Offices, tho' to a Stranger, or even to an Enemy. Man is Naturally Generous; and he has debauch'd his *Soul*, who acts contrary to this Principle. Yet the greatest Part

of Men are degenerated. They pursue *Lions, Tigers, Bears*, and such like *Ravenous Beasts*, with Inexorable Hatred and Revenge; they bear secret *Antipathies* against *Spiders, Toads, Serpents*, and other *Venomous Creatures*; and yet they are all these Things, or worse themselves. Ever since *Astrea* abandon'd the *Earth*, there has been a strange *Metamorphosis* in our *Race*: Men have for the most Part forsaken their Humanity, and changed Nature with the *Salvages*. Nay, we transcend them in whatsoever is Cruel and Vicious. As if our *Reason* were given us, only to teach us the most Refin'd Methods of Impiety, and to be a more exquisite Spur to Vice.

Isonf has presented me with Solid Observations of this Kind in his *Travels*, especially in *Africk*. He says, that *Region* is not more Prolifick of Strange and Horrible *Beasts*, than it is of *Monstrous Men, Brutes* and *Devils* in *Humane Shape*. And tho' he relates some Fair Things of the *Indians*, and other People in *Asia*; yet they are intermix'd with *Tragical Reports*, and Mournful *Memoirs*: Such as stain the *History* of our *Race*, and make it evident, That it is hard to meet with one Good Man among Ten Thousand. The whole World is over-run with Oppression, Cruelty, Avarice, Perfitry, and Lust.

He relates strange Things of the *Antiquities* of *Egypt*. He calls it the only *Scene* of Wonders and Miracles on Earth. Indeed this *Country* was ever Famous among all *Nations* for the Wisdom and Learning of her *Priests*; who,

who, in the *First Ages* of the *World*, understood all the *Secrets* of the *Elements*, the *Virtues* of *Planets* and *Minerals*, and were perfectly vers'd in the *Science* of the *Stars* and *Spirits*, and in all Manner of *Mysterious Knowledge*. They were said to make *Statues* and *Images*, that could *Speak*, *Walk*, *Run*, and counterfeit all *Humane Actions*. They were also exquisite in making *Miraculous Talismans* and *Mirroures*, with any kind of *Magical Work*, whereby they kept the *People*, and even the *Princes* in a *Profound Awe* and *Veneration* of their *Prodigious Knowledge* and *Power*, and likewise defended their *Country* against all *Invadere*. For no sooner did an *Enemy* appear with his *Armies* on the *Frontiers* of *Egypt*, but these *Priests* had present *Intimation* of it by their *Secret Art*, even in their *Chambers*, perhaps at a *Hundred Leagues Distance*. Then by their *Enchantments*, they either caus'd *Fire* to consume them in their *Camps*, or turned their *Swords* against each other, or sent an *Army* of *Winged Serpents* to destroy them. So that for many *Ages*, no *King* ever prospered that fought against the *Egyptians*.

But let not thou and I, dear Brother, suffer our *Reason* to degenerate, by giving *Credit* to *Fictions* and *Romances*, though vouched by some of our *Countrymen*, such as *Morat Alzeman*, *Eb'n Abdalhokm*, and others.

He also tells many *Remarkable Passages* of the *Pyramids* of *Caire*, the overflowing of the

Nile, the *Mummies*, and other Things which I have not now Time to rehearse; but in another Letter I will gratify thee with a more Ample Account of his Observations.

In the mean Time, live Thou to enjoy the Fruits of thy own *Travels* in the *East*. Which if it matches not the *South* in *Prodigies* and *Stupendous Inventions*; yet it surpasses both it, and all the Rest of the World, in *Justice* and *Moralit*y.

Paris, the 17th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1653.

LETTER XIV.

To Ismael Kaidar, Cheik, a Man
of the Law.

THOU hast the Character and Fame of a Great *Historian*; a Man of Intelligence both in the *Records* of *Past* Times, and the *Transactions* of the *Present*. Therefore the Name of *Christina* late *Queen* of *Sweden*, cannot be strange to thee. I doubt not, but thou hast heard of this *Princess*, so celebrated throughout the Earth for her Learning and other Noble Accomplishments; and how she voluntarily resign'd the *Crown*, to one of her Kins-men. But perhaps, thou know'st not the true Motives which induc'd her to this
Royal

Royal Caprice: For it deserves no better Name, as thou wilt understand by the Sequel.

Her Father, who for his Successful Wars, and perpetual Victories was call'd the *Great Gustave*, dying, left her in the Entire Possession of his *Kingdom*, and *New Conquests* in *Germany*. But during the Time of her Reign, *Piementelli* the *Spanish Ambassador* at *Stockholm*, by daily conversing with this *Great Queen*, us'd such plausible Insinuations, as prevail'd on her to have a more favourable Opinion of the *Pope* and his *Religion*, than she had before entertain'd: For, all the *Suedes* are Educated in an Aversion for those of the *Roman Faith*. I need not explain to thee, these Distinctions of *Belief* among the *Nazarenes*: Thou art vers'd in their *History*, as well as in our own. Suffice it to say, that this *Embassador* possess'd *Christina* with so fair an *Idea* of the *Catholick Religion*, that she abandon'd her *Crown*, and has ever since been a *Queen-Erant*, a *Royal Rambler* through *Europe*, being resolv'd to make Experiment of the Generosity of *Catholick Princes*, whose Vertues *Piementelli* had so highly extoll'd.

'Twould be a Work of Seven *Moons* for the most Industrious *Scribe*, to relate all the Particular Magnificences, with which she has been entertain'd in her Travels through *Germany*, *Flanders*, *Alsace*, *Inspruck*, *Italy* and *Rome*, where she now resides. Every *Prince* of the *Roman Church*, through whose *Territories* she pass'd, was Ambitious to appear Prodigal of his Favours and Civilities to their

Illustrions

Illustrious Stranger ; Perhaps, to evade the Lashes of her Wit, which, they say, is very *Satyrical*. Or, it may be, for other Reasons, more forcible and poignant. Be it how it will, the *Roman Wits* have not spar'd her ; as thou wilt perceive by the following Verses, which on the First Day of the *Moon of January* were found in the Hand of *Pasquin*, and on the Portal of the *Palace Farnese*, where she resides.

*Pazza, Gobba, & Zoppa viene dal Norte,
Del Monarcha Invittol' indegna Figlia,
Mentre Pologna Gente & si Scompiglia,
A vane Pompe Roma apre le Porte:
Contra questi Applausi l' ungrida forte,
Et in basse Note l' altro bis Biglia,
Corre la Sciocca Gente, alza le ciglia,
Ride Pasquin del Papa, & della Corte.
Su su venite voi Ruffiani Snelli,
Et portate a Christina 'stravagante
Di Venere il Scettro ne i Pazzarelli:
Vuol parer dotta, & e rozza Pedante,
E in Braccio a mangiator di Ravanelli.
Vuol parer casta, & e Putana Errante.*

I send thee these Verses in the Original, knowing thou art a *Critick* in the *Italian Language* ; besides, they will not sound so well in *Arabick*. Thou that hast been in *Rome*, know'st what *Pasquin* is, and art no Stranger to the Humours of that City.

Let not *Lampoons* of *Morose Italians*, abate thy Charity for this Renowned *Princess*. But let

let her Extravagances be an Argument of the Greatness of her *Soul*; and remember the old *Roman Proverb*, which says, *There's no surpassing Genius, without some Mixture of Madness.*

Paris, the 30th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XV.

To the same.

HAVING the Space of an Hour before the *Post* goes, I could not forbear to inform thee of a *New Star* which lately appear'd in these *Parts*, moving in a direct Line from East to North. The *Astronomers* have made Accurate Observations of it, and yet are at a Loss what to conclude: Some say, 'tis below the *Moon*, others place it in the *Sphere* of the *Fixed Stars*. One will have it a *Meteor*, a Second affirms it to be a *Planet*; whilst the *Jews* report every where, that 'tis the *Star of Jacob*, and a Sign that their *Messias* is at Hand.

Nathan Ben Saddi, one of that *Nation* at *Vienna*, sends me strange Stories concerning the *Prodigies* which shall go before, and accompany the Appearance of the *Deliverer of Israel* (as he calls him.)

He.

He says, there shall speedily come a Sort of People from the *Uttermost Parts* of the *Earth*, of a Black and Horrible Aspect, so that whoever shall but cast an Eye on any of them, shall immediately die, as by the Glance of a *Rasilisk*. For every one of them shall have Two Heads, and Seven Eyes, glowing and sending forth Sparks of Fire as Poisonous as the Flashes of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*. They shall also be Swift as *Stags*. And about the same Time, an extraordinary Heat shall flow from the *Sun*, which being dispers'd through the *Elements* shall corrupt the Air, Earth, and Waters, and infect all this *Lower World* with such *Pestilential Qualities*, that a Million of *Gentiles* (for so the *Jews* call all that are not of their Own Nation) shall die every Day. And Men shall be in so great Consternation, that they shall run up and down the Streets crying, *Wo, Wo to us and our Children!* They shall dig their own Graves, and go down into them of their own Accord, expecting Death. But, that all this Time, the *Jews* shall be in Safety and Health.

This *Hebrew* adds, That the Light of the *Sun* shall be totally extinguish'd for the Space of Thirty Days; during which horrible Darkness, the *Christians* and *Mahometans*, shall acknowledge their Errors, and many of them shall embrace the *Law* of *Moses*; for which *God* being mov'd to Mercy, will restore that *Planet* again to its former Brightness.

But, what he says next, is an Unhappy *Presage* to the *Romans*, whose *Empire* according

According to this *Tradition* shall be extended over all the *Regions* of the Earth for the Space of Nine *Moons*. After which Term, God shall send the First *Messias*, the Son of *Joseph*, who shall gather the dispers'd *Tribes* of *Israel*, and conduct them to *Jerusalem*. From whence he shall issue forth, with a Victorious Army, and lay waste the *Roman Empire*, sack *Rome* it self, and carry away the Immense Riches of the *Christians* to *Jerusalem*; and the very Fear of him shall reduce all *Nations* to his Obedience. He shall fight with *Armillai Harascha*, the *Antichrist* of the *Christians*, and shall destroy Two Hundred Thousand of *Armillai's* Followers; but in the End shall be slain himself, and the Good *Angels* shall transport his Body to the *Apartment* of the *Fathers*.

The *Jews* hold, That this *Armillai* shall spring out of an *Image* of the *Virgin Mary* in *Rome*, made of *Marble*, with which the most Wicked and Profligate among Men shall be enamour'd, and commit the most execrable Uncleanneſs that can be nam'd. The Result of these *Adulterous* Congresses shall be, That the *Statue* by a *Supernatural Power*, shall prove *Impregnate*; and cleaving asunder shall be deliver'd of this Young *Antichrist*, who is to vex and persecute the *Jews*, and afflict them with greater Calamities than either *they* or their *Fathers* felt since the *Beginning* of the *World*. They shall be forc'd to flee into the *Desarts*, and hide themselves in the *Dens* and *Caves* of the Earth, living only on the *Grass*,

Grass, and Herbage, with the Leaves of Trees; till the great *Michael* the *Archangel* shall Thrice wind his *Horn*. Then shall the Second *Messias*, the Son of *David*, with *Elias* the *Prophet* appear, who shall rescue 'em out of all their Troubles, and lead them Triumphant to *Paradise*.

This is the Sum of what *Nathan*, and all the *Jews* believe concerning the *Last Times*, which they say are now approaching: As is evident by the Rising of this *New Star*, accompany'd with terrible Thunders and Lightnings. And the *Chief Patriarch* or *Prince* of the *Jews*, is come from *Jerusalem* to *Vienna*, to prepare those of his *Nation* in these *Western* Parts, for the *Grand Revolutions* which they believe are ready to fall out in the *World*. All the *Jews* in that City went out a League to meet him, with great Pomp and Solemnity.

In the mean while I hear that the Son of the late *Vizir Azem*, makes a Confusion amongst you at *Constantinople*, and the Parts adjacent, being at the Head of Fifty Thousand Men, on Pretence to revenge the Death of his Father. But really to recover his Ravish'd *Mistress*, the Fair *Soltana Zamouure*, who was forc'd from his *Seragl'* by the *Grand Signior's* Command. *Women* and *Wine*, according to the *Proverb* of the *Franks*, make all the Disturbance in the *World*. And without calling to Remembrance the *Trojan Wars*, the Unhappy Effects of *Helena's* Perfidy, we may conclude, That *Women* are the Occasions of many Quarrels among us.

There

There is a *Peace* lately concluded between the *French* and the *New English Commonwealth*: By which Means the *Exil'd King* of the *Scots*, was forc'd to depart from this *Realm*, which has been his *Sanctuary* for many Years. He went away at the Beginning of the *Treaty*, and has wandred up and down *Germany* ever since; sometimes keeping a *Court* like a *King*, at other Times living *Incognito*, and very privately, with only Two or Three Attendants. That poor *Prince* is very Unfortunate; yet, they say, he bears his Calamity with singular Moderation, and a certain *Royal* Stiffness of Mind, which will rather break than bend.

This *Pope* is a great *Peace-maker*, and has sent *Nuntio's* with Letters to all the *Princes* of *Christendom* within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*, earnestly perswading them to Unity and Friendship, that so their Arms may be turned against the *Mussulmans*. His *Predecessor* was of another Sentiment, and would not inter-meddle in the Quarrels of any. One Day, as he was looking out of a Window of his *Palace* with some *Cardinals*, they spied Two Men a fighting in the Street; whereupon, they desired the *Holy Father* to interpose his Authority, and command Peace. But he refused, saying, *Let them fight it out, and then they'll be good Friends of Course*. And turning to the *Spanish Ambassador*, he said, *So will it fare with your Master, and the King of France: When they have sufficiently wearied out one another with Wars, they will gladly embrace the Proposals of Peace*.

Here

Here is great Rejoicing for the Reconciliation newly made between the *King* and his Uncle the *Duke of Orleans*, who have been estrang'd a long Time, the latter having espous'd the *Prince of Conde's* Cause. But now he has abandon'd it, and is come to the *Court*.

These *Infidels* are as inconstant as the *Winds*, which vary to all the *Points* of the *Compass*.

Paris, the 30th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XVI.

To Solyman, his Cousin, at Scutari.

I See, thou art given over to a Spirit of Discontent. Nothing can please thee. Thou murmurest at *Providence*, and castest Obloquies on the Ways of *God*: As if the Order of All Things, and the Establish'd *Oeconomy* of the *Universe*, must be Chang'd to gratify thy Humour.

Formerly, thou wert troubl'd with dull melancholy Thoughts about *Religion*: Now thou art angry with thy *Trade*, and pinest that thou wert not Educated in the *Academy*. A *Mechanick* Life, thou say'st, is Tedious and Irksome: Besides, that it is beneath one of thy *Blood*, to be always employ'd in making

making of *Turbants*. Thou wishest rather to have been a *Courtier*, *Soldier*, or any Thing save what thou art.

Cousin, let not Pride and Ambition corrupt thy Manners. Dost thou not consider, that all *True Believers* are oblig'd to exercise some *Manual* Occupation, and that the *Sultan* himself is not exempted from this Duty? Did not the *Prophet* himself practise it, and enjoin it to all his *Followers*? Hast thou not heard of his Words, when he said, *No Man can eat any Thing sweeter in this World, than what is acquir'd by his own Labours*? Doubtless, all the *Prophets*, and *Holy Men*, have gain'd their Bread by their Lawful Employments. *Adam* was a *Gardiner*, *Abel* a *Shepherd*, *Seth* a *Weaver*, *Enoch* a *Taylor*, *Noah* a *Ship-wright*: *Moses*, *Saghib*, and *Mahomet* were *Shepherds*: *Jesus* the Son of *Mary* a *Carpenter*: *Abu-Beccre*, *Omar*, *Othman*, *Gali*, and *Gabdorachman* were *Merchants*.

Dost thou esteem thy self of better *Blood* than *Adam*, from whom thou receiv'dst thine? For shame prefer not thy self to *Noah*, the *Restorer* of *Mankind*, to *Jesus* the *Messias*, to *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*, and to the Rest of those Excellent Persons, who thought it no Contempt to work at their several *Trades*, and eat the Bread of their own Labours.

Besides, dost thou consider the dangerous *Intrigues* of a *Prince's Court*. Art thou sufficiently arm'd with Wit and Dexterity, to secure thy *Station* against the Wily Trains of designing Men? I do not reproach thy Abilities:

ties: Yet I think thou wilt do better in the *Post* allotted thee by *Destiny*, that is, in thy *Proper Calling*, than in the perillous Condition of those who stand or fall at the Pleasure of Others. Whereas thou art now thy own Man, and needest fear no Tempests of *State*, or Frowns of thy *Prince*, so long as thou pursuest none but thy private Affairs. Many *Sovereign Monarchs* have envy'd such as thee, when they have seen, how chearfully and quietly they pass'd away their Time, under the *Umbrella* of an Obscure and Private Life: Whereas, at the *Court*, there is Nothing but Intriguing, Plotting, and Treachery; one Undermining another, to make Way for their own Advance. The *Court* is a perfect *Theatre*, of Fraud, Dissimulation, Envy, Malice and a Thousand *Vices*, which there act their various Parts, under the Habit and Disguise of seeming *Vertues*. There a Man must flatter the *Great*, and speak against his own Sense, and the Truth, to procure the Favour of some dignifi'd Fool: Than which, Nothing is more Ignoble and Base.

This puts me in Mind of a pleasant *Repar-tee*, which *Diogenes* the *Philosopher* gave to a *Courtier*. The *Spark* passing by *Diogenes*, as he sat in a *Tub*, eating of *Tárneps*, put this Scoff upon him; *Diogenes*, said he, *If thou wouldst but learn the Art of Flattery, thou needst not sit here in a Tub, scratching of Roots.* To whom the *Philosopher* reply'd: *And thou, vain-glorious Man, if thou wouldst but learn to live contented with my homely Fare, needst*
not

not condescend to the Fawning of a Spaniel.

But, *Cousin*, let not this Passage cause thee to emulate the *Philosopher's* Manner of Life; For, he had his *Vices*, as well as other Men. If he was no Flatterer, yet he was Proud and Opinionative: He laid Trains for the Applause of Men in all his Actions, and so taught others to become Flatterers, tho' he was none himself. All his pretended Humility, Mortification, and Rigour, were but so many Decoys for Fame. Of this, *Plato* was sensible, who was a far more Excellent *Philosopher* than he. As this *Sage* was one Day walking with some of his Friends in the Fields, they shew'd him *Diogenes* standing up to the Chin in Water, whose *Superficies* was frozen over, save one Hole that *Diogenes* had made for himself. *Puh*, says *Plato*, don't regard him, and he'll soon be out: For, had he not seen us coming this Way, he would not have put himself to this Pain. Another Time this *Philosopher* came to *Plato's* House: And as he walked on the Rich Carpets with which the Floor of the Hall was covered; See, said *Diogenes*, how I trample on *Plato's* Pride. Yes, said *Plato*, but with greater Pride.

Certainly, the greatest *Philosophers*, *Doctors*, and even *Saints* themselves have their Errors and Failings. Do not therefore affect to change thy Calling, for the Life of a *Student* or a *Contemplative* Man. For, the same Discontent will still haunt thee in that State, which makes thee so uneasy now. Thou art a perfect Stranger to the Intolerable Anguish
of

of Mind which afflicts *Thinking Men*, and such as apply themselves to the Study of the *Sciences*. They labour under a Perpetual Thirst of Knowledge; and the more they learn, the greater and more Ardent is their Desire of farther Discoveries. So that the most accomplish'd *Sages*, are no more satisfied with their own Acquisitions, than he who has never meddled with *Books*.

Then, as to their Bodies, they are always vex'd with one Malady or other, proceeding from the violent Agitation of their Spirits, the Intenseness of their Thoughts, perpetual poring upon *Books*; and their Sedentary Life.

In all that I have said, I do not dissuade thee from seeking after Knowledge. I rather counsel thee to read *Books*, and I gave thee the same Advice in a former Letter. But, do it with Moderation. Let not thy Studies entrench on the Affairs of thy *Calling*. Read *Histories*, or other *Tracts* according to thy Fancy, when thou hast nothing else to do. But, do not follow it so close, as if thou aspir'dst to the Character of a Compleat *Historian* or *Philosopher*. Still remember, that thou art a *Turbant-Maker*, and that by the *Decree* of *Fate* thou art born for this Business. Follow it with Alacrity and Mirth. When thou art at thy Work, 'twill be pleasant meditating on what thou hast read at thy spare Hours. Thou wilt find thy self much more happy, in thus mixing Studies with the necessary Offices of thy

thy *Trade*, than in abandoning thy self wholly to a *Contemplative Life*. And in the Midst of thy Disgusts, thou mayst comfort thy self with this Reflection, That thou art of none of the most Despicable *Callings*, which serve the Necessities of Man's Body. Had thy Employment been only to make *Papouches* or *Sandels*, which cover the Feet, it might have been an Argument of Discontent to thee, in Regard the Foot is the most Contemprible Member in the Body. But now thou passest thy Time in making Ornaments for the Head, which is the Noblest Part, and Commander of all the Rest, thou hast no Reason to repine.

If, after all, thou resolvest to change thy Course of Life, I advise thee to turn *Soldier*; for, then thou must be contented and patient *per force*.

Paris, the 13th. of the 4th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

To Melec Amet.

THE *Nazarenes* boast much of the New Converts they have made from the *Moselman Law* to the Faith of *Jesus the Son of Mary*. On the 23d. of the last *Moon*, a *Moor of Tripoli* was baptiz'd in a *Church* of this City; and the next Day he was Anointed with their *Chrism* or *Holy Oyl* (as they call it) which they say has a Virtue to confirm and strengthen him in his New Religion. On the 25th. he was cloath'd all in *White Linen*, and walk'd in *Procession* through the Streets with *Musick* playing before him, whilst the Ground was strew'd with *Flowers*. When he arriv'd at the Great *Mosch* of this City, a *Priest* gave him that which they esteem the *Body* of the *Messias*: But in Reality, is only a *Waser*, with the *Figure* of a Man *Crucified* on it. These *Wasers* are made and sold to the *Priests* by the *Common Bakers* of the Town, and yet they make the Poor Ignorant People believe, with *Four Words* they can change them into an *Immortal God*.

The *Renegade-Moor* appears very zealous and devout, frequenting the *Temples*, and visiting all *Holy Places*. He walks along the Streets with *Beads* in his Hands, which the People Interpret as an Argument of his Piety to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of *Jesus*.

For

For, when they pray to her, it is the Custom to number their *Oraisons* on *Beads*. But all this while they consider not, that he may be a *Hypocrite*, as to their *Religion*, and instead of addressing his *Prayers* to her, may direct them to *God* alone; as all the *True Faithful* do, who use *Beads*, in rehearsing the *Divine Ejaculations*, as well as the *Christians* in repeating their *Ave-Maria*, which they say, was the *Salutation* that *Gabriel* gave the *Virgin*, when he enter'd her *Oratory*.

Be it how it will, he gets Abundance of Money by his *Devotion*: For the *Franks* are really very Charitable, and give plentiful *Alms* to the *Poor*. But especially to one under his Circumstances, they are extremely Liberal, that so they may imprint in him a more fervent Affection, and profound Reverence for their *Religion*.

But he is not the only *Convert* they brag of. Many *Captives* they either wheedle, or force to turn *Christians*. Thus, he that was taken at Sea by the Ships of *Malta* Twelve Years ago, when it was reported through *Christendom* that he was the *Grand Signior's* Son, is of late turn'd *Christian* and *Friar*, having solemnly and in Publick abjur'd the *Mussulman Law*, curs'd our *Holy Prophet*, and all those of his *Race*, with the *Believers* of the *Alcoran*. He is like to come to great *Preferments* in the *Roman Church*. They call him the *Ottoman Father*; and boast, That the *True Heir* of the *Turkish Empire* is a *Christian*, and in their Custody.

Yet after all, the *Profelyte* of greatest Fame is *Don Philippe*, the Son of the *Dey* of *Tunis*, of whom I made mention in one of my former Letters. This *Prince* is now at *Valencia*, under the King of *Spain's* Jurisdiction, who allows him a Considerable *Pension*, and has given him Leave to marry a *Princess* of that *Country*, very Beautiful and Ingenious, but of a Poor Fortune. He has one Son by her, and 'tis said, the King of *Spain* designs to set forth a Mighty Fleet of Ships: And having furnish'd this *Prince* with all Things necessary for a Warlike Expedition, will send him thus Equipp'd to claim the Government of *Tunis*; or in Case of Denial, to make a *Descent* in that Kingdom, and fight for it. But I believe, this will only prove a *Spanish Rhodomontade*; that *Monarch* having Work enough cut out for him in *Europe* and *America*, by the *French* and *English*, to divert him from any such Wild Enterprize on *Africk*. However it be, this *Don Philippe* is much talk'd of in *Christendom*, and the *Spaniards* flatter themselves with the Hopes of Conquering a great Part of *Barbary* by his Means, he having many Friends and a considerable Interest in those Parts.

Thou mayst acquaint the *Divan*, that *Osmin* the Dwarf is still living, and serves the *Port* with a secret and untainted Zeal. Two days ago he discover'd a Cunning Practice of *Cardinal Mazzerini*, whose Motions and Intrigues he watches very narrowly. He assures me, That this *Minister* has dispatch'd away

away Two *Agents* to the *King of Sweden* and *Electoꝛ of Brandenburg*, with a Letter to each of these *Princes* from the *King of France*; also with Blank Papers, and the *King's Seal*, giving them Instructions, to fill up those *Blanks* and Seal them with the *King's Signet*, according as they found the *Treaty* go forward between those *Princes*. The main Design of this Trick being, to hinder them from entering into a *League* against the *King of Poland*, by all the Artifice these *Agents* cou'd use, in exactly timeing and suiting their Counterfeit Letters, to the Difficulties and Misunderstandings that always happen in such *Treaties*, that so they may exasperate each *Party* against the other, as Occasion offer'd; without being oblig'd to send to *France* for fresh Letters, which wou'd breed too much Delay, and spoil their Design.

By this thou mayst perceive, that *Cardinal Mazarin* comes not short of his Predecessor *Richieu*, in managing the Affairs of *Foreign Courts*. He is the very Soul of all the Grand Business in *Christendom*.

A general Heart-burning has possess'd the *French*, especially the Inhabitants of *Paris*, ever since the Conclusion of the last Year, when the *King* issu'd out certain Orders, commanding that all the Gold and Silver-Money in the *Kingdom*, shou'd be brought in to his *Mint* to be new Coin'd. The *Merchants* first complain'd of this *Edict*; and then it was murmur'd at by all Trading People. At Length the *Parliament* of *Paris* took it into their

their Consideration, and oppos'd the King's Pleasure: Upon which he banish'd Eight of their *Members*, and has several Times prohibited them to Assemble; yet they persisted to meet, till he banish'd more of them: Which instead of awing them into the expected Compliance, has but incens'd 'em more: And the discontented *Clergy* blow up the Coals, as do likewise the Friends of the *Prince of Conde*. The *Parliament* are very bold and peremptory in their Proceedings, having expressly forbid the Citizens of *Paris* to obey the King's Order, and decreed that Nothing shall be done in their *Assembly*, till the Banish'd *Senators* be recall'd.

Things being at this Pass, we expect Nothing but Insurrections, Massacres and other Effects of Popular Fury. The Rich are laying in vast Quantities of Corn and other Provisions, as if they expected a Siege. And the Poor fare the better for it, whilst great Largeesses are given among them by the *Graciers* of the *Parliament*, to engage them in the *Faction*. Besides, thou know'st, the Multitude always delights in Novelty and State-Tempests, hoping for Plunder, and to enrich themselves by the Ruine of others.

I know not what Conduct is fittest for me to use in this Case. Whether it will be best for me to abide in this City, or follow the Court, which is now at *La Fere* in *Picardy*. Or whether I should retire to some other Place, less liable to Civil Disturbances. I wish, the *Ministers* of the *Port* would send me full Instructions,

structions, what I ought to do in these Emergences.

From *Rome* we hear, that the *Pope* and *Cardinals* are in great Consternation on some Intelligence they have receiv'd, That the *English* intend to make a *Descent* on the *Tettrics* of the *Church*. That *Nation* is now become the *Great Bug-bear* of all *Europe*, since they have molded themselves into a *Commonwealth*.

Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has a Time to rise, and another to fall. But, who can determine the Period wherein the *Ottoman* *Glo-ry* will decline, which is not yet advanc'd to its *Zenith*?

Paris, 27th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER XVIII.

To Sedrec Al' Giraw'n, Chief Treasurer to the Grand Signior.

THY Vertues have at Length rais'd thee to a Glorious Trust, the Charge of Immense Wealth. Thou hast in thy Custody, the Riches which cannot be match'd in the Universe. God inspire thee with Graces suitable to a Dignity so full of Temptations. I hope, thou wilt not be affronted at my Prayer,

as was thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa*; at some Counsels of like Nature, which I gave him in a Letter. Some Men are strangely Cholerick, and look on him as an Enemy who gives them good Advice. I only warn'd him of the ordinary Cheats that are practis'd at Certain Times in the *Treasury*, which thou know'st to be true as well as I. And I tell thee farther, he himself was suspected by many in the *Seraglio*, not to have been altogether exempt from Guilt.

Whether he were or not, I perform'd but my Duty in giving him necessary Cautions. For, such is the Will of my *Superiours*, that I shou'd not be afraid to unravel the Secrets of those who are false to the *Grand Signior*. I did not charge him with such a Crime, and therefore he had no Reason to be angry: But some Men will pick a Quarrel with their own Shadows. In a Word, this *Grandee* forgot himself.

In saying so, I do not reflect on his *Original*, or that he was found sleeping on a Dung-hill in *Russia*, a poor ragged Infant, when the *Tartars* took him Captive, among many Thousands of others, in the Plunder of *Tsinarow*, and sold him to the *Capa Agasi*, for Thirteen *Piasters*, by Reason of his Beauty. I do not call to mind the Circumstances of his Youth; since 'tis common for the meanest Slaves, to arrive at an Extraordinary Grandeur by their Merits, or at least through the Favour of the *Sultan*.

But,

But what I aim at is, that in his being disgusted at the Remonstrances I made of some private and sinister Practices in the *Treasury*, he forgot, that he himself is still a *Slave* to the *Grand Signior*, as well as I, and therefore not above Instruction.

Well, it seems he is now made *Captain Bassa*, and thou succeedest him in the Office of *Treasurer*. To him I wish all imaginable Success and Victories at Sea, for the Sake of our *Great Master*, and the *Mussulman Empire*: To thee, for thy own Sake, and for my Brother's, whom I know thou wilt ever respect as a Friend; I wish Encrease of Riches and Honours, even as thy Merits and Services augment, in the Esteem of the *Sultan*, and of all the World.

And, I tell thee, I have far livelier Hopes to see this Latter Wish take Effect, than the Former: For, what Reason have we to expect better Luck from the Courage or Conduct of this *Ouroos Kienan*, than from the brave *Zornesan Mustapha*, who commanded the *Fleet* last Year?

This Unhappy Thought has put me into as melancholy a Humour, as *Aeneas* was in when the *Queen of Carthage* requir'd an Account of the *Trojan Wars*. For, I have heard that *Cara Mustapha Bassa*, succeeded *Zornesan* in the Command of the *Fleet*, and in the Revolution of a *Moön* was made *Mansoul* again, for the Sake of *Kienan Bassa*, or rather for the sake of the licentious Souldiers, who it seems command all Things. I have been inform'd

also, of all the other *Tragedies* Acted at the *Seraglio*, since the Second *Moon* of this Year. Neither are the Causes and Origin of so much Slaughter and Blood-shed hid from me. 'Tis too apparent, that there is an Universal Disorder and Corruption in the Discipline of the *Janizaries*.

I formerly wrote to the *Kiaya Bey* on this Account. But it seems, Avarice the Root of all Evil, had render'd him Insensible and Obdurate.

Is it not a Shame that the Pay of those who serve the *Grand Signior* in the Wars, should be detain'd, not Three or Four *Moons*, but Five or Six *Years*, by their corrupt *Officers*? They sit at home enjoying their Ease, reveling in Taverns, and committing a Thousand Riots; whilst the others undergo numberless Fatigues abroad, and are reduc'd to the extremest Necessities, not having so much as the Vests allow'd 'em by the *Sultan*, to cover their Nakedness! And, if they complain of their Sufferings, instead of Redress they meet with Nothing but Taunts and Reproaches, as if they were not worthy to eat the *Sultan's* Bread and Salt, tho' they freely hazard their Lives for him. It is no Wonder, the *Janizaries* are so unbridl'd in their Rage, after so many Provocations.

Yet, I cannot but lament the Fate of those Unfortunate Men, who were sacrific'd to the Fury of that insolent *Militia*: Especially, I condole the Loss of the brave *Solyman Kyzlar Aga*. The *Janizaries* had an old Grudge against

against him, ever since his hot Dispute with the *Bostangi Bassa*, and now they were resolv'd to execute their Revenge.

As for the *Kiaya Bey*, it seems to be a Stroak of *Divine Justice*, that he who had been the Cause of all this Mutiny, shou'd in Remorse strangle Himself, and so go to *Hell*, as an Expiation for the many Lives he had cast away.

And there's little less to be said, in Respect of the *Musti*, who was the Chief of those that betray'd their Master, *Sultan Ibrahim*. To tell thee my true Resentments, I am heartily sorry for all the Rest: But to those who were concern'd in that *Treason*, there seems no Pity due. And the *Musti* may thank *God* and his good Stars, that his Life went not with the Others. They report here, he is fled into *Egypt*.

But, what was that *Gelep Assan*, who headed this Rabble of Mutineers? I have heard Nothing of him, before the Intelligence I receiv'd of his sudden Rise, and equally precipitate Fall, during this Tumult. He was, I suppose, some passionate Fool, of an ill contriv'd Midriff, which us'd to make a Quarrel between his Heart and his Spleen: And from this Intestine Broil, he habitually learn'd the Way to set People together by the Ears. A popular Man, an Incendiary, and one that knew how to wheadle the Vulgar to his own Ruine. Who can give an Account of these Things? Or who can unravel the Web of Destiny? Tho' there's nothing strange in his

particular Case, yet in the General 'tis prodigious, That such little Instruments should be able to give so terrible a Shock to the Frame of an Ancient and Mighty Government.

He was a Man of no Fame or Character, and yet for the Space of Two *Adoons*, he may be said to command the Greatest *Sovereign* in the World, Sole Proprietor of Fame and Honour. And, had he push'd on his Interest, 'tis not improbable, but that he might have exalted himself above his *Master*, and secur'd his Post against all After-claps. For, according to my Intelligence, he had during the Sedition, heap'd together prodigious Sums of Money, the Presents of *Bassa's* and other *Ministers* of the *Port*, who all ador'd this new rising *Comet*, and sought his Protection and Favour against the Barbarous Rabble. But, it seems, he was infatuated with too much Glory, and consider'd not that every Body watch'd all Opportunities and Occasions to ruine him: And that his very Followers, wou'd be the First to betray him, as soon as the Hurry of their *Insurrection* was over. This generally happens to all *Ring-leaders* of *Parties*. When once the *Spirits* of a *Faction* are spent, the *Lees* (which consist of Regret and Confusion) are discharg'd on those who first fermented them, mix'd with the Revenge of the *State*.

There are Abundance of Great and brave Men gone. But, the old *Negidher* was of their Council, and he brought them to Ruine,

Ruine, as he did the *Coreis* of *Mecca*, when they conspir'd against the Life of the *Prophet*. This *Devil* enter'd the *Temple* (where they were assembled) in the Shape of an ancient Man, decrepid and leaning on a Crutch. And when he was commanded to withdraw, he told them, *He was a Senior, who had seen all Ages, and remark'd the Occurrences of Times; that he was expert in unfolding Secrets, and rendering Difficult Things easy.* In a Word, he us'd so many plausible Insinuations, that they admitted him into their Assembly. But, none of their Counsels prosper'd.

That malicious *Demon*, is often present in the Cabals of Seditious Men; and tho' they see him not, yet he secretly undermines their Plots, and brings 'em to Shame and Punishment. For he is the *Spirit of Envy*: And tho' he be himself a Rebel, and the *Ring-leader* of a *Faction* in the *Kingdom of the Air*; yet, such is his spiteful Nature, that he seldom suffers any *Rebellion* to thrive on Earth: Not for any Love that he bears to *Government*, but because he delights to be active in Mischiefe, be it where it will; and the *Guardian Spirits*, will not suffer him to mix with the establish'd *Divans* of an *Empire*.

The All-Good God preserve thee from the Malice of wicked *Demons*, who always hover about *Treasures* of Gold and Silver.

Paris, 22d. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

THE Troubles of the *Sublime Port*, touch'd me so nearly, and embark'd my Soul in such a Tempest of sollicitous Thoughts and Anxieties, for the Honour and Safety of the *Osman Empire*, that I had no Leisure to think of my own particular Hazards, whilst I was writing the other Letter. Yet I have been engulf'd in Abundance of Vexatious Circumstances and perillous Accidents.

It generally happens, that when one Misfortune befalls a Man, it brings a Train along with it. So that at some Seasons we seem to be besieged with Evils, or at least so closely block'd up by an Army of Calamities, that there is no Passage left open, either for Relief or Intelligence.

So has it far'd with me of late, and with Thousands of others, I doubt not, in this Populous City. The *Rebellion* of the *Prince of Conde*, is the Occasion of all this. For, the King having some Reasons to apprehend a secret Conspiracy of the *Prince's* Friends and Well-Wishers in *Paris* and other Places, has caus'd a very severe Scrutiny to be made of all Strangers and Sojourners. The *Sonbashi's* or *Officers* go to every House within their *Preinct*, taking down the Names of all the Inhabitants in Writing, and seizing the Persons of

of those whom they suspect. The Prisons are fill'd with People of all Ranks, and the Nobles are sent to the Castle of the Wood of Vincennes. 'Tis said, the King has a List of many Thousands of Conde's Party in Paris, who design'd on a prefix'd Day to take up Arms for that Prince, and that their Example wou'd have been follow'd all over the Kingdom.

God knows what is in the Hearts of these Infidels: I am sure, *Mahmut* is wholly a Stranger to their Plots. Tho' last Year I receiv'd certain Instructions from the *Vizir Azem*, commanding me to act secretly in the Prince of Conde's Behalf, to abett the Faction, and use all the Endeavours and Art I cou'd, to raise a New Party for him among the Courtiers. But, I wou'd so dangerous an Employment, by proposing to him the vast Expences it wou'd require, and the Necessity of sending some Extraordinary Embassy to this Court, to countenance the Business. To tell thee the Truth, I esteem'd it a Thing Impracticable, and a mere Caprice of that Active Bassa, who had a Natural Kindness for Rebels, and delighted to have a Hand in difficult Undertakings, whether there was any Likelihood of Success or not.

But, he is dead, and let that atone for all his Rebellions, when he had the Command of *Aleppo*. I love not to load the departed Souls with Accusations. What I have to say, is in my own Vindication, who cou'd not approve his Politick Chimera: In Regard, had it succeeded,

ceeded, no Profit or Advantage wou'd from thence arise to the *Ottoman Empire*: And had it been discover'd, not only I and all the *Secrets* of my *Commission* wou'd have lain open to the *Infidels*, but also it wou'd have been an Eternal Dishonour and Blemish to the High Resplendent *Port*, to be found guilty of violating in so notorious a Manner, the Faith it had given to the most *Ancient* and *Puissant* *Monarchy* among the *Nazarenes*.

Besides, I knew not but this *Minister* had a private Grudge against me, for accusing him formerly to the *Divan*, when he held Correspondence with the *Venetians*; and that he study'd this Way to be reveng'd, by employing me in an Affair, which must needs be my Ruine. However, I think I had Reason to be Cautious, and Apprehensive of the Worst. This made me dispatch to him a Letter, full of specious Umbrages, seeming to approve his Design, but entangling it with such Difficulties, as wou'd divert him from farther Thoughts of it.

Yet after all, I have been really brought into Danger, on the bare Suspicion of being concern'd on the *Prince of Conde's* Side: By which thou may'st guess at the Consequence, had I hearken'd to the *Vizir's* Advice.

One Morning early, the *Officers* appointed for this Purpose enter'd my Chamber: And having demanded my Name, Business and Quality; I answer'd, *My Name was Titus Durlach Nieski*; but that for Shortness, and to denote

my Country, I was commonly call'd Titus the Moldavian; and that by this Name I was well known to Cardinal Mazarini, as I had been to his Predecessor Richlieu, and other Courtiers of great Quality. I told 'em likewise, That I was a Clerk, who understood some Foreign Languages, and therefore had been often employ'd by those Cardinals, in translating Books out of Greek and Arabick into Latin and French: For which Reason, being recommended by Cardinal Richlieu, I had been introduc'd into the Acquaintance of several Nobles, whose Children I taught those Languages. And that some of them had promis'd to make me Curate of St. Stephen's Church, as soon as it was Vacant.

They seem'd to be very well satisfi'd with what I said; but told me moreover, They had a Commission to search my Lodgings for Arms and Treasonable Papers.

It is impossible to express the Horror I was in when I saw them go roundly to work, prying into every Corner, and searching my Trunks, Coffers and even my Bed it self. Not that I had any Guilt upon me, of concealing either Arms or Papers relating to this Conspiracy, but my concern was for my Box of Letters to the Ministers of the Port. As for Arms, they found no other but an old Sword, which I told them I travell'd with out of my own Country, and a Brace of Pistols for the same Use, to defend me from Robbers, Assassins and other Injuries.

These

These Fellows seem'd mightily pleas'd with the Curious Workmanship of my Weapons, survey'd them all over, and having drawn my Sword out of the Scabbard, and made a Pais or two with it against the Wall, after the French Mode of Fencing, they put it up again; telling me, *They had no Authority to take these Arms from me, since they were necessary for my Defence.* But when they came to my Box of Letters, and saw them written in strange Characters which none of them could read; they began to look on one another, and change their Countenances, as if there were some dangerous Matter contain'd in these Papers, and therefore writ in Cyphers.

They went aside to one End of the Chamber, whispering together, and nodding their Heads with all the Symptoms of Jealousie. At length, I Interrupting them, said, "You need nor, Gentlemen, be concern'd about those Papers. They were left with me by a Merchant-Jew of my Acquaintance, and they are Letters of Correspondence between him and some of his Brethren at *Rome, Venice, Amsterdam*, and other Places in *Europe*. 'Tis therefore they are written in a Character which to you appears strange, it being *Hebrew*, the National Language of the *Jews*. They contain only Matters of Traffick, being Lettets of Mart and Exchange: For you know, the *Jews* are the greatest Merchants, Brokers, and Banquiers in the World.

These

These Words, with some Gold which I gave them, dispers'd all their Suspicions, clear'd up their cloudy Brows, and turn'd their Frowns into Smiles and Complimental Addresses. They told me, *I was a very honest Man, and they wou'd do me what Service they cou'd.* So bid me adieu.

By this thou may'st see the mighty Power of that Charming Metal, which commands all Things. For, whatever I cou'd have said without that, had been Insignificant. But these *Idolaters*, melted into an Indifference at the First Sight of the glittering *Pistoles*, and when I had once render'd them thus ductile, 'twas easie to frame 'em to the most devout Appearance of Respect and Friendship. They promis'd and swore no Hurt shou'd be done me.

But I knew the Fickleness of humane Fidelity better, than to repose any great Confidence in these Men's Words. As soon as they were gone, I convey'd my Letters to *Eliachim*, who cou'd easily conceal 'em in any private Corner of his House: Desiring him to furnish me with some Letters of Indifferent Concerns written in *Hebrew*, that if these *Searchers* shou'd come again, and demand a second View of my *Box*, perhaps with Design to carry it to some *Minister of State*, I might have those *Hebrew Dispatches* ready to shew; which being put in the same *Box*, wou'd not be known from the other by such Ignorant Fellows, to whom *Hebrew, Arabick and Chinese* were all alike, and so I shou'd be acquitted

ted from all future Trouble of this Nature.

And the Event answer'd my Expectation. For, within Three Days, the same Men came again with others in their Company, pretending they had fresh *Warrants*, and were sworn to be Impartial. Wherefore I was forc'd to attend 'em, whilst they carry'd both me and my *Box* before a *Cadi* or *Judge*, who having examin'd me very strictly concerning my Name, Country, Religion, and other Matters, and seeming well satisfied with all my Answers, at last sent for a *Priest* well vers'd in the *Hebrew* Tongue, ordering him to peruse the *Letters*: Which when he had done, he assur'd the *Cadi*, that there was not a Word in any of them relating to the *State*, being purely Matters of Private Contracts and Bargains between Merchant-Correspondents, with Bills of Lading, &c. So I had my *Box* of *Sham-Letters* restor'd to me again, and was honourably dismiss'd.

Yet, tho' this Storm was soon blown over, I was very near running on Rocks and Sands through the Persecution of thy Predecessor *Kienan Bassa*, and *Kisur Dramelet*, with many others in the *Seraglio*: The First keeping from me the *Pension* allow'd by the *Grand Signiar*; the Second either sending me no Intelligence, or else baffling me with trifling News, nothing to the Purpose; the Rest aspersing me to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*.

I desire thee to send me the *Arrears* that are behind for the Space of Nineteen *Moons*,

as thou wilt find in the *Register of the Hasna*.
Had it not been for *Eliachim*, that honest
Jew, I shou'd have been ruin'd in this Place
for want of Money.

I need not say more to thee, who know'st
that *Gold* is the *Grand Talisman*, which works
all the *Miracles* in the *World*.

Paris, 22th. of the 7th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

The End of the Second Book.

LET.

as then with him in the Register of the High
land it was found that he had been in this place
for some time. I had not known of it before.
I had not known of it before, who know it
that it is the only one which works
all the way in the world.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. V.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Dgnet Oglou.

WH O can penetrate into the *Mysterious Conduct* of *Destiny*; Whether *God* governs this *World* by the *Influence* of the *Stars*, or by the *Ministry* of *Spirits*, or by his own *Immediate Power*? Or, whether *All Things* did not proceed from *Chance*, and are still *Rul'd* by the same? Be it how it will, there remains something *Adorable*. Even that *Chance* it self,

self, supposing *Epicurus's* Opinion true, is worthy of *Supreme Honours* and *Sacrifices*, which has with such *Exquisite Luck*, perform'd all the Part of *Infinite Wisdom* and *Forecast*, in *Forming* and *Preserving* the *Universe*. Were I a *Disciple* of that *Philosopher*, every Morning when I beheld the *Rising Sun*, and at *Mid-Day* when I saw him *Glimb* the *Meridian*, and in the *Evening* when he takes his *Congé* of this *Upper World* to visit our *Antipodes*, wou'd I with *Profoundest Veneration* cry out, *O Eternal Chance! O Omnipotent Casualty! O Incomprehensible Blindness!* I adore thee, I burn *Incense* to thee, and do all Things which the *duller Sort* of *Mortals* think are only due to an *All-Wise, All-Good, and an All-Mighty God*. Thus wou'd I address to that *Infinite Pell-Mell* of *Atomes*, cou'd I believe with *Epicurus*, that from such an *Unconceivable Hurly-Burly*, proceeded all this *Admirable Beauty* and *Order* which we behold.

Thou wilt perceive by this, that I am *Religiously dispos'd*; and rather than not Adore some *Supreme Being*, I wou'd make a *Deity* of that which to others is the *Fountain* of *Atheism*. And I think there is *Reason* on my side. For let this *World* be produc'd how it will, whether by the *Casual Concourfe* of *Atomes*, or by the *Deliberate Act* of an *Eternal Mind*; Whether it be *Eternally Self-Existent*, according to the *Stoicks*, or be the *Genuine Result* of the *Divine Ideas*, as the *Platonists* say; It is but *Just*, that we should pay the most *Devout* and *Grateful Acknowledgments*

judgments to the *Source* of so many *Immense* *Prodigies* and *Wonders*.

But then, what shall we say for all the *EVIL* that appears in the *World*? That there is such a Thing as *EVIL*, scatter'd up and down through all the *Ranks* of *Beings*, and as it were blended and rivetted in their very *Essences*; is manifest at First View, and every Man has his Share of this *Epidemical* Contagion. But whence it proceeds, who can inform me? I am not the First that ask the Question. Many Ages ago the Inquisitive World was busy in searching out the *Root* of *EVIL*. And there were almost as many *Opinions* about it, as there were *Nations* on Earth.

Some asserted, That all *EVIL* came out of the *North*: Others derive it from the *South*; as if the *Two Poles* were the *Centers* and *Natural Seats* of this *Malady* of the *World*. But these seem to be Men of Short Discourse and Shallow Reason, Supinely Credulous, and willing to take up with any Thing, rather than exert the Pains of Attentive Contemplation.

Yet this Opinion has so far prevail'd in these *Western* Parts, that the *Nazarene Priests* when they Celebrate their *Mass*, stand on the *North Side* of the *Altar* at the Reading the *Gospel*, turning their *Backs* to that *Quarter* of the *World*. And the Reason they give for this *Ceremony* is, because in the *Written Law* it is said, *Out of the North comes* *EVIL*. I have heard 'em seriously maintain this Argument. But, God knows whether there be any such Place in the *Written Law*,

Law, or no: Or, if there be, whether it must be taken in this Sence. Yet I must confess, the *Romans* have some Reason to believe it, having Experimentally felt a great deal of *EVIL* from the *Northern Goths* and *Vandals*, who in *Former Ages* rush'd out of their *Frozen Regions*, and came down like a *Torrent* upon *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*, making Havock of all Things *Civil* and *Sacred*. And, if this be the Ground of their *Ceremony*, they have greater Reason now to change their *Station*, and turn their Backs to the *South-East*, having been much more *Fatally* handled by the *Victorious Mussulmans*.

The *Ancient Persians* held, That there were *Two Principles* or *Sources* of *All Things*, viz. *GOOD* and *EVIL*; and that there has been an *Eternal Quarrel* between them: But in the End, they say, the *GOOD* shall get the *Victory* and, *Exterminate* the *EVIL*. This Opinion was embrac'd by a *Sect* of *Christians*, whom they call'd *Manichees*. The *Founder* of that *Sect*, was a *Persian* by Birth: His Name was *Manes*, a very *Learned Man*, as the *Records* of the *East* testify: Yet the *Christians* rank him among the most *Pernicious Hereticks*. He taught, That *Wine* was the *Blood of Devils*; And therefore forbade it to his *Followers*. He also prohibited the *Flesh* of *Animals*. This he learn'd from the *Priests* of *Egypt*, where he resided a considerable *Time*.

But

BUT to return to the Sentiments of Men concerning the *Origin of EVIL*. There are some who affirm, *God is the Author of it*: Which is not far from *Blasphemy*. Others say, That when the *Devils* were Exterminated from the Earth, they in Revenge sow'd the *Seeds of EVIL* in the *Universe*. But that of the *Stoicks* seems the most plausible to me: For they asserted, That nothing is *EVIL* of it self, but that the *Contrariety* which we behold in the *World*, is very *Good*, and conduces to Establish the *Order* and *Oeconomy* of *All Things*.

My dear *Gnet*, do not esteem me an *Atheist*, because of the Liberty I take in discouraging of these *Mysterious Things*. There are a Sort of People here in the *West* whom they call *Deists*, that is, Men professing the *Belief* of a *God*, *Creator* of the *World*, but *Scepticks* in all Things else. They have no *Implicite Faith* in *Historical Religion*, but think it the Part of Men as they are endu'd with Reason, to call in Question the *Writings* of Mortals like themselves, though they had the Character of the *Greatest Prophets*. Thus they think it no Sin to Canvass the *Books* of *Moses*, and the *Hebrew Prophets*, the *Gospel* of *Jesus the Son of Mary*, and the *Alcoran* of *Mahomet* our *Holy Lawgiver*: Chusing what is Agreeable to Reason, and rejecting the Rest as *Fabulous*, inserted either by the Craft of Men, or the Interloping of the *Devil*.

I protest, there appears to me no Reason to call these Men *Atheists* or *Infidels*. They
I rather

rather seem to deserve the Title of *Philosophers*, or Lovers of Wisdom and Truth. And 'tis from them I have learn'd this Unwillingness to be impos'd on in Matters of *Religion*. I find them in all Things Men of great Morality and Goodness, far exceeding the *Zealots* of the Age in true Virtue and Pious Actions. But they make no Noise of what they do: And whilst only their Humane Frailties are Conspicuous to all, their Perfections lie conceal'd under the Veil of an Unparallel'd Modesty.

Such of Old were the *Associates* of *Zeid Eb'n Raphaa*, my Country-man. This was a Person of an Ardent Spirit and Prodigious Understanding, Educated in the *Musulman Law*: But when he came to those Years, wherein Men usually examine the *Grounds* of their *Religion*, he sought out the most *Learned Men*, and such as were vers'd in all *Sciences*. After he had convers'd some Time with 'em, and found 'em to be Persons of Integrity, as well as Men of Sense, he propos'd to them the Convenience of frequent *Clubs* among themselves, where they might with an Unrestrained Freedom, discourse of all Things; and being United in an Inviolable Friendship, might improve one another in Knowledge and Virtue, without regarding the *Legends* and *Harangues* of the *Mollahs*. This Society compos'd Fifty *Books* of so many several Kinds of *Science*, and they call'd 'em *Echwanossapha*, or the *Writings* of the *Sincere Fraternity*, concealing their Names. They treat-
ed

ed of *Humane* and *Divine* Matters without Reserves or Caution: Asserting, That the *Mussulman Religion* was Corrupted and Alienated from its *First Institution*, having imbib'd many *Errors*; and that there was no Way to restore it to its *Primitive Purity*, but by joining to it the *Philosophy* of the *Ancients*. In a Word, they endeavour'd to reform whatever was amiss in the *Doctrines* and *Manners* of the *Faithful*, by reducing both to the *Standard of Reason*.

I know not whether thou wilt approve or dislike their Enterprize. But I am sure, thou art Sensible as well as I, that there are *Bigots* among the *Followers* of the *Prophet*, and that these deserve Correction. The *Devil* will set his Foot in the *Temple of God*. But do not thou follow his Steps. If thou do, He that made the *Devil*, fetch thee back again.

Paris, 30th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER II.

To the Nazin Eschref, or, Prince of
the Emirs, at the Port.

THE *Christians* say, 'tis an Argument of *God's* Love when he chastises them. Therefore they have no Reason to be peevish, or call it an Effect of his Anger, that a dismal *Plague* is broke out in the *Territories* of the *Pope*, the *Kingdom* of *Naples*, and other Parts of *Italy*. This Contagion rages so vehemently in *Rome*, the *Capital* City of the *Western Nazarenes*, that above a Hundred Thousand Persons of several Ranks have forsaken that Place. The *Pope's Palace* is shut up, and no Access granted to any, not even to Foreign *Embassadors*, without great Precaution; and then, none of their Retinue are admitted with them.

'Tis said, Seventeen Hundred die daily in that City, and Six Thousand a-Day in *Naples*. Nay, in some Places, the *Living* are scarce sufficient to bury the *Dead*. The *Grand Duke* of *Tuscany*, to prevent the spreading the *Infection* in his *Territories*, has forbid all Intercourse between his *Subjects* and those of the *Pope*, neither will he permit so much as a *Nuncio* to pass through his Dominions.

This Mortality has frightened *Queen Christina* from *Rome*. She has sent to desire *Passes* of the

the *Duke of Savoy* and other *Princes*, designing for *France*. She is already on her Voyage, having been presented by the *Pope* with Ten Thousand Crowns, to defray the Expences of her Travels. Here are great Preparations making for her Reception: The *King* having sent Orders to all *Governours* of *Towns* and *Provinces* through which she must pass, to receive and entertain her with a Magnificence due to her *Sovereign Dignity*, and worthy of the *French Grandeur* and *Hospitality*.

In the mean Time, this *Court* is in a sullen Humour, by Reason of a late great Loss they have suffered at *Valenciennes* in *Flanders*. This Place was besieged by the *French*, at the Beginning of the Campaign, but was reliev'd by the *Spaniards* this Moon, who kill'd above a Thousand Men on the Spot, took Five Thousand Prisoners, with all their Cannon and Baggage. Amongst the Captives of Note, is the *Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre*, General of the *French Army*. The Names of the others are wanting. *Mareschal de Turenne* himself very narrowly escap'd, by timely withdrawing his *Brigade* from the Fight: For which some stigmatize him with Cowardise and Treachery: Whilst others affirm, he acted the Part of a Prudent Captain, in thus Retreating, since it was impossible to restore the Battle with any success.

From *Sweden* we hear, that the *Electors* of *Brandenburgh* has enter'd into a *League* with the *King of Sweden*, by which both their Armies are United against the *King of Poland*:

and 'tis said, their first Design will be upon *Dantzick*. That Country is in a horrid Confusion, the *Nobles*, *Gentry*, and *Boores* being all in Arms, some deserting their *Sovereign*, others adhering to his Interest. *King Casimir*, has invested *Warsaw* with an Army of Forty Thousand Men. In the mean Time, the *Hollanders* have sent a great Fleet of Ships of War into the *Baltick Sea*; but to what end, is not known; nor what Part they will take, whether the *Swedes* or *Poles*. Yet, the Latter hope for great Assistance from them, there having been lately some Misunderstanding between the *Dutch* and the *Swedes*. The *Moscovites* also have enter'd *Poland* with a Numerous Army, and the *Tartars* are coming with another to the Aid of *King Casimir*.

Thus is *Poland* become the Stage of a most Terrible War; and which Side soever gets the Victory, that unhappy Country will be near ruin'd.

Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at *Vienna*, and a Private Agent for the *Grand Signior*, sends me Word, that the *Emperour* of *Germany* hath an Army of Thirty Thousand Foot, and Twelve Thousand Horse in *Silesia*, who are to join with the *Moscovites*, and do some considerable Action against the *Swedes*, whose continual Victories and growing Greatness, gives Jealousy to these Puissant Monarchs. He informs me farther, that the *Emperour* has dispatch'd a *Courier* to the *Prince* of *Transylvania*, with Instructions and Letters, to engage him to a *Neutrality*.

But

But the Young *Ragotski*, is as Wild as his Father, and hates to be led by the Nose.

Thou mayest inform the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, that *Adonai* the Jew, is dead of the *Plague* in *Rome*, having first taken Care to transmit to me all the Papers which concern the *Mysterious Port*.

This Court at present is at a Place call'd *La Fere* in *Picardy*, a Province bordering on *Flanders*. From whence there may be a more frequent Intercourse between the King and his Camp.

Prince of the *Holy Line*, I have sent thee all the News that is stirring at this Juncture, saving some trivial Matters which are not worth a *Moselman's* Knowledge; much less thine, who art distinguish'd from the Crowd of *True Believers*, by wearing the *Sacred Colour* of the *Prophet*.

Paris, the 30th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER III.

To Melec Amet.

HERE has been a strange Accident lately, not many Leagues from *Paris*, which has occasioned Various Discourses, and put the *Philosophers* upon a New Scrutiny. One Morning a certain *Peasant* or *Farmer*, walking over his Lands, as his Custom is, to number his Sheep and other Cattle, miss'd a *Barn* or *Store-House* which stood in a Field at some Distance from his Habitation. Surpriz'd at this, he hasten'd towards the Place where he saw it but the Night before: When, to his no small Astonishment, he perceiv'd, that not only the *Barn*, but a great Part of the Field wherein it was built, was sunk into the Earth. He immediately ran and call'd some of his next Neighbours to behold this Strange Spectacle: And the Fame of it spread all over the Country. Divers Learned and Ingenious Persons have been there, to make Observations of this Accident. But none dares venture near enough to the *Chasme*, to look down into it; because the Earth continues breaking and falling in, which makes a Noise like the *Salvo's* of the *Janizaries*, when the *Grand Signior* visits the *Arsenal*.

One would conclude by these Uncommon Symptoms, that the Earth grows Ancient and Weak,

Weak, that her Inward Strength, and Vigor decays, and that we are every where in Danger of being swallow'd up. I have not Time to write more, it being Midnight, and the *Post* ready to go.

The *Almighty* and *All-Good God*, have thee in his *Holy Protection*.

Paris, 30th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER IV.

To Zornezan Mustapha, Beglerbeg
of Erz'ram.

I Will still Congratulate thy Happiness, even in this Last Change of thy Fortune; which, though it be a Kind of *Descent* from the more Lofly *Stations* thou hast possess'd in the *Osman Empire*, yet 'tis attended with Honourable Circumstances and an Inviolable security. Thou art not out of the *Sultan's* Favour, Banished to *Egypt*, and Confined to a narrow *Pension* during thy Life, as has been the Fate of several *Grandeess*: But thou art withdrawn from the Intrigues of *State*, the Toils of War, and the Plots of a Courtier's Life; to the Sweet Retirements of the Country, the Peaceable Possession of a Rich and Fertile Province, where thou mayst pass thy

15

Days

Days in Uncontroulable Ease and Felicity.

I am not surpriz'd at the Fall of so many *Great Men* at the *Port*, nor do I much regret the Death of those who were known *Enemies* to the *Government*: Yet it troubles me to think, how the *Brave* and the *Loyal* had their *Innocent Blood* mingled with that of *Traytors* and *Villains*. But, these Things are unavoidable in *Popular Insurrections*, when the *Sovereign* is compell'd to sacrifice to the *Multitude*, whomsoever they require. Thus fell the *Illustrious Solymán*, among the *Criminal Eunuchs*, though he himself was free from *Stain*. But he was a *Negro*, and that was his *Ruine*. For, the *Malecontents* could not discern the *Fair Qualities* of his *Soul*.

Curse on that Fool *Chaban Kalfa*, and double Curses on his Rampant Wife *Mulky Kadin*, who gave the First Occasions to all this Disorder and Spoil of *Noble Blood*. I remember, the honest *Solymán* gave me once a Hint of the *Feminine Debaucheries* practis'd in the *Queen-Mother's Apartments*: But he spoke of it with so much *Modesty* and *Reserve*, that it hardly made any Impression on me at that Time. Otherwise I should have imparted it to the *Vizir Azem*, or some other *Minister* of the *Divan*; for, so am I commanded, in Cases that touch the Honour and Safety of the *Grand Signior*. And, I tell thee, this was none of the least Importance. For, as it appears, the *Women* were undermining the most Sacred and Firmly Establish'd *Government* in the World. They were
not

not contented to wallow in their own Impious and Unnatural Delights, but wou'd have set themselves as a Pattern to others, and by Degrees have infected the whole *Moselman Empire* with a New Species of Debauchery: Which as it began and was carried on by Embellishing the Royal Treasures, selling of Places to Men of no Merit, Buffoons, Pimps and Asses; so would it have ended in enervating our *Militia*, corrupting all the *Faithful*, and laying the *Empire* naked to *Infidels*.

How many *Vizirs*, *Caimachams*, *Captain-Bassa's* and other *Officers* have we had this Fatal Year? Among the Rest, I cannot but reflect on the Poysoning of the *Chianx Bassa*, after he was made *Vizir Azem*, as a Stroke of Divine Justice, for having embroid his Hands in so much *Noble Blood*, when he enjoy'd that Dignity once before. God pursues the Cruel with Invisible Scourges.

But what was that *Achmet Bassa*, who took Advantage of the *Sultan's* Domestick Troubles, and Foreign Wars, to disturb his Government in *Asia*, and raise a Rebellion, which threatn'd even the *Imperial City* it self? By the Course of his Fortune, it looks as if he were not contented with his Command in *Asia*, and therefore took this new, celebrated Method to obtain a Higher Dignity, viz. by Rebelling against his Master: Else why was he made *Bassa* of the Sea, in the Room of *Onroos Kienan*? The *Bassa* of *Aleppo* first brought into Fashion this daring Way of growing Great. And if it be thus countenanc'd

nanc'd by the *Grand Signior*, in all Probability, he will have Reason to make *Peace* with the *Christians*, that he may have Respite, and Forces to employ against his own *Subjects*.

Amidst all these Things, Nothing afflicts me so much, as the Horrible Loss our *Fleet* has sustain'd at *Sea*. We have various Reports of this Combat, but in general they agree, That the *Moselmans* have lost Seventy Two Ships and Gallies, with an Infinite Number of Men; That the *Venetians* have taken the *Isles* of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, and that they are advancing to besiege *Constantinople*. This News is a great while coming to us: So that, if it be true, and the *Venetians* pursu'd their Victory, for ought I know, by this Time, the *Imperial City*, the Refuge of the *World*, may be laid in *Ashes*.

I have often propos'd the Necessity of Platforms along the *Hellepont*, to guard that Important Avenue of the *Sacred Port*. Had they put in Practice *Mahmut's* Advice, perhaps the *Nazarenes* would have had no Occasion for their present Triumphs. But, now they Banquet in the open Streets; All *Christendom* rings with the News of our Disgrace. The *Drunkards* of *Europe*, insult o'er the *Professors* of *Sobriety*: Amidst their Bowels of Wine, they blaspheme our *Prophet*, and sing in the Praise of *Bacchus* their God: They menace the Conquest of *Asia*, and threaten to exterminate the *Moselmans* from the Earth.

Enrag'd

Enrag'd at these Prophane Boasts, I stop
my Ears, and turning round in a Divine
Phrensy, I pray that *God* would baffle the
Infidels.

Paris, 6th. of the 9th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER V.

To the most Renowned and most Ill-
lustrious Mahomet, Vizir Azem,
at the Port.

THAT Incomprehensible Majesty which
has no Resemblance, at whose Pleasure
all Things are dispos'd and order'd in *Heaven*
and *Earth*, by whose particular *Providence*,
for the Good of the *Osman Empire*, thou art
exalted to this Glorious Trust, to be *Vicar* of
the *Vicar* of *God*; augment thy Graces and
Vertues, and bless thee with Superlative Wis-
dom, and perfect Tranquility.

I revere thy Accomplished *Soul*, consum-
mate in all *Moral* and *Political* Science. Thou
art the most Experienc'd Man in the *Empire*.
And I ceas'd to condole the late Tumults and
Riots at *Constantinople*, though their Effects
were Fatal to some brave Men; since thou art
chosen to this *Dignity*, from whom the whole
Empire

Empire may expect, not only a serener State of Affairs, during thy Administration, but also a rooting up of the Causes of these Publick Distempers, and of all other Evils which infest the *Monarchy* design'd for the *Conquest* and *Reformation* of the whole *World*.

According to the Custom of the *East*, I approach thee not without some Present: But pardon the Slave *Mahmut*, who can send thee none worthy of thy Grandeur. I have enclos'd in a *Box* the true *Effigies* of the Present *King of France*, with that of his Uncle the *Duke of Orleans*, his Brother the *Duke of Anjou*, and his Cousin the *Prince of Conde*; as also that of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and *Queen Christina* of *Sweden*, who is now at the *French Court*. Accept also from an *Exile*, a little *Cabinet* containing Twelve *Watches*, of so many different Contrivances, according to the Circular Variation of the *Moons*, in the Space of Thirty Four Years. They are the Work of my own Hands; therefore I shall not commend 'em. Each is wrapt up in a Piece of Silk, wherein is wrought in *Arabick* Letters the Method of using it. Perhaps thou wilt find some Diversion in trying the Experiments mention'd in those *Tables*. However, despise not this mean Testimony of *Mahmut's* Respect; but consider that if I come short of the Curious *Artists* in *Europe*, yet my Labour is passable enough for a *Adofelman*, among whom there is scarce another *Watch-maker* to be found in the *World*.

If thou would'st know the Occasion of *Queen Christina's* being at the *French Court*: She came thither from *Rome*, when the last *Moon* was in its *Wane*. Her Passage was by Sea to *Marseilles*, having touch'd at *Genova*, and receiv'd magnificent Gifts from the *Republick*; but they would not permit her to land, for Fear of the *Plague*, which then rag'd in *Rome*, and was the Cause of her leaving that City.

However, the *French* shew'd no such timorous Squeamishness, but receiv'd Her and her *Train* with open Arms. She landed at *Marseilles* on the 29th. of the 7th. *Moon*; and when she made her Publick Entry, the *Consuls* of that City, with all the *Nobles* met her in Coaches, the Great Guns were discharg'd to welcome her, and she was caress'd with all the Demonstrations of Honor that are shew'd to the *Queen of France* her self in her Progresses.

The same Entertainment she receiv'd at *Aix*, *Avignon*, *Lyons*, and in Fine all along the Road to *Paris*, the Keys of Towns being surrendred to her (for such was the *King's* Pleasure) and a *Canopy of State* born over her Head, when she enter'd any Town, and receiv'd the Addresses and Compliments of *Governours*, *Prelates*, and other *Great Men*, in Authority. She was likewise Magnificently treated by *Princes* and the Chief *Dukes* of the *Realm*: And on the 8th. of the last *Moon*, made her Entry into this City on Horse-back, apparell'd like a Man: Where having staid some Time, she departed from *Compiegne*, to
visit

visit the *Court*, which resides there now.

It is not suppos'd, she will tarry long in *France*, but as soon as she hears the *Plague* is abated in *Rome*, and the Adjacent Parts, she will return thither, to pass away the Residue of her Life, in that *Nest of Princes and Prelates* of the *Nazarene Belief*.

A little before she left *Rome*, the *Spaniards* there had Conspir'd to seize on her Person, as also on the *Pope*; to have Murder'd the *Portugal Ambassador*, and set the City on Fire. But the Plot was discover'd, and the *Conspirators* put in Prison: (For, the Sentence of *Death* is never pass'd in *Criminal Cases* among the *Nazarenes*, without a Formal Tryal.)

Here is a Rumour, as if a Great Fire had some *Moons* ago broke out in *Constantinople*, and consumed much of that City. I wonder none of my Friends, nor any other residing there, have sent me an Account of any such Thing. Which fills me with Hopes, that this Report is false.

From all Hands we are assur'd, that the *Swedes* and *Brandenburghers* have obtain'd a great Victory over the *Poles* and *Tartars* at *Warsaw*; the Vanquish'd having lost above Six Thousand Men on the Spot, with all their Ammunition and Baggage: And unfortunate *King Casimir*, was forc'd to fly with a small Retinue towards *Hungary*.

'Twas the General Expectation of *Europe*, that the *Moscovites* and *Germans*, would have done something extraordinary for the *Poles*,
and

and by some surprizing Action, put a check, to the *Swedish* Successes and Triumphs. For when the *Moscovite* Ambassador was at *Königsberg* endeavouring to withdraw the *Duke of Brandenburg* from the *Swedish* Interest, he vomited forth terrible Menaces, in Case they complied not with His Master's Proposals. And one Day, in a furious Zeal, he took a large Goblet of Wine, in the *Electors* Presence; and having drank it off to the *Czar's* Health, the *Barbarian* said aloud, *Thus shall the great Emperour of the Moscovites devour all that oppose him.* But now it seems, these were only Empty Bravadoes, and the *Moscovites* were resolved to stand by, and see who got the better on't.* The same may be said of the *Emperour*, and *Prince of Transylvania*; so of the *Danes* and *Hollanders*, who now all declare for the Strongest Party.

Magnanimous *Vizir*, if the present Engagements and Wars in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, besides the Domestick Troubles of the *Ottoman Empire*, did not wholly employ the Arms of the *Moselmans*; doubtless, 'twould be an Undertaking no less Profitable than Glorious, to succour the distress'd *Casimir*, turn the Tide of the *Gothish* Conquests, and oblige the *Poles* to an Eternal Fidelity and Gratitude to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Abraham Eli Zeid, Hogia, Preacher to the Seraglio.

I Have frequent Access to the *King's Library*: Which Favour was first granted me by *Cardinal Richlieu*, who often employ'd me in translating some Curious *Treatises* out of *Arabick* into *French* or *Latin*. The *French* seem very fond of *Eastern Manuscripts*, where ever they can meet with 'em: And they have no less Regard for Men who are skill'd in those *Languages*. That *Minister* especially, was very Inquisitive into the *Wisdom* and *Learning* of *Asia*. He Monopoliz'd *Persian*, *Syrian* and *Arabick* Books, and was a profess'd Patron of *Linguists*. He coveted the Acquaintance of *Strangers* and *Travellers*, that he might by their means Inform himself of the different *Laws*, *Customs* and *Religions* of *Foreign Countries*; and of whatsoever was Rare and worthy of Observation, in any Part of the *World*.

Hence it was, that I receiv'd Evident Marks of his Esteem, as soon as he knew that I understood the *Greek*, *Arabick*, *Hebrew*, *Turkish* and *Sclavonian* Languages. He often made use of me, as I have said, and gave me free Access to his own and the *King's Library*. And tho' his Successor *Cardinal Mazarini*,

Mazarini, is not so much addicted to Studies of this Nature, as to the *Affairs of State*; yet he has continued to me the Privilege of visiting this *Treasury of Learned Books*, where I pass many Hours.

One Day I cast my Eyes on a *Manuscript* written in *Arabick*, and endors'd with this Title,

[*The Original Covenant of Mahomet the Prophet of the Arabians, with the Professors of the Faith of Jesus,*]

and Underneath was a *Latin Inscription*, signifying, That this *Manuscript* was found in the *Convent of Christian Friars on Mount Carmel*. I have Transcrib'd the *Contents* of this *Parchment*, and sent it Enclos'd to thee, that thou may'st judge whether it be *Real* or only *Counterfeit*. For, the *Nazarenes* assert it to be the *True Agreement* of the *Messenger of God*; and therefore reproach all the *Moselmans* with Disobedience to our *Law-giver*, and breaking the *League, Sign'd and Seal'd* by *Him* whom we call the *Seal of the Prophets*, and *Witness'd* by the *Four Principal Doctors, Abu Becre, Osman, Omar and Hali*.

If thou wilt peruse the Enclos'd Paper, it will be easy to discern, Whether *We* are Guilty of this Violation of *Faith*, or *They*. For, though (supposing this to be the *Real Testament* of the *Prophet*, as is pretended) that *Favourite of Heaven* grants many *Articles of Peace, Assistance and Friendship*, to the *Followers*

lowers of Jesus, with Immunity from Taxes and Impositions, Liberty of Conscience, Freedom of Marriages, &c. Yet 'tis evident, that he promised not these Things, but on certain *Conditions* to be observed on the Part of the *Christians*; as, that None of them should harbour, or hold Correspondence with the Enemies of the *True Believers*, or Privately accommodate 'em with Arms, Horses, Money or any other Necessaries of *War*: But, on the Contrary, should Hospitably receive the *Moselmans* into their Houses for Three Days, and Protect 'em from their Enemies. If therefore, the *Christians* should fail in any of these *Points*, the *Prophet* declares his *Covenant* to be void, and that they shall not enjoy the *Indulgences* granted therein. All this, thou wilt see, is recommended solemnly to both *Parties*, to be Religiously performed, till the *Final Consummation*.

Now, all the Dispute is, Whether *We* have First transgressed these *Articles*, or the *Nazarenes*? For if it can be prov'd, That they are the First Aggressors, then they have no Reason to complain of their Misfortunes, or accuse the *True Faithful* of Oppression and Tyranny, as they commonly do; Since it is manifest, that they have drawn these Evils on themselves, by their Breach of Faith, and Infidelity, disannulling the *Covenant* of God and his *Prophet*, and forfeiting the Benefits they might have claim'd by Vertue of it. Be it how it will, the *Prophet* is free from Blame: Let the Guilt rest on the Persons that were Criminal.

I know

I know not how it comes to pass, that the *Christians of this Age*, think and speak more Reproachfully of our *Holy Lawgiver*, than did their *Fathers*, who lived in his Time or immediately after it, and who by Consequence could better inform themselves of the Circumstances of his Birth, Life, and Renowned Actions. Some Ancient *Writers* among the *Nazarenes*, make Honourable Mention of *Him* and his *Family*. They conceal not the Early Signs of his Heroick Virtue, and the Grandeur to which he was destin'd. I have read in a certain *Christian Author*, That when the *Prophet* was but Nine Years Old, under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu Taleb*, who carried his *Glorious Charge* along with him to *Damascus*, and that whilst they were at *Boz'r*, a Learned *Monk* whose Name was *Bohira*, came out of the *Convent* to meet them; and taking *Mahomet* by the Hand in the Presence of many *Christians*, he said aloud, *This Youth is born to accomplish Great Things: His Fame shall be spread from East to West: For, as he drew near this Place, I saw a bright Cloud descend and cover him.* *Sultan David* also Prophesied of him, in that which the *Christians* reckon the 50th. *Psalms*, and the 2d. *Verse*: Where that *Divine Poet* thus Sings, *From Sion God hath proclaimed the Empire of Mahomet.* But the *Christians* have Interpreted this in another Sence, though the *Original* remains a standing Witness against 'em. So *Moses* in the *Pentateuch* uttered a *Mystery*,
when

when he said, *God came from Sinai, he rose up from Seir, and was manifested from Mount Paran.* Intimating hereby, the *Descent* of the *Written Law* to *Moses*, of the *Gospel* to *Jesus the Son of Mary*, and of the *Alcoran* to *Mahomet*. The *Messias* also said to his *Disciples*, *If I go not away, the Called of God will not come to You.* But the *Christian Interpreters* wilfully hide these Things from the *Vulgar*, lest their *Eyes* shou'd be open'd. There appears an *Obstinate Malice* and *Ignorance* in all their *Actions*.

Who will not laugh at the foolish Spight of the *Spaniards*; who, in a certain Town, had a Custom, as oft as they enter'd into the *Church*, or came out, to spit on a *Black Image* of a *Man* sitting on an *Ass*, near the Gate. But a *Mussulman Embassador* coming thither from the *Emperour of Morocco*, and observing this *Vain Ceremony* of the People, ask'd the *King*, *What Person that Statue represented?* He made Answer, *That it was the Image of Mahomet, the Arabian Prophet.* That cannot be, reply'd the *Embassador*, *since our Prophet never rode but on Camels: It is rather the Figure of the Messias, who indeed is recorded to have rode on an Ass.* The *King* troubl'd at this Answer, consulted the *Priests* and *Learned Men*, who all concluded, that the *Embassador* had spoke the Truth. And therefore, instead of offering any more *Indignities* to this *Image*, they fell into another *Extreme*, and built a *Chappel* for it, burning *Incense* to the *Senseless Stock*, and paying it *Divine Ho-*

mons. Thus they Pray'd to that, which but a little before they had Curs'd; and turn'd into a *God*, that which they had esteem'd almost as bad as the *Devil*. *God's* Curse be on the *Devil*, and all his Adorers: But on the *Holy Prophet*, and his *Followers*, may Blessings shower down, and rest till the *Knot* of the *Spheres* be dissolv'd.

Paris, 14th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VII.

To Murat Bassa.

K Now for Certain, that *Dom Juan de Braganza*, late *King of Portugal* is dead. He left this World on the 6th. of the last Moon, after he had been tormented Ten Days with the *Stone*: His *Queen* has the Supreme Power in her Hands during her Son's *Minority*, whose Name is *Dom Alphonso*. This young *Prince* was *Crown'd* within a few Days after his Father's Decease, to prevent the Plots of the *Spaniards*, who support a Powerful Faction in that *Kingdom of Portugal*, and are not without Hopes, to reduce it again to the *King of Spain's* Obedience. The World is always busy, either in recovering Old lost Interests, or seeking of New.

The

The *Mareschal de la Ferte*, who was taken Prisoner by the *Prince of Conde* in the Battle of *Valenciennes*, and having a Price set for his Ransom, had Liberty to go whether he would on his *Parole*, either to bring the said Sum, or surrender his Person, by a certain Day; finding himself slighted at the *French Court*, is resolved to perform his Promise, at the prefix'd Time, and go over to the *Prince of Conde's* Interest, who will not fail to bestow a very Honourable Command on a *General* of such Merits.

In the mean Time, the *Count of Harcourt* plays Tricks with his *Master*, and holds private Correspondence with the *German Emperour*. He is a Serviceable or a Dangerous Man, according as he is pleased or disgusted, and therefore they court him on both Sides. He is now at *Brisac* in *Alsace*. I cannot admire a Man, that is thus Industriously troublesome to his *Prince*, without any Thing of Merit or Bravery to boast of, save his former Services in *Catalonia*, which have been sufficiently repayed with *Royal* Condescensions and Favours. And those who make a Parallel between his Case, and that of the *Mareschal de la Ferte Seneterre*, consider not, that the last fell into his Enemies Hands, only by the Chance of War: Whereas, the other is a Wilful Apostate, if he embraces the *Emperour's* Proposals, when no Necessity constrains him, and Honour flies in his Face.

From the North we are informed, That *Count Coningsmark*, *Generalissimo* of the *Swedish*

lish Forces in *Prussia*, as he was sailing from *Wisnar*, was taken *Captive* by the *Poles*, and Imprison'd in the *Castle* of *Weyssel-munden*, near *Dantzick*. And the Inhabitants of that City miss'd very narrowly of Taking the *Queen* of *Sueden* herself. 'Tis certain, they have got a vast Booty from the *Suedes*, consisting of Eighteen Chests full of Gold, with Coffers of the *King's* Jewels, and other Rich Things.

These, *King Casimir* demands for himself, with a Million of *Rix-Dollars* to be paid him by the *Dantzickers*; requiring also, that they shou'd furnish his Army with all sorts of Ammunition and Provisions: Which tho' it be a heavy Burden, yet those Loyal Citizens think Nothing too much for their *King*.

The *Moscovites* in the 9th. *Moon* besieg'd *Riga*, a City belonging to the *Crown* of *Sueden*, but have newly rais'd the Siege, after they had lost above Ten Thousand Men before the Place.

This is all the News I can send thee, save that the *French* have taken *Valentia*, a City in *Italy*.

I wish I may hear as prosperous Intelligence as this last from *Candia*, after such Immense Charges and Slaughter. But, Victory is in the Disposal of the *Angel* of *Time*.

Paris, 2d. of the 12th. *Moon*,
of the Year 1656.

LETTER VIII.

To Hebatolla Mir Argun, Superior
of the Convent of Dervishes, at
Cogni in Natolia.

IT is difficult to define the particular Temper of my *Soul*, when I first receiv'd the News of thy *Predecessor's* Death, that Renown'd and Venerable *Bedredin*, who, as thy *Dispatch* informs me, is gone to *Paradise*. I was neither in Passion, nor yet Insensible, but wholly Resign'd to the *will* of *Heaven*. I consider'd his Immense Vertues, and the Course of *Nature*: His wonderful Age, and more Admirable Actions, a Life Equally measur'd by Hours, and Prodigies of Piety. For, he was not in the Number of those, who let whole Days pass away, without the least Good Work, or without leaving any *Impress* on the *Track* of *Time*. I express my self according to the Vulgar Saying, [*Time Passes away*;] Whereas, in my Opinion, *Time* stands still, and only *We* pass away, with all Things subject to Motion and Change. 'Tis like the Mistake of those who sailing on the Water, think the Trees and Mountains move, whilst only they themselves are driven before the Wind. Or, like the *Philosophy* of those, who trusting to their Grosser Sense, maintain, the *Sun* whirls daily round our World; tho',
according

according to Reason and better *Philosophy*, that *Globe* of *Light* stands still, whilst ours turns round its *Axel-Tree*, and so deceives our Eyes. Thus whilst we Mortals glide o'er the uncertain Waves of Humane Life, and pass by the Visible and Fixed Land-marks of Time, Day and Night, we imagine those Land-marks move, and not we our selves. Whereas, Day and Night remain for Ever, steadfast and invariable in their Successive Intervals, and only the Elements, and Bodies Compound of 'em, are subject to Change.

Minutes, Hours, Days, and Years are not properly the Measures of *Time*, but of the Motion and Duration of all Corruptible Beings: For *Time* is Infinite and beyond all Dimensions. In a Word, 'Tis no otherwise distinguish'd from *Eternity*, than barely by a Name.

All that I have said on this Subject, is comprehended in the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *To Morrow, is Never*. Doubtless, there's no *Paradox* or *Heresy* in saying, 'Tis always *To Day*; or that this Hour, this Minute is Eternal. And from this Truth sprung the Contemplation of those, who place *Eternity* in a *Point* or *Instant*.

But, to return to *Bedredin*, that *Faithful* of the *Faithful*, may his *Soul* repose in the *Mercies* of God, and his *Memory* be bless'd. May *Gabriel*, the *Friend* of the *Prophet*, pray for him; then *Michael*, *Israphiel*, and the *Messenger* of *Death*, with all the *Angels* who made *Oraisons* for the *Divine Favourite*, after

his *Translation* from this *Earthly State*. And, when thou, and the *Religious Fraternity* under thy Care, have perform'd the accustom'd *Prayers* and *Expiations* for the *Illustrious Prelate* Deceas'd; there is no Question but that he shall be in a Condition to Intercede for you, and for the whole *Mussulman Empire*: For he was a perfect *Saint*, and the Beloved of *God*.

O Sage and Reverend *Successor* of that *Holy Man*, suffer me to tell thee, Thy Name, *Hebatolla* [*The Gift of God*,] fills me with Glorious Presages of thy Life and Administration in that Renowned College, where the Incomparable *Bedredin* shin'd so many Years. Now he is gone to *God*, and to the Gardens of Eternal Retirement, having left his Seat on Earth to thee, replenish'd with the Sacred Odour of Vertue.

He was a Religious Imitator of the *Prophets*, and of all *Holy Men* in General; a devout Admirer of the *Messias*, and a faithful *Disciple* of the *Sent of God*. Now he is gone to sit down with them in the *Chioses* of *Eden*, on the Banks of Immortal Streams, the Rivers of Wine, Milk and Honey, which glide along the Alleys of *Paradise*. This is the Recompence of Heroick Vertue, the Crown of Good Works, the Bliss prepar'd for chaste and purify'd *Souls*, who in their Transmigration from this Earth, carry no Stains of Vice along with 'em. For, nothing impure can find Admittance into that *World of Glittering Essences*.

O He.

O *Hebatolla*, What is there on this obscure Globe, that deserves to be compar'd with those Serener Joys Above; Those unsullied Pleasures; That untarnish'd Bliss? And yet sometimes we taste strange Felicities here on Earth. But 'tis only when the Gates and Casements of *Paradise* are open, when a Celestial Wind transports hither the Leaves of the Trees of *Eden*, and perfumes the Air and Skies with the Transcendent Odours of that happy *Region*, waiting also imperfect Sounds, Musick in soft Fragments, and *Eccho's* from the *Quires* of the *Bless'd*. Then 'tis, the Hearts of Mortals feel a secret and inexpressible Joy springing up from the Root; This Lower World (if I may so express my self) is all entranc'd with Pleasure. This happens not every Day, but only at the *Seasons* of *Divine* Indulgence, on the *Festivals* of some particular *Saints*, and in the Time of the immortal *Jubilee*, when God exhilarates the Universe with Uncommon Favours, and an Infinite Largess.

As for the Rest of our Enjoyments, they are Mitigations indeed of the Pains and Inseparable Miseries of this Mortal Life; They prevail on us to wait the Appointed Hour of *Fate*, and not hurry our selves out of the World before our Time: But, they deserve not to be plac'd in the Rank of true Felicities.

However, our Patience under this Fatigue of Life, our Indifference to Pleasure and Pain, Poverty or Riches, Sickness or Health, Honour or Disgrace, with all the other Objects of Humane Passion, will prove a singular

lar Argument of Merit, a prevailing Recommendation to the Life to come, and an effectual Passport to *Paradise*. For he that is thus insensibly, yet willingly wean'd from the Fullom Joys of Earth, by the very *Course* of *Nature* and *Decree* of *Destiny*, must unavoidably ascend to a Purer *Region*, to a Place capable of satisfying his Aspiring *Soul*. For, *Nature* created no Appetite, to baulk it.

This is the Life so recommended by *Jesus* the *Son* of *Mary*, whose Character thou hast in the *Library* of thy *Convent*. Here I send thee in a *Box*, that which by all the *Nazarenes* is esteem'd his true *Effigies*. I remember, I once saw another of the same Lineaments, in the *Treasury* of the *Grand Signior*. These Pieces are very Rare, because not copy'd by the Hands of Common *Painters*, but by the most Celebrated *Masters* in *Europe*. And the *Original* Draught, they say, was made by the *Messias* himself on an *Handkerchief*, which he clapt to his Face, and so left his lively Protraicture.

I cannot ascertain the Truth of this *Tradition*: But, in Regard this is one of those *Copies* which is Closeted by the Greatest *Monarchs* in *Christendom*, I send it to thee, as a worthy Ornament of thy *Cell*, without either the Peril, or Scandal of *Idolatry*.

The Pious *Bedredin*, was covetous of any *Memoirs* of the *Messias*; whether written in *Hieroglyphicks*, or in the more usual Characters of Speech. He wou'd have made no more Exception at a *Picture*, than at a *Poem*, in Praise of

of that *Holy Prophet*. And, I question not, but thou equallest him in the same Indifference.

I cou'd not so easily procure the true *Pi-cture* of *John*, Surnamed the *Washer*; but here I will give thee a short History of his *Life*. This was a Famous *Prophet*, who liv'd in the Days of the *Messias*, and was of the Race of the *Priests*. His Habitation was altogether in the *Desart*; for, he was an *Ere-mite*, and liv'd in a *Cave* on one of the Mountains of *Judaea*. Some of the *Jews* took him for *Elias*, others for the *Messias*, and a Third Sort said he was *Mahomet*, whose coming was foretold in the *Book* of their *Law*, and in the *Writings* of their *Prophets*.

But *John* deny'd that he was any of these, calling himself in Modesty, *A Voice*, or *Echo*. His Life was very Abstemious: For, he fed only on the Tops of Plants, and wild Honey, drinking Nothing but Water of the Fountain, which ran by the Side of his *Cave*, And his Body was only cover'd with a Vest of *Camel's Hair*, using a Leathern Thong for a Girdle.

To that *Solitary Residence* of his, there was great Resort of People from *Jerusalem* and the Cities round about: For the Fame of his Sanctity had spread through all *Palestine* and *Syria*.

He Wash'd his *Disciples* with his own Hands in the Waters of *Jordan*, from whence he was call'd the *Baptist*, or *Washer*. He daily preach'd *Repentance* and *Good Works* to

the Incredulous *Jews*; and openly declar'd That *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, was the *Messias*. That *Holy Prophet*, it seems, was one of *John's Disciples*, and had been Wash'd by him in the River *Jordan*.

In fine, after many Years of Heroick Vertue and Piety, *John* had his head cut off by the Order of *Herod* the Governour of *Judea* because he had reprov'd the *Tyrant*, for marrying his Brother's Wife.

Behold, these *Memoirs* are the best Presents, the Poor Exil'd *Mahmut* can send thee, when he Congratulates thy Accession to that *Holy Chair*. Yet, such as these, were more welcome to thy *Predecessor*, than Gifts of Silver, Gold or Precious Stones: For, he was a diligent Collector of Choice *Antiquities*, and Select *Fragments* of *History*. He was also a Liberal Patron and Encourager of *Philosophy* and all Sorts of *Learning*. Follow thou his Example, and the *True Faithfull* will be eternally oblig'd to thee. Thou hast a fair Opportunity, there being, as I'm inform'd, the best *Library* in thy *Convent*, of any throughout the *Mussulman Empire*. And, the *Dervishes* under thy Government, are Men addicted to the Study of the *Sciences*. 'Tis pity such Inclinations shou'd want Encouragement, whilst the *Infidels* are every where busie in Founding New *Academies*, and Augmenting the Old. There is one lately erected in the *Dukedom* of *Clave* by the *Elect*or of *Brandenburgh*, where the *Oriental Languages* and *Sciences* are profess'd.

If

If the *Nazarenes* are thus Curious to pry into our *Learning*, why should we be remiss in attaining the knowledge of their *Languages* and *Histories*, since thereby we shall be in a Condition to know their Greatest *Secrets*?

Sage *Hebatolla*, let not the *Infidels* have any longer Occasion to term us Barbarous and Ignorant. But remember that in promoting *Literature*, thou wilt perform a meritorious Service to the *Grand Signior*.

Paris, 17th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER IX.

To Selim Al' Mosel, *Venerable Ima-
um of the Mosch of Sancta Sophia.*

PRAISE be to God, sole Lord of the Zenith and the Nadir, Possessor of Infinite Regions, who hides the First Meridian in the Palm of his Hand! The Names of *Peru*, and *Mexico*, are not now Foreign in the *Ottoman Empire*, especially to Travellers, and Men of Science.

When our *Fathers* first heard of *America*, they had no other Way to express so Unknown a Part of the World, than by calling it the *Land of the Golden Mines*; because of

the Abundance of that Metal, which was brought from thence by the *Spaniards*, since their *Conquests* in those *Parts*. But now we are no Strangers to the *Geography* of that Remote *Continent*. Commerce and Traffick have render'd all the Known Nations of the Earth, familiar one with another. And I remember, when I was at *Constantinople*, the Names of *Peru*, *Mexico*, *Florida*, &c. were as common in the *Copha-Hans*, as the Names of *Indostan*, *Turquistan*, *Gurgistan*, or any other *Province* of *Asia*. So that a man would have been laugh'd at, who in speaking of *America*, should have us'd any Circumlocutions, as to call it the *Empire* of the *Golden Mines*, the *World* beyond the *Great Sea*, or the like.

Yet we must confess, our Knowledge in this Kind is owing to the *Franks*, who sail into those far distant *Regions*, and at their Return, communicate their Intelligence and Observations to us; For else we had been yet altogether strangers to the History of that *New World*.

It was first discovered by *Christopher Columbus*, a *Genouese*, in the Year 1492. of the *Christians Hegira*. This Man had a happy *Genius* in Contemplating the Motion of the *Sun*, and the *Frame* of the *Universe*. He was no Stranger to the Extent of our *Continent*, and the Situation of all its *Parts*. He had been often at Sea, and seen divers *Regions*; And particularly when he was in *Portugal*, the most *Westerly* Part of *Europe*, he took

took great Delight to walk on the Shore in the Evenings, and observe the Setting of the Sun. This Custom of his produc'd various Thoughts in his Breast. But, what was of most Import, his Reason suggested to him, That it cou'd not consist with the *Order of Nature*, that the *Sun*, after he left Our *World*, serv'd only to give Light to the Fishes, or gild the Waves of the *Western Ocean*. Therefore on good Grounds he concluded, There must be some *Unknown Land*; beyond those mighty Tracts of Sea, which wash'd the *Western Shores of Europe and Africk*.

This Thought made him uneasy, and put him upon a Resolution of attempting a Discovery. He made Proposals to the *Republick of Genoa*, but was rejected. Then he address'd himself to *Henry VII.* at the *English Court*; Where not finding Encouragement, he went to the *King of Spain*; who approving his Design, furnish'd him with Two Ships. He sail'd on the Ocean for the Space of Two *Moons*, without seeing any *Land*, which made his Mariners mutiny, their Provisions falling short. They threatn'd to throw him over-board, if he wou'd not return. But he, with mild words and strong Reasons, appeas'd their Fury; promising to sail back again, if they saw not *Land*, within Three Days. On the Third Day, the Boy on the Main Top Mast saw a Fire, and within a few Hours afterwards they came within View of *Land*.

When

When he had made his Observations, and done what was requisite in his Circumstances, he return'd to give the *King of Spain* an Account of his *Expedition*.

After his Death, *Americus Vesputius* was sent to Conquer these *Unknown Regions*; from whom, that whole *Continent* is call'd *America*; but methinks, not without some Ingratitude to the First Discoverer.

It would be endless to recount all the particular Adventures of the *Spaniards* in these *Parts*, with their Cruelties and Massacres: Suffice it to say, to the Eternal Infamy of that *Nation*, that according to their own *Writers*, they Butcher'd in Cold Blood above Twenty Millions of the Natives, in the Space of Twenty Years: And all this, for the Lucre of their Gold; tho' under the Pretence, of propagating the *Christian Religion*.

I will not list my self in the Number of those who pretend to be *God's Privy Counsellors*, neither will I presume to descant on Things out of my Reach. But the *Spaniards* have lately felt a terrible Blow in *Peru*; Which, if it be not a Mark of the Wrath of *Heaven*, is at least a Sign, that the Earth is weary of them, especially in those *Parts*, where they have stain'd it with so much Innocent Blood.

The City *Lima*, not many *Moons* ago, was all swallow'd up by an *Earthquake*; and *Calao*, another City not far from it, was consum'd by a Shower of Fire out of the clouds. Eleven Thousand *Spaniards* lost their Lives
in

in this Calamity; and the Earth devour'd a Hundred Millions of Refin'd Silver, which the Lucre of the *Spaniards* had forc'd out of its *Bowels*. All the Mountains of *Potosi*, from whence they dug their choicest Metal, were levell'd with the Plain, and no more Hopes of Gold was left to their Insatiable Avarice.

I leave the Judgment of these Events to thee, who art of the *Holy Line*, full of Resplendent Thoughts, Prophetick *Ischarif*, Consecrated *Emir*, Glory of the *House of Mahomet*. Yet give me leave to tell thee that this Calamity of the *Spaniards*, in Part resembles the Fate of *Sodom* and *Gomorrab*, and the rest of the *Nine Cities* of the *Lake*. The *Infidels* say, there were but *Five*. Let them alone in their Errors; 'tis certain the *Mussulmans* have the only true *History* of former Times. Doubtless, *God* is severe in his Chastisements, when he is Incens'd against a *Nation*. Witness the People of *Aad* and *Themod*, with the Men of the *Valley of Smoke*, and the City whose Inhabitans were. in one Hour, all turn'd into *Statues of Stone*, and are to be seen at this Day, as a standing Monument of Heaven's Displeasure. Yet no *Nation* is ruin'd till it ruin it self, as *God* speaks in the *Alcoran*.

O *Emir*, in whose Veins runs the most purify'd Blood in the World, Pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never turn *Apostate* from *God* and his *Prophet*, nor do any Thing

Thing which may hurry him to an Un-
timely Fate.

Paris, 17th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1657.



LETTER X.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

THis following *Summer*, if all Reports be true, is like to afford some Campaignes of Blood. The General Discourse here is, that the *Grand Signior* will speedily have an Army of Three Hundred Thousand Men in the Field: Part to act in *Dalmatia* and *Candy*, against the *Venetians*; the Rest to be employ'd against the *Persians*, the more Inveterate Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*.

That sawcy *Embassador*, *Ismael Bir Couli Can*, deserv'd the punishment was Inflicted on him for his Impertinent Huff, and drawing his *Sabre* in Presence of the *Greatest Monarch* of the *World*. And let it be an *Eternal Precedent* to the *Envoy*s of *Foreign Princes*, that they may learn a lesson of Modesty, when they address to the *Lord* of their *Lords*, and not by *Presumption* Incense the *King* of the *Earth*.

But

But 'tis apparent, this *Embassador* took Advantage of our Troubles: He swell'd with a vain and false *Idea* of the *Persian* Puissance. Besides, they say, his *Master* has enter'd into a Solemn *League* with the *Czar* of *Moscovy*, against the *Shining Empire*. And 'tis certainly known here, That Two *Embassadors* are arriv'd at *Venice* from that Potent *Emperour* of the *North*; And others are expected from *Persia*, to Negotiate a *Tripartite League* between those *Crowns* and that *Republick* against the *Victorious Osmans*. Hence I suppose it was, that the Rude *Heretick* took the Boldness to commit an Action, which all the *East* punishes with Death. Neither is it any Thing to the Purpose, what the *Christians* of these *Parts* say, That the *Persons* of *Embassadors* are *Sacred*: For, much more so are the *Persons* of *Sovereigns*. And, so long as an *Envoy* obeys the *Law* of *Nations*, in only delivering his Message with Respect and Civility that *Law* will Protect him from all Injuries. But, if he must needs leap over his own Fence, and instead of appearing like an *Embassador*, he will act the Part of an *Assassin*, a *Furioso*, a *Contemner* of *Majesty*, he can expect no better Treatment, than what is due to his Audacious Insolence: He throws off with Scorn the Protection that his *Character* claims, and in a mad *Bravado* courts the Revenge of the *State*.

This *Ismael* has all along been counted a bold Fool, in the *Court* of *Persia*. He has committed a Thousand wild Pranks at *Isphahan*,

han, more becoming a *Jester*, than a *Wise Minister of State*. Yet his *Master* still wink'd at his Extravagances, for his Father's Sake, who did many Notable Services to that *Crown*; Among which, his recovering *Candahar* from the *Mogul*, was none of the least; it being the only *Town*, which Commands the *Frontiers of Persia* and the *Indies*.

For this and other Merits, *Sha Sephi* prefer'd both him and his Son to the most Considerable *Governments* and *Offices* in the *Empire*: Wherein the Old Man acquitted himself fairly to the last. But this Young *Buffoon* grew unwieldy with too much Honour, affronted the *Grandees*, and play'd upon the *King* himself; for which he had once like to have been cast to the *Dogs*. But, at the Intercession of some of his few Friends, that Punishment was remitted, and chang'd into *Exile*; whilst his Enemies made Use of his Absence, to ruin him.

They were some of the Greatest *Lords* of the *Court*, who bore him a Grudge and they had hourly the *King's* Ear. Which Advantage they made Use of to Insinuate such an ill *Character* of *Ismael*, that he knew no better Way to be handsomly rid. of him than by sending him on this desperate *Embassy* to the *Mysterious Port*: Chusing rather, that he should fall by the *Grand Signior's* Command, than by his own, who had reap'd so much benefit from the Services of his Father.

By

By this thou may'st discern, that the King of *Persia* is earnestly resolv'd upon *War*, without regarding how his *Herald* that proclaim'd it, is received: (For that *Embassador* deserves no other *Title*, who comes not with the Accustom'd *Presents* and *Supplications*; but with an Address of a Harsher Stile, denouncing Enmity at his very First Approach to the Feet of the Invincible *Sultan Mahomet*.)

After all, it rejoices me to hear, that thou, and the other *Bassa's* of the *Empire* are so ready to assist our *Great Master*. For I am assur'd that from your personal and Voluntary *Contributions*, he has receiv'd a Supply of Thirty Millions of *Aspers*, besides the Constant *Revenues*, *Customs*, *Tributes*, and *Subsidies* of the *Empire*. This is nois'd all over *Christendom*: Yet the *Venetians* seem not much to dread the Consequences of these Vast Preparations; judging that they will be employ'd elsewhere, than against any *Province* of their *Dominions*, except in *Dalmatia*, where these *Infidels* trust to the Strength of their Forts, and the Inaccessible Heights of Rocks.

But *He* that laid the Foundations of the Earth, and causes it to tremble when *He* pleases; the same *God* form'd the Lofty Mountains, and can level them with the Plains, to serve the *Followers* of his *Prophet*: Even as the *Stones* came Voluntarily to salute the *Divine Messenger* himself: The *Trees* rouz'd themselves, as out of a deep Sleep; and the
Earth

Earth yielding on all Sides to the Forcible Motion of the *Inspired* Roots, they walk'd out of their Places, and compos'd an *Umbrella* over the Head of *Mahomet*, when he was ready to faint with the Violent Heat of the *Sun*.

Thus shall the *Elements* conspire to aid the *True Believers*: And when they fight for the *Alcoran* against *Infidels*, God shall endue the *Inanimate Beings* with *Faith* and *Devotion*.

Paris, the 7th. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XI.

To Mehemet, an Exil'd Eunuch
in Egypt.

PRepare thy self with a Constancy of Spirit becoming a *Mussulman*, when thou shalt understand, that the best Friend thou hadst in the World is gone to *Paradise*. May God grant him the Repose of a *True Believer*, an *Apartment* of Singular Delight. For 'tis the Brave *Solyman* I speak of, who not only deserves thy most Grateful Vows for saving thy Life, but has done a Thousand Meritorious Actions besides, which now crown him with *Chaplets* of *Immortality*.

I wish

I wish I cou'd have been the Relater of better News to my banish'd Friend. But perhaps thou hast heard of his Death already, by some Vessels from *Constantinople*, and so 'twill be needless to say any Thing as to his Untimely Fate, or the *Tragedies* of the *Seraglio* and *Imperial City*.

It seems very strange to me, and a Thing Unaccountable, that there can be no Means found out to prevent these dangerous *Insurrections* of the Soldiers; and that the most Formidable *Empire* on Earth, should be thus frequently shock'd by her own *Subjects*! *Mehemet*, the Things of this Present World are a Perfect *Riddle*, and our *Life* it self is but the *Shadow* of a *Dream*. Thou hast Experienc'd the Inconstancy of *Fortune*, and that there is Nothing on Earth deserves a Wise Man's Confidence. Therefore if I may advise thee, it shall be, to wean thy self from the Trivial Affairs of Mortals. Let not the Natural Fondnesses which thou may'st possibly have for thy former *Courtly Life* in the *Seraglio*, return to disquiet thy *Soul*. A Man may be Happy any where, that knows how to be Contented. *Nature* is serv'd with a *Little*: And we ought to esteem our Irregular Appetites as Foreigners. If our *Fortune* be not extended to the larger Measure of our *Wishes*, 'tis easy to contract and adequate our Minds to our *Fortune*.

Thou may'st carve to thy self various Sorts of Felicities in *Egypt*, and render *Caire* as Pleasant to thee now, as *Constantinople* was formerly

formerly. Vertue makes all Places delightful. If thou art for an Active Life, there's Business enough in that Populous City; and Opportunities are never wanting to a Man that is ready to lay hold of them. Besides, 'tis the Popular Character of *Egypt*, That whosoever dwells in it, finds an Employment suitable to his Inclination. But if thou art Melancholy and Contemplative, in my Opinion thou cou'dst not have chosen a *Country* more agreeable to such a Temper.

Were I in thy Station, I shou'd make frequent Visits to the *Pyramids*, and never be weary of searching out the *Antiquity* of those *Admirable Structures*. There is hardly any Thing made by Humane Art, which has put me upon more importunate Studies and Disquisitions, than the *Original* of these *Stupendous Fabricks*. They far surpass, in Grandeur and Magnificence, the most renown'd *Buildings* of the *Greek* and *Roman Empires*, even in the *Zenith* of their most Flourishing State. And I wou'd fain learn, *When* they were First Erected, by *Whom*, and for *What* Ends? For I cannot believe what *Josephus* the *Jewish Historian* reports of them, That they were built in the Time of *Moses* their *Law giver*, and that all those of the *Hebrew Nation*, amounting to some Hundreds of Thousands, were employ'd as Slaves in the Work, by the King then reigning in *Egypt*.

I have perus'd *Herodotus* the *Grecian*, *Diodorus* the *Sicilian*, with *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other

other *Writers*, who have all taken great Pains to search into the *Antiquity* of the *Pyramids*: Yet after all their Travel in *Egypt*, and their Converſe with the *Prieſts* of that *Country*, they ſeem to have received but ſmall Light in this Affair; leaving Things in Uncertainty, and not agreeing in their Accounts. One will have 'em, to be only deſign'd for *Sepulchres* of the *Kings*: Another ſays, they were built by *Joſeph* the *Hebrew*, the *Vizir* of *Egypt*; and that they were the *Granaries* where he laid up Seven Years Proviſion of Corn, againſt the *Famine*, which in his Days afflicted the Earth. Thus they differ in their Sentiments. And our Country-man *Ibn Abd' Albokm* declares, That when he was in *Egypt*, he cou'd not draw from any of the *Prieſts*, the leaſt Certainty as to the *Age* of theſe *Pyramids*, or their *Founders*. Which made him conclude, That ſince there was no Memory or Foot-ſteps of their *Original* left among Men, it is probable they were built before the *Flood*.

This agrees exactly with what others of our *Arabian Writers* have deliver'd concerning King *Saurid*, who Reign'd in *Egypt* Three Hundred Years before the *Deluge*. They relate ſtrange Things of this *Prince*; and, among the Reſt, That he dreamt, *The Fixed Stars came down from Heaven to the Earth*, overturning all Things with the Violence of their *Precipitate Fall*. Being much troubl'd at this *Vision*, he ſent for the *Prieſts* and *Sages*; who when they were aſſembl'd together in the *King's Palace*,

Palace, *Aclimon* their Cater, or Prince of the *Astrologers*, told the King, That a Year before, he had seen a Vision which made a deep Impression on his Mind. For, the Celestial Orbs appeared to descend so low as to touch the Earth, so that the Stars were mingl'd among Men. Then he lift up his Hands above his Head in his Dream, to keep the Heaven from quite oppressing Mortals with its Weight. Whilst it were in this Posture, said he, methought I addrest my self to the Sun, beseeching the Resplendent God, to retire with all his Glittering Train of Lights to their Ancient Stations on High. Whereupon, the Sun made Answer, When I shall have accomplish'd Three Hundred Circuits, the Heavens will return to their Proper Places.

When *Aclimon* had related this Vision, the King commanded the *Astrologers* to erect a Scheme of the Present Configurations Above, and to tell them what they Persag'd. They did so, and all agree'd, that a Deluge should First overflow the Whole Earth, and that Afterwards it should be totally destroy'd by Fire.

Upon the hearing of this, they say King *Saurid* commanded the *Pyramids* to be built; carrying all his Riches into them, with the Tables of the *Mysterious Sciences*, and *Laws*, and whatsoever was esteem'd Precious, and Worthy to be preserv'd from the General Destruction. And the *Annals* of Egypt say, that he commanded these Words to be Engraved on them :

I Saurid, laid the Foundation of the Pyramids, and finish'd them in Six Years: Yet I Challenge any Future King, to demolish them in Six Hundred Years; Tho' it be much easier to Ruine, than to Build. I cover'd 'em with Silks; let any Man after me, cover 'em with Mats, if he can.

In thus asserting *Saurid* to be the Founder of the Pyramids, it ought to be understood only of some of the Greatest; and that other Succeeding Princes (perhaps after the Flood) spurr'd on with Emulation and desire of Glory, built the Rest. Which is the only Way to reconcile our *Arabian Writers* to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus* and other *Historians* of the West, who assign *Cheops* or *Chemnis*, with *Cephren*, *Chabryis*, and *Mycerinus* the Son of *Chemnis*, as Founders of some Particular Pyramids. Whilst *Strabo* and *Pliny*, ascribe the Building of one to *Rhodope*, a Famous Strumpet, or at least to some of her Paramours.

Doubtless, there is great Obscurity and Confusion in the Records of the Ancients, about the exact Time when these Illustrious Monuments were built. Which yet is an Impregnable Argument of their Antiquity; since, when

when One *Author* asserts this or that *King* to have built a *Pyramid*, Another demonstrates the Contrary, by proving that that *Pyramid* was in Being long before the Days of the suppos'd *Founder*. Neither can I find any Concurrence of *Authorities*, so Rational and exactly Agreeing, as that of the *Arabians*; who all Unanimously deliver as a certain Truth, That these Unparallell'd *Structures* were built long before the *Flood*. All which is confirm'd by the *Egyptian Annals* themselves, pen'd by those of the *Coptite Race*, who descended from *Coptim* the Son of *Masar*, the Son of *Bansar*, the Son of *Cham*, the Son of *Noah*; With whom, and his *Family*, *Philemon* the Good *Priest* made an *Alliance* by Marriage, and in their Custody were the *Records* and *Traditions* of the *Old World*.

But if it be granted, Dear *Ennuch*, that those *Histories* are true, which relate the Transactions of the *Kings* of *Egypt* before the *Flood*; what Reason have we to call in Question the *Fragments* of *Manethos*, a *Priest* of *Egypt*; or the *Genealogy* and *Succession* of *Egyptian Monarchs*, deliver'd by *Herodotus*; or the *Chronological Registers* of *Egypt*, unfolded by *Diodorus*; which carry up the *Reign* of their *Kings* to above a Thousand Years beyond any other the most Early *Epocha* of the *Creation*, except that of the *Assyrians*, or the Interminable Ascent of Past Ages in the *Records* of the *Chinese* and *Indians*?

I know not what to call it; whether the Cowardise of the *Intellect*, which dare not venture

venture to launch into so vast a Speculation; or its *Sloth*, which will not take the Pains to unfold and stretch its drowzy *Faculties* on the most Natural *Idea* in the World. 'Tis true indeed, we cannot without some Fatigue, contemplate stedfastly the *Eternal Existence* and Duration of Things. 'Tis an Immortal Thought that can transport the *Soul* back through such an *Infinity* of *Ages*. Yet the Pleasure is Agreeable to the Undertaking: Because Truth, serene as the Mornings in *Egypt*, enlightens the Prospect, and tempts the *Mind*, if 'twere possible, to look even beyond *Eternity* it self: Whereas, he that only confines his View to the Narrow *Horizon* of Particular *Histories*, is like a Man in a *Wilderness*, or a low and shady *Vale*, where his Eye is curb'd with the Interposition of Thickets, Uneven Ground, and Envious Enclosures. For, such are the Dark Controversies, Inextricable Difficulties, and Affected Umbrages of most *Writers*, who never durst peep o'er the Mountains of receiv'd Opinion; or, if they did, they fearfully or maliciously hide their Discoveries from the Rest of Mortals. I tell thee, as *God* is *Eternal*, there cannot be assign'd an *Instant* of *Time*, wherein the *World* did not Exist. For, the *First Matter* flows as Naturally from his *Essence*, as *Light* from the *Sun*.

If thou Adorest any other *God* but this, thou wilt be found in the Number of *Idolaters* and *Infidels*, who pay *Divine Honors* to certain *Mighty Angels*, *Architects*, as they believe, of the *Universe*.

L

They

They behold Houses, Castles and Great Cities built by Mortals, and at a certain Period ruin'd by Fire, Water, Earthquakes, or other Accidents ; or destroy'd by the Effects of War: From hence they form a Notion of the World's *Original* and *Catastrophe*. They Consider the Animals, Plants and Minerals, That every *Individual* perishes in *Time*, and that even in the *Heavens* there are strong *Symptoms* of *Corruption* and *Alteration*. Hence they collect Arguments to prove the Weakness and Decay of *Universal Nature*, which they vainly compare to the Life of a Man, a Beast, or a Tree. And as these have their Appointed *Seasons* of Birth, Growth, Maturity, Decay and Death ; so is it with the *Universe*.

But all this is *Sophistry* ; or, to speak more favourably , we ought to charge it to the Account of short Meditation. For, tho' the *Individuals* of all *Kinds* are chang'd, cease and disappear at their Appointed Periods ; yet the *Species* or *Kinds* themselves remain for Ever before our Eyes. As fast as One *Man* dies, Another is born ; and so 'tis with the *Brutes* : And the *Seasons* of the *Year* in their Proper Course, renew all the Vegetables. We find the Elements, the Sun, Moon, Stars and Earth remain Unchangeable. And why then should we think, they were not always so, and will not continue so for Ever ? Or, if this be too bold a Stretch , let us conceive them at least much more Ancient and Durable , than they are Generally thought to be. And if these *Greater Bodies* shall undergo a Change in their

their *Outward Forms* ; we may yet believe their *Substances* will remain for ever.

But, whether *Corporeal Beings* are thus lasting or no, we have Something in us that can never perish. Our *Souls* are *Immortal*, and need not the *Embalming* of *Egypt* to preserve 'em from *Corruption*.

Therefore, Dear *Mehemet*, since we are Destin'd to live for ever in one State or other, let us not fear Death, which is but a minutes *Slumber*, a short *Trance*, out of which she shall immediately awake, to encrease our Knowledge and Experience of those *Mysteries* and *Secrets* in *Nature*, which at present are hid from us. In a Word, let us live like *Philosophers*, and then we may hope to die with the same *Equanimity* of Spirit as he did, who in his last *Agonies* being asked by his Frind, *Where was all his Philosophy now?* Answer'd, *I am just entring on a new Discovery concerning the Nature of Salt.* And with that Word he expir'd.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XII.

To the most Venerable Musli

IF the *Publick Seditions* should always continue, or be as frequently renewed as they have lately been at *Constantinople*; and if their Effects shall be equally Fatal to the *Grandeess*, as has been this last Horrid *Muriny* of the *Soldiers*; To congratulate any Man's Rise to an Eminent *Dignity*, will be but to flatter him, and Addresses of this Nature must be esteem'd no better than Mock Compliments, Civil Insults, and Fashionable *Sarcasms*: Since at this Rate, Great Honours ought to be look'd on no otherwise, but as direct Advances and nearer Approaches to Infamy and Death; when a Man is exalted from an obscure Fastness; and humble Security, to the glorious Hazard of a Precipitate Fall.

'Tis therefore, when I come to kiss the *Dust* of thy *Feet*, among the Crowd of *True Believers*, and to welcome thee to the most Sacred and Sublime *Vicarship* on Earth; I draw near with an Indifference, suitable to a *Musfulman*, wishing thee not more Joy than Safety in that *Mysterious Station*, but such a Temperament of both, as is due to thy *Sanctity* and *Incorrupt Actions*. In a Word, I wish thee a perpetual Immunity from thy
Prede-

Predecessor's Témptations, and from his Crimes; and then thou need'st not fear his Misfortune and Disgrace.

Let not what I have said pass for an Argument of Disrespect and Undutifulness to the *Heir of Prophetick and Apostolick Revelations*, the *Great Patriarch of the Faithful*. I reverence both thy *Office* and *Person*: Yet am commanded to avoid Flattery and Partial Addresses, when I write to the Greatest *Sages* in the Empire. And had not this Injunction been laid on me, my own Natural Temper wou'd prompt me to shun that Vice, which renders a Man so much less than himself, by how much he exalts another above his due.

I have often propos'd to thy *Predecessor*, the *Mighty Benefit* that wou'd redound to the whole *Ottoman Empire*, if *Learning* were more encourag'd, and the *Histories of Foreign Nations* were Translated into the Familiar *Language of the Mussulmans*.

It is fit that those who are Destin'd to subdue all Things, and have already spread their Glorious Conquest through the Greatest Part of the Earth, shou'd be acquainted with the *Transactions of Former Times*, the *Wars of Illustrious and Brave Hero's*, the *Rise and Fall of Ancient Kingdoms*, and in General, the most Noted *Revolutions in the World*. From such *Records*, our *Generals* and *Military Men* may draw Examples of *Fortitude and Patience*, *Conduct and Prudence* in all the *Fatigues and Difficulties of War*. Our *States-*

men may Improve their Knowledge in all the *Maxims of Policy and Wisdom* requisite in Time of Peace. In fine, Men of all Conditions may learn the *Precepts of Morality and Virtue*.

Methinks 'tis Pity, that we who possess the Territories of the Ancient Grecians, the Kingdoms of Corinth, and the Argives: the Commonwealths of Athens, and Lacedaemon; the Empire of Macedon; and the State of the Jews; shew'd be Ignorant of the *Laws* by which these divers Countries were of old Govern'd, and the Characters, Lives and Actions of their *First Lawgivers* and *Succeeding Governours*.

But if thou shalt determin, that the Knowledge of these *Remote Affairs* is Superfluous and Unnecessary for *True Believers*; let 'em at least not be Ignorant in their *Own History*, and the *Original* of their *Progenitors*.

'Tis true, we *Arabians* have all a-long taken Care of Our *Genealogies*, every Family and Tribe being diligent to preserve the Memory of their *Ancestors*; and all concur with an Unanimous Zeal to Register the *Holy Lineage* of *Mahomet*, the *Messenger of God*. So that we can from his *Father Abdalla*, run up in a direct *Paternal Line* to *Caydar*, the *Second Son* of *Ismael* (on whom be the *Benedictions* of God). We are not ignorant, how this *Caydar* (from whom the *Noble Corei's* derive their *Pedigree*) First setl'd at *Mecca*, in pure *Devotion* to the *Square Temple*, which was built by *Angels*: When he might as well have chosen the more *Fertile Plains* of *Media*,
Persia,

Persia, and *Assyria*, as did his Brethren *Doama*, *Naptis*, and *Redma*. But he foresaw by his Skill in *Astrology*, that the *Inhabitants* of those *Regions* would be *Idolaters*. And so it came to pass: For they were in the Number of those who Ador'd the *Fire*. For the same Reason he chose not for his Seat *Armenia*, though that *Country* be Renowned for the Resting of *Noah's Ark* on *Mount Genis*, and the Famous City *Themanine*, or the *Work of Eighty*, being the First City built after the *Deluge*, by the *Eighty* who Escap'd in the *Ark*. But *Caydar* knew that the People of that *Province* shou'd worship the *Sun*: And it was Verify'd in the *Posterity* of his Brethren, *Nabsam*, and *Mafna*. Therefore he chose *Mecca*, though a Barren *Country*, because he knew it was the *Seat* Predestin'd to the *Elect Lineage*, the *Generation of Just Men* and *Prophets*, from whom was to spring the *Light of the World*, *Mahomet*, who in *Paradise* is called *Al Batrasim*, and in *Heaven* *Achmet*.

Caydar was the Only Son of *Ismael*, who took Part with his *Father*, and follow'd his Example, Worshipping One God, *Creator of the Worlds*, as he had learn'd by Tradition from *Abraham* the Beloved of the *Eternal*: Whereas *Nabayath*, *Abdael*, *Thema*, and the rest of the *Twelve*, either Ador'd the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, or the *Elements*; except *Jackour*, who paid *Divine Honours* to the Tree *Betlemer*; and *Hadal* and *Massa*, who sacrific'd *Beasts* to the *Idols Bohinun* and *Alleze*.

And as our Historians have been thus particularly exact in Recording the Affairs of the *Twelve Sons of Ismael*; so have they shew'd themselves no less precise, in relating the Transactions of the *Twelve Tribes* which descended from them, even down to the Present Age.

I do not insift on this, to teach thee something whereof thou art Ignorant; but to put thee in Mind of the Benefit and Advantage, besides the vast Delight which accrues to a Nation by thus preserving the *Memoirs* of their *Ancestors*. In which, my *Country-men* have exceeded the Fidelity and Care of all other People.

Had it not been for the Industry of *Arabian Writers*, the *History* of the whole *Saracen Empire*, the *Succession* of the *Caliphs*, with their *Wars* and *Conquests*, would have been either quite lost to this Age, or at least much depraved and falsified by the Malice of *Christian* and *Persian* Authors, both equally Enemies to the Truth. By which it is evident, that every Nation ought to Register their own Transactions.

What therefore I chiefly aim at is, That the Glorious *Osmans*, who have by their Valour enter'd into the Possessions and Territories of many ancient Nations, might also be acquainted with the Histories of those People whose Lands they enjoy: But, above all, I wish, that after they have found a way to so much Wealth and Honour, they would not lose Themselves and their own Original.

I speak

I speak of the *Turks* properly so call'd; the *Descendents* of the *Scythians*, who by some were esteem'd the most *Ancient Nation* on Earth; a *People* form'd by *Nature* for the *Empire* of the *World*; were never *Conquer'd* themselves, yet spread their *Victories* over all *Asia*. They routed *Zopyrio*, a *General* of *Alexander the Great*; and drove back a huffing *King of Egypt*, with *Shame* and *Loss* to his own *Country*. In fine, they were a *People* *Naturally* *Just*, *Temperate*, *Hardy* and *Endu'd* with all the *Excellent Qualities*, which the *Philosophy* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* cou'd never *Inspire* into their *Subjects*, though they aim'd at it.

These were the *People*, O *Oracle* of *Believers*, from whom the present *Turks* descend. And is it not a *Shame*, that they can give no other *Account* of their *Ancestors*, but what they borrow from the *Christians*, who in the mean time reproach the *Mussulmans* with *Ignorance* and *Barbarism*?

'Tis for this Reason I renew the same *Request* to thee, which I often made to thy *Predecessor*, that *Learning* may be encouraged. Let all the *Ancient Records* and *Histories* of the *Greeks* and *Romans* be sought out and *Translated*, by *Mens skillful* in *Languages*, into the *Familiar Speech* of the *Ottomans*. Some, I know, are already *Common* among the *Grande'es*, as *Herodotus*, *Plutarch* and others; but, let not any *Credible Writer* be wanting.

In doing this, thou wilt put a Check to the Scoffs of *Infidels*, augment the Honour and Interest of the *Moselmans*, and leave an Immortal Name behind thee on Earth: Which will make thy Joys in *Paradise* more sweet to an *Infinity* of *Ages*.

Paris, 19th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XIII.

To the Kaimacham.

ALL Europe, except the *French* and *Suedes*, hangs down the Head for the Death of the *German Emperour*. He went to the *Immortals*, on the 2d. Day of this Moon, after a long Fit of Sicknefs, and Forty Nine Years Life on Earth.

Nathan Ben Saddi, the *Agent* of the Port, at *Vienna*, informs me, That on the same Day whereon the *Emperour* died, the *Imperial Palace* took Fire on a sudden, and with such Impetuosity, that a great Part of it was presently consum'd; and the *King of Hungary* and *Bohemia*, the *Emperour's* Son, narrowly escap'd with his Life. This is esteem'd a bad Omen to the *Empire*. And without being *Superstitious*, I can assure thee, that *Germany* is in a very bad Condition at this Juncture.

Juncture. The *Electors* are so divided on the Score of Religion, and their Secular Interests and Alliances, That in all Probability they will not with Ease decide the Succession.

The Duke of *Brandenburgh* having United himself to the *Swedes*, will not consent to the Installing *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, the Emperour's Son, because that Prince supports the Cause of the *Poles* and *Danes*. The Palatine of *Heydelberg* and Duke of *Bavaria*, are at odds about their private Pretensions. The Duke of *Saxony* would fain be Emperour himself, or have one at least of the *Lutheran* Religion: And the rest are so incensed against the House of *Austria*, that it is thought none but the Ecclesiastick Princes will vote for the King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. So that there being no King of the *Romans* to claim the Succession by the Laws of the Empire, the Throne is like to be vacant yet a while.

Cardinal *Mazarini*, who watches all Opportunities to aggrandize his Master, has dispatch'd away several Couriers into *Germany*, to negotiate privately with the Electors, and concert those Measures which will be most for the Interest of *France*. And I tell thee, this Minister has no small Influence on the Eector of *Colen*, and Prince Palatine of the *Rhine*. Besides, thou wilt say, he goes the right way to work, when thou shalt know, that he makes use of the *French* Gold to compass his Designs.

No sooner did the News of the Emperour's Death arrive at this Court, but it was observed the Cardinal took up a Hundred thousand *Pistoles*, of the Publick *Bankers* in this City. And every Body guessed how it would be disposed.

The *Portuguese* Embassador at this Court, has caused Extraordinary Fire-Works to be play'd on the River *Seyne* before the *Palace* of the King, in Honour of his Master's Coronation, the Young King of *Portugal*. But the *Spaniards* are preparing more destructive Fire-Works on the Frontiers of that Kingdom, being ready to enter it with an Army of Sixteen thousand Men, to recover the *Portuguese* Crown.

In sending thee these Intelligences, Sage Minister, I am not concerned for the *Infidels*. Who dies or who lives, who rises or who falls, is all one to *Mahmur*, provided the *Grand Signior's* Health, Life and Happiness, be augmented. And this I speak as an *Arabian* and True Believer.

Paris, 30th of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Raba Mahomet, General of the
Ottoman Forces, at his Camp
near Adrianople.

THE Sacred Empire of True Believers is beset at this Time with *Infidels, Rebels, and Hereticks*. Here are many Rumours spread abroad concerning the *Persians*, and the Interest they have in the *Bassa* and Citizens of *Babylon*. They talk also, that some Malecontents design Things which ought not to be named.

God has given me two Ears, and I hear these Discourses with both, but I entertain them with one unchangeable Judgment. That they are only the Whispers of Fame, which has a thousand double Tongues. If it be true, that the four *Chiausfes* who were dispatched to *Babylon* from the *Grand Signior*, to confirm the Inhabitants of that City in their Allegiance, and assure them of speedy Succours, were murder'd by the disloyal Citizens; I doubt not but 'tis as true, That the *Plague* has consumed the greatest part of the *Red-heads* in their Camp at *Aranfacat*. What tho' these *Babylonian* Mungrels cry, *Long live the King of Persia!* The rest of the Empire with true Zeal and Devotion, pray for the Health and Prosperity of the *Grand Signior*. What tho'

tho' the *Sultan* has sworn by God and his *Throne*, by the *Heavens* and *Earth*, That he will go against the *Venetians* in Person! The *Mufti* can easily absolve him in Case of Supreme Necessity, when his Presence is requisite against the more Accursed *Kysilbaschi*.

'Tis probable, the *Osman* Monarchy may be much embarras'd by Domestick Troubles and Foreign Wars: Yet he that founded it, and is the Conservator of *Ages*, will out of these very Distempers and Evils produce a good Constitution of Health in the *State*, and a firmer Establishment against all Enemies.

In the mean while, the *Venetians* are very busie in their Levies at home, and in making Interests abroad. Couriers are perpetually posting up and down *Christendom*, to and from that City. They would willingly have all the Business of *Europe* superseded for their sakes. Every where 'tis whisper'd, There is some grand Design a-foot against the *Turks*, but no Body knows what. And I tell thee, *France*, *Spain*, *Germany*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, and the rest of the *Nazarene Kingdoms*, are too much entangled among themselves, to have any Thoughts of meddling with Remote Affairs.

The *Poles* would have had the *German* Emperour taken that Crown in Vassalage, on Condition of Protecting it from the *Swedes*. But, whilst the Emperour was alive, he weigh'd the Difficulties, and refus'd so chargeable an Offer. Now, he is lately dead, and the

the *Empire* is hardly capable to defend it self.

Differences are newly risen between the *Duke of Bavaria*, and the *Electoꝛ Palatine of Heydelburg*; each claiming the Right to be *Vicar* of the *Empire* during the *Vacancy*. And they are preparing on both Sides, to dispute the Matter with the Sword: Whilst the *King of Sweden* smiles secretly at their *Intestine Quarrels*, resolving to be reveng'd on *Germany* for the Assistance they have given to *Casimir King of Poland*.

At the same time, the *Danes* are Arming and Equipping by Sea and Land, to Demand Justice of the *Suedes*. Whilst the cunning *Moscovite* stands aloft, amusing all Parties with specious Pretexts, but designing only to play his own Game, and espouse that Quarrel, which will bring him most Booty. *Prince Ragotski*, promises fair to the *Suedes*, but 'tis thought, will prove false in the End. The Counsels of these *Uncircumcised*, are full of Treachery; they are infatuated, blinded, and know not what they do.

The Case is as bad in *Spain*, where the *King* is making vast Preparations to enter *Portugal*; and claim that Crown, hoping to make Advantage of their *Domestick* Factions since the Death of *Don Juan de Braganza*, the late *Portuguese King*: Not considering, that the *French* are like to find him Work enough in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*; besides the continual Damages he receives by Sea from the *English*, and the Losses he sustains in *America*.

merica. I tell thee in a Word, all *Europe* is at this Time in such a Hurly-Burly, that they have no Leisure to attend our Motions in the *East*; every *Kingdom* and *State* being wholly busy'd in their own Affairs. And *Venice* can rely on Nothing but her own Strength.

Go on then Brave General of the Army destin'd to Chastise these *Infidels*; and let nothing discourage thee, from pursuing the Aims of Honour and Religion. Let the proud *Franks* know, That there is a Sword drawn in the *East* which will never be put up, till it has not only cut off the Exterior Members, but even ript up the Bowels of the *Western Empire*.

The Inhabitants of *Sicily* are in great Consternation, by Reason of a fresh Eruption of Fire from Mount *Aetna*, or Mount *Gibel*, whereby the City *Catanea*, and Adjacent Parts, are much in Danger, and the Ashes are scatter'd all over the *Island*. This Mountain has at Times flam'd forth in an Extraordinary Manner from Immemorable Ages; and in all Probability, will continue to do so till the Day of Judgment.

There is like to be a New Quarrel between *France* and *Holland*; the latter complaining, that they have had above Three Hundred Merchant Ships taken from 'em by the *French* within these Seven Years. Upon which they have stopt Two Vessels belonging to this *Kingdom*, and Misunderstandings encrease apace between them.

In the mean Time, the *German* Court is preparing to chuse a New Emperour. His Son is the Person designed for this Dignity, if the Electors do not oppose it. His Name is *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*. He lies sick of a dangerous Disease, not less loathsome than the Plague.

And now I have mention'd this Scourge of God, it will not be amiss to inform thee, that in *Rome* and *Naples*, where it has raged these Eleven Moons, and has destroyed a Hundred and eighty thousand People; 'tis not now to be heard of: Commerce is restored; Publick Courts sit; Ambassadors have Audience; and all Things run in their wonted Channel. Yet in *Genoua* they feel it still.

The Souls of these *Infidels* are Infected with an *Infernal Pestilence*, and therefore God rains Curses on them; whilst the Elect in all Nations are preserved from all Evil, being mark'd in the Forehead by the *Angel of Health*.

Paris, 15th. of the 5th. Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I Have encounter'd a Passage in the *History* of the First *Caliphs*, which a little entangles me. My *Faith* is disjoyned. Thou know'st, we *Mussulmans* believe, that *Abu Becre* was the True Successor of the Prophet. Yet when I consider, that he attain'd the Sovereignty by Surprise, without the Consent of the *Mussulmans*, I know not what to think of it.

After the Death of the Messenger of God, the Inhabitants of *Mecca* and *Medina* rais'd a Sedition, and took up Arms, each Challenging the Right of Election to themselves. When, to prevent the Ill Consequences of this Tumult, *Abu-Becre* and *Omar* immediately came to them; and to end the Controversy, *Omar* stretching forth his Hand to *Abu-Becre*, saluted him *Caliph*, and lifting up his Hand to Heaven, swore Allegiance to him. Which Example suddenly prevail'd on others, and so the Tumult was appeas'd. Yet, *Omar* himself seem'd to repent of what he had done: For a while after he was heard to say, *Affuredly, the Inauguration of Abu-Becre was a Rash, Unadvised thing; God avert the Evil which may result from it. But, let it be a Law, That if any one hereafter shall presume*

to do as I have done, and swear Fealty to another without the Assent of the Mussulmans, he shall be put to Death.

But, that which is of greatest Moment with me, is, that *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* the Son-in-Law of the Prophet, was not present at this Election, who had as much Right to the Caliphate, as any of them, if not more: At least he had a Right to Vote. And when he first heard the News, he protested against what they had done as Null and Invalid, in Regard they had not consulted him. Certainly, *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb* was a Matchless Hero, performing Miracles of Valour in Defence of the Prophet. When he besieg'd *Chai-bar*, a City of the Jews, he took the Gates of the City from off their Hinges, and us'd them as his Shield. When he brandish'd his Glittering Sword, he made his Enemies tremble. I will not say more in his Praise, lest thou should'st conclude, I have list'd my self in the Number of the *Kyzil Bashis*. What I write, is only by way of Scrutiny, being dissatisfi'd about these Things.

So when *Abu-Becre* lay on his Death-bed, he call'd for *Othman Eb'n Aphan* the Scribe, and bid him write as follows: "In the Name of God, Gracious and Merciful; This is the Testament of *Abdollah Eb'n Abu Cohapha*, when he was arriv'd to the last Hour of this World, and the first of the World to come. Then he fell into a Trance, while *Othman* proceeded, and wrote the Name of *Omar Eb'no'l Chastab*. Then *Abu-Becre* awak'd;

awak'd; and asking *Othman*, *Whom he had named for his Successor*; He reply'd, *Omar*, *Thou hast done well*, said he, *and according to my Mind*. Yet, *if thou hadst named thy self*, assuredly, *thou art worthy of the Honour*. Thus *Omar* succeeded in the *Caliphate*, by the *Private Order of Abu-Becre*, without asking the *Consent of the Moselmans*. It looks like a *Contrivance or Bargain* between these *Two* at first. When *Omar* swore *Faalty* to *Abu-Becre*, one would suspect he made him promise to bequeath the *Caliphate* to him. Be it how it will, thou seest *Omar* accepted the *Government*, on *Conditions* which he himself had made *Unlawful*, when he prohibited any *Succession* that would be made without the *Consent of the Mussulmans*. He was the *First* that was called *Amiro'l-mumenin*, or *Commander of the Faithful*.

It is reported, that when *Omar* was near his *Death*, those that stood about him desir'd him to name his *Successor*, they themselves recommending *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, because of his *Relation to the Prophet*. But he rejected him, and committed the *Election* of his *Successor* to *Othman*, *Ali*, *Talha*, *Azobair*, *Abu Obeid*, and *Saad Eb'n Abi Wakka*. *Abu Obeid* therefore coming to *Ali Eb'n Abi Taleb*, said thus to him, *Art thou he to whom I may swear Fidelity, that thou wilt act according to the Book of God, and the Laws of his Prophet, and the Constitution of the Two Seniors?* *Ali* answer'd, *I will ever act according to the Book of God, and the Law of his Prophet; but as to the Constitu-*
tions

tions of the two Seniors. I will follow my own Counsel. Then *Abu Obeid* going to *Othman*, said the same Words: And *Othman* promis'd to perform all that they requir'd. So they chose *Othman* to succeed *Omar* in the Caliphate. He was accus'd of too great Partiality to those of his Blood; for he recall'd *Hacem Ebno'l As Ab'n Omaiah*, whom the Prophet had banish'd. He gave him also a Hundred Thousand *Aspers*, and to *Abdalla Eb'n Chaled*, he gave Forty Thousand. They tax'd him also with Pride, in that he sat in the Highest Seat of the Prophetick Throne, where none but the Holy Prophet himself had ever sat: For, *Abu-Becre*, in Reverence to the Messenger of God, sat one Step below it, and *Omar*, two. So that the *Arabians* being incens'd at *Othman's* Arrogance and other Vices, took up Arms, and kill'd him. Then succeeded *Ali*.

I rehearse this History to thee, that thou may'st know the particular Grounds of my Dissatisfaction, and give me thy Opinion in this Matter. For, if *Abu-Becre*, *Omar*, and *Othman*, were unlawfully list'd to the Caliphate, it follows, that they were *Usurpers*, and *Hali* the only True Successor of the Prophet. And, if this be granted, then we have no Reason to curse the *Persians*, who are the Followers of *Hali*. God knows which is in the Right, we or they. We all are Disciples of the Prophet, and believe in the Unity of the Divine Essence.

God bless *Mahomet* our Law-giver, with all those of this House. God bless *Mahomet* our
Glorious

Glorious *Sultan* ; In fine, God bleſs thee and me.

Paris 15th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Mustapha, Baſſa.

BY the Notices which I receive from *Conſtantinople*, it appears that the Ground of all the *Publick* Discontents in that City, is the *Venetians* Conqueſt and Poſſeſſion of *Tenedos* : As if the People thought that *Iſland* would prove as fatal now to the *Muſſulmans*, as it was formerly to *Old Troy*, when the *Grecians* under the Conduct of *Aganemnon*, pitch'd their *First Camp* there, to recover *Helena* the Faireſt Woman of *Greece*, whom *Paris* the Prince of *Troy* had raviſh'd from her Husband's Embraces.

That *Rape* was fatal to the *Trojans* : For, after a Ten Years War, their City was taken by Stratagem, and burnt to Aſhes : Their *Princes* and *Nobles* either all ſlain, or carry'd away Captives by the *Victorious Greeks*. Only *Aeneas* ſaved his *Father* alive, carrying him on his Back out of the *Flames*, and with ſome other *Commanders* eſcap'd to Sea in ſuch *Veſſels* as they found ready. The Hi-
ſtory

story of all his *Adventures*, is too tedious for a *Letter*. Suffice it to say, that after many *Voyages* from one *Region* to another, at last he landed in *Italy*, where he and his *Company* settled; And from them the *Venetians* with other *People* of *Europe*, derive their *Original*.

'Tis this makes their present Possession of *Tenedos*, appear as an *Ill Omen*, in the Eyes of the *Superstitious*. As if those *Reliques* of *Ancient Troy*, were now come to recover the *Habitations* of their *Fathers*, and drive both *Greeks* and *Mussulman's* out of the *Empire*.

But, these are only *Chimera's*, and *Dreams*; For, when a *Nation* is once displanted from their *Native Seat*, they seldom or never take *Root* there again. Besides, who knows whether the *Venetians* descend from *Troy*, or no? 'Tis true indeed, if *Historians* speak *Truth*, That *Aeneas* sail'd into *Italy*, Two Years after the *Burning* of *Troy*: 'Tis probable also, that he built *Lavinium*; as *Padua* is ascrib'd to *Antenor*, one of his *Captains*. But where's the *Consequence*, that the *Venetians* shou'd therefore be the *Off-spring* of these *Heroick Fugitives*? They may as well say, the *French* are the *Posterity* of the *Moors*, because those *Africans* once seated themselves in *Spain*. For, just so *Independent* are the *States* of *Italy*, one of another, and their *Inhabitants* of as different *Genealogies*, as are these Two *Potent Kingdoms*, with the *People* that dwell in them.

And

is *Blake*. I am the more particular in this Relation, because thou art expert in *Marine Affairs*, having had the Command of the *Invincible Ottoman Armado*.

There is a *Post* newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the *King of Sweden* and *Prince Ragotski*, have taken the strong Fort of *Brzeski Litenski* from the *King of Poland*.

The *Portuguese Ambassador* at this Court, presses the *King* with much Earnestness, to send Aids to his Master; in regard the *Spaniards* are actually enter'd into *Portugal*, and have taken *Olivenza*, a City of that Kingdom.

I formerly acquainted the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, that the *King of Spain* had caus'd all the *People* of his Kingdom to be Numbred: Now I tell thee farther, That in order to carry on the War effectually against *Portugal*; this *Monarch* has commanded the 5th. Man in every *Family* to take up Arms, and follow the *Campagne*. At which Rate, they say, he will have a Hundred Thousand Men in the Field.

In the mean time, all the Discourse here at present is, concerning the Siege of *Montmedi*, a very strong Place in *Flanders*. It was Invested by the *French Army* on the 11th. of this Moon, under the Command of *Mareschal de la Ferte Seneterre*.

France has sent a great many brave *Generals* into the Field this Summer; and I perceive, the *Bassa's* of the *Ottoman Empire* are

not

not like to tarry at home. God inspire thee, and thy Equals, with a Resolution which knows no *Medium* between Victory and a Glorious Death.

Paris, 26th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XVII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

THE Beginning of thy Letter surpris'd me with Wonder, when I read that a *Chiaus* from the *Grand Signior*, the Sovereign of Sovereigns, Lord of three Empires and Five and Twenty Kingdoms, should have the Dishonour, not to find Admittance within the Walls of *Vienna*; and that in a Time when the *Germans* have no Reason to provoke a *Foreign War*, being sufficiently embarras'd with *Domestick Troubles*. But, when I read farther, and perceiv'd, That no *Embassador*, not even of the Christian Princes, has any more Privilege at this Juncture; and that it is an Establish'd Law of the Empire, thus to reverence the Majesty of their deceas'd Sovereign, and consult the Safety of the next *Election*; I ceas'd to resent this any longer as an Indignity to our *Great Master*,

And now the *Trojan War* is in my Mind, I cannot but smile at the Egregious Folly of *Ajax*, the Son of *Telamon*. This was a Great Commander in the *Grecian Army*, a huge, brawny, Giant-like Fellow, that had perform'd Prodigies of Strength and Valour in combating the *Trojans*, and yet at last, fell upon his own Sword and kill'd himself, because he cou'd not have his Will of *Ulysses*; and all about an Old Rusty Buckler, taken from the Enemy, which *Ajax* claim'd as his Right, in Reward of his Meritorious Services, and the many Scars he had receiv'd. But *Ulysses* over-rul'd the Council of War, which was call'd on Purpose to decide this Quarrel, and got the Shield himself. For, being a cunning, plausible Fellow, he pleaded That though the Courage and brave Actions of *Ajax* deserv'd all due Honour and Acknowledgment; yet the Surprize of *Troy* and ending the War, was only owing to his Wit and Contrivance, who deluded the *Trojans* with a *Wooden Horse*, in the Belly of which lay a Detachment of Armed Men; and these after the *Horse* was admitted into the City, came out of their Nest in the Dead of the Night, and set Fire to the Houses, opening the Gates also to the *Grecian Army*.

If the *Venetians* cou'd invent some such Stratagem, perhaps there wou'd be Danger of their taking *Constantinople*: But, till then, Illustrious *Bassa*, there's no Reason to fear these *Infidels*. Besides, it will be very easy to dispossess 'em of that Ominous Island, and

so

so dissipate the Charm which has bewitch'd the Seditious Rabble. But I wou'd counsel, that it be attempted in Time, before the *Venetians* are got into the *Hellespont* with their Navy: For, there's no Success against these *Infidels* by Sea. That *Element*, it seems, is the *Wife* of the *Duke of Venice*; being *Espous'd* with a *Ring*, and other Solemn Ceremonies, on a certain Festival of the *Nazarenos*.

One wou'd think also, that the *English* had made successful Love to the Sea; For, their *Navies* are always prosperous. We have fresh News come in, of an Encounter between them and the *Spanish West-India Fleet*, near the *Island of Tenerif*; wherein there were Seventeen of the *Spanish Ships* sunk or burnt, and among them were Five great *Galleons*. They took from them an Immense Treasure of Gold and Silver, with other costly Merchandise.

The *French Court* rejoices mightily at this Exploit; not in any Real Love to the *English*, but in Hatred of the *Spaniards*. For, between these Two Nations, there seems to be an Irreconcilable *Antipathy*. Besides, the *French* have Reason of State for their Joy, being in League with the *English Commonwealth*.

That which renders this Victory the more Remarkable, is, that it was obtain'd in a *Spanish Harbour*, the Port of *Santa Cruz* in *Teneriff*. Every one extols the *English Commander* for a very brave Person. His Name

is *Blake*. I am the more particular in this Relation, because thou art expert in *Marine Affairs*, having had the Command of the *Invincible Ottoman Armado*.

There is a *Past* newly come in from *Germany*, who informs us, that the *King of Sweden* and *Prince Ragotski*, have taken the strong Fort of *Brzeski Litenski* from the *King of Poland*.

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Paris, 26th of the 6th Moon,
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LETTER XVII.

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and only concluded it to be some Mystery of the *Austrian State*.

It is an Argument of profound Respect to the *Imperial Ghost*, That the Churches are all hung with Mourning, throughout the *Hereditary Dominions*, and that no Musick is permitted either in the *Temples* or elsewhere; no Jollity or Mirth, till the *Funeral Obsequies* are performed, and the Body of *Cæsar* is consigned to the Place of its Everlasting Rest.

As to the Quarrel between the *Duke of Bavaria*, and *Prince Palatine*, about the *Vicariate*; there's much to be said on both sides; and it ought to be a Thing indifferent to thee and me, which of those two gets the Victory. Yet, for the sake of Truth, I will tell thee in short, what I have collected out of the *Journal of Carcoa*, thy *Predecessor*, and out of other *Memoirs*, as they came to my Hands.

It appears then, that by the *Golden Bull* of *Charles V.* this Dignity was declared Inherent in the *Palatinate Family*, in Right of their Possession of that *Principality*; and that it had been so for many Ages, even before there were any *Electors* established in the Empire. 'Tis upon this Ground the present *Electeur Palatine* claims it. But on the other side, it is as manifest, that when *Maximilian* the Father of the Present *Duke of Bavaria* was Invested with the *Electoral Dignity*, it was Inserted in the *Imperial Bull*, that the *Vicegerency* of the Empire, during an *Interregnum*, shou'd

shou'd henceforth belong to that *Family*. Yet, this *Grant* was again disannulled by the late *Pacification at Munster*. And so the Business is left in Dispute between these two *Families*. He of *Bavaria* trusts to his Strength and Riches, being also backed by the *Ecclesiastick Princes*; whilst the other only confides in the Justice of his Cause, the Right of Unquestionable Inheritance.

Leaving therefore these *Grandeess* to prosecute their several *Claims*, I'll tell thee what makes the freshest Noise in this City, is an Attempt which the *Prince of Conde* made lately on the Town of *Calais*, a Sea-Port of this Kingdom. He had received certain Intelligence, that the Governour had sent out the best Part of the Garrison to fortifie *Ardes*, a Place not far from *Calais*, and supposed to be in greater Danger. Upon this News, the *Prince* marched with great Expedition, designing to surprize *Calais* by Night. But he was discovered before he came near them; and the Inhabitants taking up Arms, appeared on the Walls and Ramparts to welcome him; so that he was forced to retire again with the loss of near a Thousand Men.

Here are two Men come out of *England*, that pretend to be *Prophets*, foretelling the Downfal of the *Pope*, whom they call *Anti-Christ*, a *Beast*, a *Dragon*, and I know not how many other Titles. One of them is gone to *Rome*, to tell the *Holy Father* to his Face what is like to befall him. The *French Court* looks upon them as Mad-men; and no Body

can esteem them better, if they go to *Rome* where they will Infallibly fall into the hands of the *Inquisition*; which, thou know'st, is a Hell upon Earth. Thy Brother *Adonai* felt the smart of it, only for two or three Words, utter'd in Contempt of their *Religion*; and though he was not condemn'd to Death, yet he suffered a tedious Imprisonment; till at length, the *Plague* releas'd him both from that and the Chains of this mortal Life.

Nathan, if he had dy'd by the stroke of the Executioner, or by Fire, the common Death of those who rail at the *Roman Faith*, I could not pronounce him a Martyr, unless it were to his own Folly and Rashness; since he was not placed there to make Profelytes, either to the Law of *Moses* or *Mahomet*, but to penetrate into the secret Transactions of the Followers of *Jesus*.

Thy Business is the same at *Vienna*: Pursue that with Alacrity, and God shall protect thee from all Adversity.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

To Melec Amet.

I Welcome thy Return to the Earth again: For it appears by thy Letter, that thou hast been in the *Oeher World*. 'Twere to be wish'd, thou woud'st favour the *Living*, with a *Journal* of thy *Travels* and *Observations* among the *Dead*. Those *Regions* of *Silence*, woud afford Matter of Noise enough to Mortals, that are always greedy of Foreign News. Perhaps if thou woud'st communicate the Remarks thou hast made during that Ramble of thy *Soul*, we might find out some Method of Correspondence between *Our World*, and that *Invisible State*. We might contrive a Way to send *Dispatches* to our Friends, and to receive their Answers again. Or, at least we might make some Useful Discoveries, in that *Empire of Shadows*.

But tell me seriously, dost thou think that it was any more than a *Trance* or *Dream* that has happen'd to thee? Such as frequently falls out in *Melancholy Constitutions*? I once informed *Cara Hali* the *Physician*, of such an Accident as this not far from *Paris*. It was of a Man that had lain Five and Thirty Hours as Dead, in all Humane Appearance, and so given over by the *Physicians*: Yet after that Period, he recover'd his *Senses* again, and

told strange things to those that were about him. Surely, these are but the *Slumbers* of the *Soul*; and *Death* it self is but a deeper *Sleep*, when it causes the *Dissolution* of the *Body*. Doubtless, Men awake again in some other *Active State*. For, as a *Flame of Fire* is Equally dispos'd to embody it self in the *Fat of Flesh* or *Fish*, in *Oyl*, *Wax*, *Sulphur*, or any proper *Vehicle*; and as soon as it is extinguish'd in One, will readily translate it self successively to all the Rest, if they be within the *Sphere* of its *Activity* (as the *Western Philosophers* speak:). So is the *Spirit* or *Flame of Life*, always in a *Posture of Transmigration*. For ought we know, he that is a *King This Hour*, may be a *Peacock the Next*, and within a *Few Days* be serv'd up at his *Successor's Table*, as a *Royal Dish*.

But not to insist too much on these *Secrets*, I will relate to thee a *Passage*, not unlike that thou hast experienc'd.

It is Recorded in the *Writings* of an *Authentick Pen*, the *Manuscript* of an *Ancient Arabian*, That *Al' Rashid*, *Emperour* of the *Faithful*, had many *Famous Physicians* about him. Among the Rest, he highly esteem'd *Saleb Eb'n Nahali*, an *Indian*, for recovering one of his near *Kinsmen*, out of such a *Condition* as I suppose thou hast been in. That *Kinsman* was very dear to the *Emperour*, who was sitting at a *Feast*, when *News* was brought him that he was dead. The *Emperour* extremely troubled to hear this, burst forth into *Tears*, and caus'd the *Table* to be taken

taken away. Then *Jaafer Eb'n Yahya*, one of his Confidents, immediately desired that *Saleh* the *Indian Physician*, might visit the Corps of his dead *Relation*. Who went accordingly, and having felt his *Pulse*, and consider'd him well, he returned to the Emperour, and said, *Cease to mourn, my Lord, Commander of the Faithful; for if this Man be dead, and I do not restore him to life again, may I be divorced from all my Wives for ever.*

He had scarce made an End of saying this, when a second *Dispatch* came to the Emperour from those who were about his *Kinsman*, assuring him, That he was really departed this Life.

Then *Al Rashid* began to Curse the *Indians*, and their Ignorance. But *Saleh* persisted in his Assertion, crying out with some Vehemence, *Be not Incredulous, O Emperour of the Faithful, nor suffer thy Kinsman to be buried, till I have been with him again; for assuredly he is not dead. I will shew you something that is admirable.* *Al Rashid* pacify'd with these Words, took *Saleh* along with him to visit the suppos'd dead Person.

As soon as they came into his Chamber, the *Indian* took a Needle, and thrust it between the Nail and the Flesh of his Left Thumb. Then the Entranc'd snatch'd up his Hand toward his Mouth. At which *Saleh* cry'd out, *Now my Lord comfort your self; for, dead Men use not to be sensible of Pain.* After this, he blew up a Powder into his Nose. Upon which, in a few Minutes the Patient

steez'd; and sitting upright in his Bed, spoke to *Al Rasbid*, kissing also his Hand. The Emperor asking him, How he found himself; he replied, *Benefactor of Mankind*, I have been in the sweetest Sleep that ever I remember fell on me in my Life. Only I dream'd, that a Dog came and bit me by my Left Thumb, the Pain of which wak'd me. With that, he shew'd him the Mark of the Needle, and the Blood: Adding, Surely it was no Dream, but a Truth, for I feel it yet. The Emperour was extreamly pleas'd with his Indian Physician, and did him great Honour. His Kinsman also, whose Name was *Ibrahim*, liv'd many Years after this, and was made Governour of Egypt, where he dy'd and was buried.

The Eastern Physicians have been famous in all Ages, and are now much in esteem among the Franks, who addict themselves to study the Sciences. Here are some very learned Physicians in these Parts, and not a few ignorant ones, who serve as Foils, to set off the Lustre and Fame of the others. Every Province and City in France swarms with 'em: and they all find Employment either to Kill or Cure. The Nazarenes live very intemperately, and fall into abundance of Diseases, whereof the East is wholly ignorant: Therefore it is necessary for 'em to be well stock'd with Physicians. Yet 'twas Satyrically observed by a certain French Lord, That in a Town not far from his Palace, the Inhabitants were all healthy long-liv'd Men, till a certain

certain *Emperick* came and took up his Residence there : For then they began to sicken and die apace. But this may be an Invidious Remark. The *Arabian Prophet* says, *No Man is a good Physician, but he that is born such* : Meaning, that some are *Naturally* disposed and fitted to this *Science*. Indeed, I have known Admirable Cures perform'd by Men, who never studied in the *Academies*, or could answer Three Questions in *Anatomy*. Nay, some Women have a Gift of this Nature, and are very Fortunate in their Practices. But, when all is done, the *Beasts* are most happy, who are all their own *Physicians* by *Instinct*.

Melec, I wish thee such a State of Health, as needs no Medicines. But if it be thy Misfortune to fall into *Parmenides* his Indisposition, I counsel thee to make use of the Advice given him by a *Philosopher*; who, when *Parmenides* complain'd of a Pain in his *Stomach*, and ask'd his Advice, he bid him use such and such *Confections* and *EleQuaries*. The other reply'd, *He had made Tryal of them all, and many more, yet found no Ease*. Then said the *Philosopher*, *Turn Poet, for they Generally have good Stomachs*.

Paris, 9th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

Couriers upon Couriers, are come to this City with the Joyful News that *Montmeli* is surrender'd to the *French*. For which, the whole Body of the *Parliament*, and City of *Paris*, the *Chancellour* of the *Kingdom*, with *Cardinal Antonio Barbarini*, and all the *Ecclesiasticks*, went to the *Grand Mosch* or *Temple* where *Te Deum* was sung this Afternoon, with a Pompous Solemnity. And now whilst I am writing, there is such a confus'd Noise of Great Guns, Ringing of Bells, and Shouts of People, That one would think it were enough to wake the very *Dead*, and make them start from their *Graves*, to enquire what's the Matter.

The Truth of it is, this Place is counted one of the strongest in *Europe*; and the Inhabitants were not insensible of it, when they made their *Conditions* of Honour with the *King*. And therefore we need not wonder at the Excessive Joy of the *French*.

When the *Keys* were deliver'd to the *King* by the *Deputies* of the Town, one of them in the Name of the rest, made this following Address.

"Sire, We should have had just Reason to complain of Fortune, and accuse our selves of Cowardise, if we had surrender'd this
" Impreg-

"Impregnable Fortrefs, to the Arms of a
 "Prince, less Glorious and Puissant than your
 "Majesty: Since our very Walls are of suf-
 "ficient Strength to defend us, without ra-
 "king up Arms, against a Power inferiour
 "to yours. But, in regard it is the *Will* of
 "Heaven, that we must change our Master,
 "we rejoyce to fall into the Hands of so In-
 "vincible and Generous a Monarch. And
 "we hope, Sire, that your Majesty will shew
 "us the more Favour, for having us'd our
 "Utmost Efforts to conserve an Inviolable Fi-
 "delity to the *Catholick King*, who but Ye-
 "sterday was our Master.

This was spoken with so graceful an Ac-
 tion, and such a becoming Frankness, that
 the King being mightily pleas'd with them,
 made them this Answer.

"Yes, I shall always remember, that your
 "Constancy deserves my Esteem. And now
 "considering you as my *Subjects*, I will be-
 "stow such Privileges on this City, as shall
 "oblige you to manifest no less Courage and
 "Zeal for my Service, than you have done
 "for the *Catholick King*.

And to evidence that he has equal Senti-
 ments of Gratitude and Esteem for his *Offi-
 cers*, by whose Courage and Conduct this Im-
 portant Place is come under his Obedience;
 the King has bestow'd the Government of it on
 the *Lieutenant General* of his Armies, who
 was present at the Siege, and was shot in Se-
 ven Places of his Body. They call him, the
Marquis of Vaudr. He has signaliz'd his Va-
 lour

lour in Sixteen Sieges and Bartels, being mark'd all over with Scars, the Glorious *Characteristicks* of an Indefatigable and Fortunate Hero.

It is fit the *Divan* shou'd be inform'd of all such Passages: Not to instruct them what to do in the like Cases (for they are perfectly Wise) but that these Examples may be Register'd, as Spurs to Virtue and Magnanimity of Spirit. For, it cannot be suppos'd, that the *Emperour of True Believers* will come short of these *Infidel Kings*, in Rewarding his Faithful and Undaunted *Slaves*.

Mareschal de Ferte Seneterre has also had his Share in the Caresses and Acknowledgments of the *King* and the whole *Court*.

This Success has given a great Damp to the *Spaniards*, who begin to retire as fast as they can from the Neighbourhood of the *French Armies*. On the other Sides, these are full of Vigour and brisk Resolutions; resolving not to end the Campaign, without some farther Attempts in *Flanders*.

They creep by Degrees into the very Heart of that *Province*, which is everlike to be the Stage of War, so long as the *King of Spain* has one Town left in it. 'Tis a very Rich Country, abounding in all the desirable *Productions* of Nature. And the People are very Industrious, to learn and improve whatsoever is Profitable in Art. All their Unhappiness lies in this, That they are not able to protect themselves and subsist Independent of one

one or other of the Neighbouring Crowns. So that whenever those *Sovereigns* fall out, these poor People are miserably oppress'd with Armies; and in this Case, their Friends many Times give them as much Trouble as their Enemies. Nay, 'tis difficult to determine, which are their Enemies, and which their Friends. For, to whatsoever Master they are subject, he dreins their Coffers of Money by Taxes and Contributions; besides the intolerable Vexation of Quartering unruly Soldiers, who commit a thousand Insolences unpunish'd.

Poland is at this Time in as bad a Condition, between the Armies of *Sweden*, *Austria*, *Brandenburgh*, *Moscovy*, *Transylvania*, and the Forces of King *Casimir*.

The Son of the deceas'd *Emperour* has sent a great Army to the Aid of that unfortunate *Monarch*; and 'tis confirmed on all Hands, that they have laid Siege to *Cracow*. Whilst his *Embassador* is Negotiating with the *Electör* of *Brandenburgh*, to draw him off from the *Swedish* Interest. This is like to prove a *War* of long Continuance, if the *Plague* do not make *Peace*; which rages in those Parts, and destroys many Thousands more than the Sword or Gun. The *Moscovites* have Combated with this Distemper above these two Years, the *Grand Duke* being forc'd to fly with his Army, like Vagabonds, before this Inexorable Conquerour, which gives no Quarter.

In the mean Time, I hear ill News from *Candia*, where they say, the *Mussulmans* have in a late Attempt on that City, lost above Four thousand Men, with Thirty four Ensigns, and a considerable Treasure. These *Infidels* have also taken and destroyed this Summer above Thirty Ships of *Barbary*, and as many more of *Constantinople*, *Smyrna*, *Aleppo*, *Scanderoon*, &c. On Board of one of which, they seiz'd the Yearly Revenue which comes to the *Grand Signior* from *Scanderoon*: And out of another they have taken the Revenue of *Rhodes*, kill'd a Thousand True Believers, took half that Number Captives, and releas'd Abundance of *Christian Slaves*. In a Word, they have taken out of the several Vessels which fell into their Hands, an immense Treasure of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones.

These continual Successes of the *Nazarenes*, wou'd tempt one to think, that this War was unjustly commenc'd by *Sultan Ibrahim*, and therefore unhappily carried on by his glorious Successor, *Sultan Mahomet*. Pardon the Effect of Melancholy, Benign Minister, if it be a Crime to think, that the Creator of *All Things* is angry with those who Violate their Solemn Word and Oath. Thou know'st the whole Story of this War, and the first Occasions of it. I say no more.

They have a Proverb here in the West, That the Voice of the People is the Voice of God. And though I approve not the Practice of those who make use of this Popular Aphorism

rism to foment *Seditions* in a *State* ; yet I cannot but own, there is a great deal of Reason in it, and it may be verifi'd in the present Circumstances of *Constantinople*.

Thou observest, that the *Souldiers* are *Mutinous*, and unwilling to serve any longer in this *Unfortunate War*. Thou findest the *Merchants*, and in General, all sorts of People discontented and *Factionous*. The *Avenues* to that *Sanctuary* of the *World*, are block'd up by the *Venetians* ; so that neither *Corn* nor other necessary *Provisions* can be brought in, to supply the *Wants* of so many *Hundred Thousands* of People. In a Word, thou seest the publick *Calamities* have made them almost desperate ; they care not what they do. *Peace* with the *Christians*, is the Word every where ; or else each *Impertinent Mechanick*, will preface *Ruin* to the *Ottoman Empire*. May God inspire thee and the other *Ministers* of the *Divan*, in this *Calenture* of the *State*, to apply such *Remedies*, as may prevent the *Inconveniences* of a *Domestick War*, which is always more fatal to a *Government*, than a *Foreign Invasion*.

Paris 17th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

NOW thou givest me some Solid Hopes of a *Convert*. Thy Letter has rais'd my Expectation, since 'tis not penn'd in a Style full of Scruples and insignificant Doubts, which wou'd be endless: Nor yet does it favour of Hypocrisie and Dissimulation, as if thou intendst only to mock me and my Faith, and still continue thy self an *Infidel*. But it abounds with very fair Concessions, *Articles of Reason and Honour* on thy Side; Only expecting from me, a True and Authentick Account of our *Holy Prophet's* Life, and of the *Miracles* which can be produc'd in Confirmation of his *Prophetick Office*. Thou wou'dst fain see, if any thing happen'd of this kind, to the *Messenger of God*, parallel to the Stupendous Wonders which recommended *Moses* your *Lawgiver* to the World, as the undoubted Oracle of Heaven.

I protest, there is no Fault to be found in this Demand: For it is but Reason, that he who assumes the *Character* of a *Prophet*, shou'd be distinguish'd from *Impostors* by some Evident Signs and Wonders. Yet, 'tis needless to make an exact Parallel, because the Occasions of *Moses's Miracles* were different

ferent from those of *Mohammed*, the *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Your *Lawgiver* had a *Commission* and *Power* given him to work *Miracles* when he pleas'd: Whereas Ours declared, That he was not sent to work *Miracles*, but to preach the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the *Resurrection* of the *Dead*, the *Joys* of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of the *Damned*.

Yet, lest the *Unbelieving World* should doubt the *Truth* of his *Mission*; From his very *Birth*, his *Life* was graced with many *Supernatural Favours*. His *Mother* bore him without the least *Pain* of *Body* or *Mind*: And as soon as he breath'd the *Vital Air*, he spoke with an *Audible Voice*, saluting his *Mother*, and adding, *I profess, That there is only one God, and that I am his Apostle*. He was also *Circumcised* by *Nature*, coming into the *World* without his *Prepuce*. At the same *Hour*, the *Devils* were forbid to ascend above the *Orb* of the *Moon*: And *Four Voices* were heard from the *Four Corners* of the *Square Temple*: The *First* saying, *Proclaim, The Truth is risen, and all Lyes shall return into Hell*. The *Second* uttering, *Now is born an Apostle of your own Nation, and the Omnipotent is with him*. The *Words* of the *Third* were, *A Book full of Illustrious Light is sent to you from God*. And the *Fourth Voice* was heard to say, *O Mahomet, we have sent thee to be a Prophet, Apostle, and Guide to the World*.

When he was about four *Years* old, accompanying the *Sons* of his *Nurse* into the *Field*,
the

the blessed Child retir'd into a Cave at the Foot of the Mountain *Uriel* to pray: When the *Archangel Gabriel* appeared to him, and said, *Bismillabi rrahmani rrbimi, &c.* In the Name of God, compassionate and merciful, O Child greatly beloved, I am sent to displant from thy Heart the Root of Evil; for thy Ejaculations made the Gates of Paradise fly open. The young Resigned one said, The Will of thy Lord and mine be done. Then the Angel opened his Breast with a Razor of Adamant, and taking out his Heart, squeez'd from it the Black Contagion, which was derived from Adam: And having put the Childs Heart in his Place again, he blessed him, and retired to the Invisibles.

From that Time the Young Favourite of Heaven grew up and prosper'd in all Things, having the Smiles of God and Man. He was under the Tuition of his Uncle *Abu-Taleb*, who discerning the Marks of an Immense Soul in his Young Nephew, was more solicitous for his Welfare, than if he had been his Son. His Fortune being low in the World, he had no other Way to provide for his *Illustrious Charge*, than by placing him as a *Factor* to *Chadijah*, a Widow of the same Tribe with *Mahomet*, which was the Noblest among the *Arabians*. Besides, she was very Beautiful and Rich: And there wanted not Hopes, that in Time she might become *Mahomet's* Wife.

That which chiefly encourag'd them to this, was a *Vision* of *Chadijah*, every where talk'd of

of in those Parts. For, she had divulg'd it her self, long before *Mahomet* became her Servant, or his Uncle had any Thoughts of thus disposing of him. "The *Sun* seem'd to "leave his *Heaven* and come down to her "House, from whence he disperfed his Beams "through *Arabia*, *Ægypt*, *Persia*, and in "fine, through the whole Earth. This *Vision* had made a deep Impression on the Mind of *Chadijah*; and she could not rest, till she had told it to a certain Famous Sage in those Parts, who had great Skill in *Astrology* and other Myfterious Sciences, and was Celebrated for the Integrity of his Manners. As soon as he heard the Contents of her *Vision*, he said, "In the Name of God, O Widow, "enter into thy *Bath*, and prepare thy self "with the Necessary Purifications; for, thou "shalt shortly be married to the Greatest "Prophet in the World. And when she asked the *Astrologer*, *What was the Country, Tribe, and Name of her next Husband?* He told her, *He was an Arabian of Mecca, of the Tribe of the Corei's, and that his Name was Mahomer.*

As yet, the *Prophetick* Widow knew Nothing of the Nephew of *Abu-Taleb*: But, thou may't imagine she felt strange Passions, when his Uncle afterwards recommended him to her Service; and she knew, that he was the Man in whom the *Astrologer's* Character was verified, as to his Country, Tribe, and Name. For, *Mahomet* was the Son of *Abdalla*, who descended from the *Bani Hufchim*,
who

who were the Noblest Family in the Tribe of the *Coxi's*. Who can express her Sentiments, when she saw the Beautiful Youth making his first Addresses to her as an humble *Slave*, whom she believ'd Heaven had ordained for the Partner of her Bed? With what a Grace and becoming Modesty, did he receive the last Instructions and Farewel of his parting Uncle? However, she conceal'd her Transports, and sent her beloved *Slave* with a *Caravan* into *Syria*, allowing him a noble *Pension*.

In that Journey, there happen'd something very Remarkable in Honour of the Admirable Young Man. For at a certain Place on the Road, as he waited on the Captain of the *Caravan* to a Synagogue of the *Jews*, no sooner had *Mahumed* set his Foot over the Threshold of the Synagogue, but all the Lamps therein were loosen'd from their Chains, and fell down on the Floor. All those of thy Nation that were present, being astonished at the Portentous Accident, fell at the Feet of the *Rabbies*, desiring their Advice in this amazing Circumstance. They having performed the accustomed Ceremonies and Expiations, answered, It is revealed in the Traditions of the Seniors, that at what Time soever an Arabian, call'd *Mahomet*, shall be present at our Solemnities, God shall remove the Candlesticks out of their Place. It is therefore most certain, that such a one is now among us; let him not escape our Hands, lest Reproach and Contempt come on *Israel*. But behold, whilst

whilst they were busie in searching for the Cause of this *Prodigy*, Two *Angels* conveyed *Mahomet* to *Mecca*, where he soon after married *Chadijah*.

It were easie to recount many more *Miracles* in the *Life* of the *Prophet*; such as that of the *Cloud* over-shadowing him, the *Eagle* perching on his *Head* when he was asleep, the *Trees* and *Stones* proclaiming him the *Apostle* of *God*. And, if we were to make *Parallels*, I think the *Stupendous Descent* which the *Moon* made, at the *Prayer* of the *Divine Messenger*; comes not far short of the *Celebrated Disorder* on *Mount Sinai*, when your *Law* was deliver'd by *Moses*.

If thou requirest undoubted *Testimonies* for the *Truth* of this *Miracle* on *Our Side*, offer something that is *Unquestionable* on thy *Own*. We both equally confide in the *Different Records* of our *Nations*, which were penn'd by Men as liable to *Temptations* and *Errors* of all *Sorts*, as thou and I, and all that believe what they write. Therefore, unless thou canst start some more *Infalible Authority*, to prove the *Eternal* and *Universal* *Obligation* of your *Law*, than I can to the *Contrary*, thou liest under a manifest *Disadvantage*: Since I profess with our *Holy Prophet* and all the *Mussulmans*, that the *Alcoran* contains Nothing *Repugnant* to the *Law* of *Moses*; but is only a more *Perfect* and *Complete Idea* of the *Divine Will*: And that as *Moses* was the *Lawgiver* of the *Sons* of *Isaac*; so *Mahomet* was the *Apostle* of the
Sons

Sons of Ismael, and the Seal of all the Prophets.

Use thy own Reason; and rather be of no Religion, than in the Number of those to whom it shall be said at the Last Day, *Drink ye Worshipers of Ozair, and be damn'd for ever.*

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXI.

To Dicheu Hufsein, Bassa.

There has been a mighty Quarrel of late between the French and Spanish Embassadors at the Hague, about Precedency. The Occasion was this. One Evening the French Embassador was riding in a Coach, in a Place where the Spanish Embassador met him in another Coach; and both striving for the Upper Hand, they met with their Horses Heads one against another, and so stood still. There was presently a Tumult of People gathered about them: And the French being most respected, many Gentlemen came in to his Side with Swords and Pistols; and all Things seemed to portend a Combat. But, the Magistrates having Notice of this Disturbance, sent some of the Guards to keep the Peace, and defend the Embassadors from any

any Attempts of the Rabble. In the mean while several *Great Lords* walked to and fro between the *Embassadors*, proposing Expedients of Accomodation: But it being at the very Juncture when the *French Ambassador* had received the News of the Surrender of *Montmedi*, he would not in the least yield to any Terms. So that at last the *Spaniard* was forced to drive out of the way, thinking it a Matter of sufficient Triumph, That he had stopp'd the *French Ambassador* so long.

There is a *Post* come in from *Denmark*, who brings News of the Total Destruction of *Itzchow* by Fire. This was a *Town* belonging to the *Danes*, and was fir'd by the *King* of *Sweden's* Order. The *Danes* are very Unfortunate of late Years; they make no Figure in *Europe*. There is a Period set to the Grandeur of every *Kingdom* and *State*, and the *Danes* were once very Victorious and Formidable; but now their *Monarchy* declines apace, to make Way for the Rising Lustre of the *Suedes*.

By Sea the *Dunkirkers* make a great Noise : They have lately taken from the *French*. Twenty *Merchant Vessels*, and from the *English* near half that Number. But, if they have not better Fortune than their Neighbours, the *French* will take their City from them e'er long. Every Campaign makes a fair Advance toward it. I sent an Account already to the *Kaimacham* of the Surrender of *Montmedi*, one of the most Important Places in *Christendom*. Now I acquaint thee,

that *St. Venant*, which has not so great a Character, yet Considerable enough, has yielded upon *Articles*. This was done on the 28th. of the last *Moon*. At this Rate, the *French Priests* will have little else to do, but to sing *Te Deum*, for their repeated Successes and Victories.

From *Portugal* we hear, that that *Court* to secure themselves the better against the *Spaniards*, have sent to implore the Assistance of *Morocco* and *Fez*: Which is much censur'd among the *Nazarenes*. Others say, they are only Messengers, gone to buy up all the Horses they can get in that *Country*.

In the mean while, the *King of France* is taking all the *Politick Measures* he can, for the *Empire of the West*. His *Embassadors* in *Germany* appear with a Magnificent Train of Three Hundred Men, and they style their Master, *His most Christian Majesty, King of France and Navarre, Sovereign Prince in Germany and Italy*; Which last, is look'd upon as a Fair Step to the Title of *Emperour*.

The *Counsels* of the *German Court* are not a little disturb'd, to hear that our *Invincible Forces* are approaching toward the *Confines of Hungary*. It will put some Stop to the design'd *Election*. Besides, they cannot agree among themselves about a *Successor*.

The *Queen Christina of Sweden*, is come back again into this *Kingdom*, being frighted out of *Italy* a Second Time, by the Return of the *Plague*.

There is a *War* commenc'd between the
City

City of *Munster* and the *Bishop* of that Place: So that he has laid a Formal Siege to it, and presses them very close.

All this is of no such Importance, as the News that I receive from *Constantinople*; which assures me, that the *Mussulmans* have retaken the *Isles* of *Tenedos* and *Lemnos*, though with some Loss of Men.

I wish they could as easily drive the *Venetians* out of the *Archipelago*, and then the *Imperial* City would have no longer Reason to complain for Want of Bread.

Paris, 10th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER XXII.

To Dgne Oglou.

I Know not what's the Matter, but most of my Friends are of late grown strange to me. They write but seldom, and then their Letters are full of Reserves, as if they suspected my Integrity: Or, that because I am commanded to inform the *Divan* of all Criminal Practices, therefore they are afraid to communicate their Sentiments with the same Freedom as formerly; tho' on *Themes* no Ways belonging to the State, but purely *Speculative*, and the Common Discourse of all Sen-

sible Men. Are you become more morose and rigid at *Constantinople*, than you were twenty Years ago? In those Days, I remember it was Common in the Publick Coffee-Hans, for *Mussulmans*, *Greeks*, *Curds* and *Franks*, or Men of any other Religion, to meet together and vent their Thoughts with Liberty: No Man being willing to be stigmatiz'd with the Character of a Clown, for taking Offence at another's Faith, though different from his own.

It was then esteem'd a Point of Gallantry, to favour the *Christians* of all *Secls*, and let them Talk and Act as they pleas'd, provided they blasphem'd not God, or his *Prophets*. And they themselves would have Condemn'd any of their own Party, who should have been guilty of such an Immorality and Affront to the *Established Religion* of the *Mussulmans*, and the General Sense of Mankind.

But why then is the same Liberty retrench'd now, and that among *Mussulmans* who are intimate Friends? Is it not now as lawful for us to converse with one another by Letter or any other way, as it was then to enter into Dialogues with *Infidels*? I would not encourage or imitate the Bold and Prophane Efforts of their Wit who deny the *Being* of a God, or utter *Blasphemies* against his Messenger: The whole *Universe* is an irrefragable Testimony of an *Eternal* and *Omnipotent* Nature: And the *Alcoran* is an evident Proof, of the Sanctity and indispensable Com-
mission

mission of our *Holy Lawgiver*. But I hope 'tis no Crime to enter into Speculations of Things liable to Controversie. At least I will venture to disclose to thee my Thoughts, who art the most agreeable of all my Friends. I tell thee, my dear *Gnet*, it appears to me Ridiculous, and like the Quarrels of Children, for *Mussulmans* to wrangle about mere Trifles in Religion, and that the *Resign'd to God* should be Zealous for the *Whimsies* of Men. One Party believes the *Alcoran* is *Eternal*; Another says 'tis *Created*. In my Opinion, they are both absurd Assertions. The *First*, because then it will follow, That there are more *Eternals* than *One*, which is a fair Step to *Polytheism* and *Idolatry*: The *Second* is only an *Impropriety of Speech*; For we do not usually say of any *Writing*, that it is *Created*, but *Pen'd*.

I can easily believe the manifold *Descents* of *Gabriel* from *Heaven*, when he brought down the *Hundred and Four Sheets* of *Science* and *Faith*. But whether *Adam* had only *Ten* of these *Sheets*, or *One* and *Twenty*, as some say; Or, whether his Son *Seth* had but *Twenty Nine* of them; or *Fifty*, according to others; is not material, according to my *Faith*. It is possible *Edris* had no more nor less than *Thirty*, and *Abraham* our *Father* just *Ten* of these *Divine Manuscripts*. Of this we are sure, That the *Volume* of the *Law* was sent to *Moses*, the *Psalms* to *David*, the *Gospel* to *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, and the mighty *Alcoran* to *Mahomet* the *Seal of the Prophets*.

It is as easie for me to believe the *Celestial Pen* with which all these Manuscripts were written, to be of some *Admirable Substance*. But, why it shou'd be made of *Pearls*, rather than of *Diamonds*, or any other *Jewels*, I see no Reason; Or, that it shou'd be a Journey of Fifty Years for the swiftest Horse in *Arabia* to run from one End of it to the other. Yet if I have not *Faith* enough for these Things, I will not be Angry with those that have. Let every Man enjoy his Fancy.

But I cannot be so indifferent, when I hear Men tell me, That God has a Body like Ours, with Eyes, Ears, Nose, Hands, Tongue, and all other Members and Organs of Life, Sense, Speech and Motion: That he is subject to Passions of Love, Hatred, Anger, Grief, and all the Affections that are common to Mortals. Yet thou knowest, there is a *Sect* of *Mussulmans*, who believe all this, and preach it to others with great Assurance. What is this, but to set up an *Idol* in the Place of God? For, the Original of all *Idolatry*, was the Vain Presumption of Men, who represented the *Incomprehensible Divinity*, under some Common *Visible Figure* of Men or Beasts.

If we must assign a *Body* to God, it would seem more Rational to adhere to their Opinion among the *Sephatim*, who say, his *Body* is *Infinite*, *Uncircumscrib'd*, and beyond all *Form*. Neither is it of any Import, that the *Western Philosophers* assert, It is of the *Essence* of all *Bodies* to be *Circumscrib'd* and *Finite*:

nite:

nite: Since, though this may be readily granted true of *Particular Bodies*, yet must it ever be deny'd of the *Immense* and *Universal Body* out of which the *World* is Form'd: Unless they will allow an Unlimited and Intermi-nate Unbody'd *Space*, which is more Unintelligible and Absurd. Doubtless, if the *Eternal Mind* has a *Body*, 'tis Expanded Wide as the Endless *Æther*, and Equally Present in all Places: Neither can this *Body* be any more Circumscrib'd, Confin'd, or shut up in any Place, than the Light of the *Sun* can be Restrain'd within a *Room*, or Separated from its *Source* by the drawing of a *Curtain*. For all the *World* is Pervious to this *Infinite Body*, which is altogether *Indivisible* into *Parts*, even as that which we call a *Spirit*. In a Word, we must conceive it to be *simple* and *uncompounded*, the *Finest* and *First Matter* of the *Universe*.

But if thou wilt have my Opinion, all this is Infinitely too low and narrow an *Idea* of that *Eternal* and most *Exalted Essence*, that *Intellectual Beauty*, which no Mortal Eye has seen, no Tongue or Pen can describe; the smallest Glimple of whose *Ineffable Majesty*, falling on the Thoughts of *Holy Men* and *Prophets*, snatches away their *Souls* in Sacred Passions and Divine Exstasies, whilst their *Bodies* are in the Custody of the *Angel of Death*. At such Times they are carry'd up through the *Seven Heavens*, beholding all their *Wonders*, and the *Purple Sea* which divides the *First Heaven* from the *Second*. They pass by the *Orbs* where Fire, Hail,

N 4 Snow

Snow and Thunder are prepar'd and kept as in *Reservatories* against the *Day of Calamity*; being guarded by the *Spirits of Vengeance*, who are created to punish *Infidels*. Then they ascend to the *Fourth Heaven*, where dwell innumerable Armies of *Holy Ones*. Next to the *Fifth*, where are the *Angels of Intercession*. Then to the *Sixth*, which is the *Residence of Archangels*, the *Interuncio's* or *Messengers* of the *Eternal Majesty*. And last of all, they are introduced into the Presence of the most *Sublime Potentates* and *Principalities*, who wait before the *Recess* of the *Creator*, in the *Heavens* above all *Heavens*, whose Height transcends the *Power* of *Created Intellectuals* to measure.

O *Dgnat*, when I have said all I can, 'tis nothing to the Purpose. For no Words nor Thoughts can reach that *Infinite above all Infinity*. Nothing but *Pure Unbodied Minds*, can have Access to the *Skirts and Borders* of that *Endless Region of Light*.

Therefore let us not stretch our *Vain Imaginations*, nor greedily pry into those *Secrets*, which for ever fly from *Humane Thought*: But keeping our selves within the *Bounds of Reason and Sobriety*, let us *Adore God* and believe his *Prophet*, Obey the *Law of Cleaness and Purity*, without *Injuring Man or Beast*; And that's the *Way*, if there be any, to ascend to the *Vision and Enjoyment* of that *Happiness*, which at present is hid from us.

Paris, 5th. of the 11th. Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

I Receiv'd the *Dispatch* coming from Valorous Hands, an *Express* perfum'd with *Narcissus*; full of honorable Words, and exhibiting a Command worthy of an *Ottoman General*. May the Angel of *Fortitude* conduct thee in all thy *Expeditions* against *Infidels*, *Rebels*, and *Hereticks*.

Thy Conceptions of the *Present State* of *Europe* are very proper and lively. Yet, in some Things, 'tis possible thou hast been misinformed. The Affairs of *Italy* are inconsiderable, when compar'd with the more important *Wars* of the North. That *Quarter* is at present the *Theatre* of the most remarkable Actions. Yet the *Campaignes* in *Flanders* this Year, have made some Noise in the World.

But, all the Discourse at present is, of the Famous Siege and Taking of *Fredericks-Ode* by the *Swedes*. This is a Fortrefs belonging to the King of *Denmark*, and esteem'd one of the Strongest in *Europe*. Yet it was taken by Storm: Wherein the *Danes* lost Ninety three principal Officers, and about Three thousand Common Soldiers; Thirty three Colours; Seventy seven Great Guns of Iron and Brass; Three hundred and eighty two Barrels of Powder; Forty thousand Musquet-Bullets; Six hundred Granado's; Three thousand Pikes; and Two thou-

land two Hundred Suits of Armour.

This **Victory** makes the **Swedes** appear Terrible to their Enemies ; and they are look'd upon as the only Flourishing Nation in the North, as *France* is in the *West*. Yet, to shew that there's no unmix'd Happiness here below, their Interest has been much lessen'd by the Desertion of the *Brandenburgers*, who now seem to favour the Cause of King *Casimir*.

That Monarch had an Interview lately with the *Elector of Brandenburg*, at a Place call'd *Broomberg* ; where they embrac'd one another, banquetted together, and buried all the *Memoirs of Enmity* in generous *Compotations* : For, this is the Way of the *Northern Princes of Europe* ; who live in so cold a *Climate*, that Nothing less than a Debauch with Wine can thaw their Frozen Souls, and melt 'em into an Obliging Humour.

As for the *State of England*, I perceive thou know'st the Character of *Oliver*, the new Sovereign of that *Commonwealth*. Yet I can inform thee, that he begins to change his Temper. There are Persons in this Court, who give constant Intelligence to the *King of France*, of all his Secrets. And, as the *Exil'd King of Scots* cou'd not snuff a Candle in a Passion, but that *Usurper* had Knowledge of it ; so neither can *Oliver* have a Dream, but some spiteful *Mercury* carries the News into Foreign Countries. His Sleep is interrupted with Fearful Visions of Plots, and Treasons against his Life ; which makes him change his Bed, five or six Times a-Night. They say, he is

Meta-

Metamorphos'd from a *Heroe*, to a perfect *Coward*. And, this is not the Report of the Multitude, who take things upon Trust; but 'tis the Sport of the *French Grandees*, who wish well to the *Son* of the late Murder'd *English King*.

I must be Irregular in my Method of Writing, that I may oblige thee with *Military* Remarks. A more particular Account of the *Storm* of *Fredericks-Ode*, is just come to my Hands, wherein we are assur'd, that it was taken at the First Assault, which much redounds to the Honour of General *Wrangle*; and that the *Crown-Marshal* of *Denmark*, with many *Senators* and *Grandees*, fell by the Edge of the Sword; And that Two Thousand *Captives* were driven yok'd in Couples like Beasts, as an Augmentation of the *Conquerour's* Triumph.

Thou wilt not be displeased at the little Coherence and Order of these *Memoirs*, considering that it suits well enough with the Subject: For I write *a la Campagne*, as the *French* say, and so am oblig'd to entertain thee with broken Detachments of News, from several *Parts*, as Occasion offers.

The *Spaniards* are stark mad, for the Loss of *Mardike*, which was taken by the *English* and *French* in the 9th. Moon, and all the Garrison sent Prisoners to *Calais*. They swear, they will have this Important Place again, whatever it cost 'em. The *Prince of Conde*, lies dangerously sick of a *Fever* at *Gaunt*: Whilst *Don John* of *Austria*, labours under a Malady of another Nature, being much distress'd for
Want

Want of Money to pay his Soldiers. This is look'd upon as a very bad *Symptom*, in a *General* of an *Army*.

The Great City *Cracow* in *Poland* is surrender'd by the *Suedes* to *King Casimir*. That *Monarch* begins to find a Turn of his Affairs; and 'tis thought, he will draw Half the *Princes* of *Europe* into a *League* against the *King* of *Sueden*.

It will be of no great Importance for thee to know, that the Siege of *Munster* is rais'd, and a *Peace* Concluded between that *City* and their *Bishop*: Yet 'tis convenient, that this shou'd be related to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are the Judges of all Human Events. Besides, in one of my Letters, I mention'd this Quarrel and Siege.

Illustrious Aga, I have obey'd thy Commands, in sending thee an Abstract of all the most Remarkable Transactions in *Europe*, during the last Three or Four Moons. I wish 'twere as agreeable to any of my Friends, to send me the News of our *Armies* and *Navy*.

But I am more oblig'd to Strangers and *Infidels*, for the Intelligence I have of the *Ottoman* Affairs, than to any of the *True Believers*.

Brave Commander, may God preserve thee from the Common Vices of a Soldiers Life, and make thee as Renowned as *Cassim Hali*, who was present in 25 pitch'd Battels, received 48 Wounds, and yet lived to the 63d. Year of his Age.

Paris, 27th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1657.

The End of the Third Book.

LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. V.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Cara Hali, Physician *to the*
Grand Signior.

MOST of my Letters to the *Grande*es of the *Port*, carry News of Wars, Sieges, and Battles among the *Christians*. Now I'll tell thee who art my Friend, I'm at *War* with myself. One Potent Passion takes the Field against another. Opposite Armies of Affections

ctions, are Embattel'd in my Breast : My Heart is block'd up : Here, lies Interest Entrenched ; There, Honour displays its Standard. One Minute, Nature and Self-Preservation make a Sally ; the next, they are beat back by Generosity and Love. The Worst of it is, that these Contrary Factions in the Soul, are so blended together by a secret Correspondence, that it is almost impossible to discern which is which.

Would'st thou know what the Meaning of this is ? I'll tell thee in Brief ; I'm in a Controversie with my self, whether I'd best to die or live.

Wonder not at the Expression, as if 'twere in any Man's Power to make this Choice ; since according to the *Mussulman Faith*, we cannot hasten or retard the Moments decree'd by Fate. Assuredly, *Predestination* does not in the least interfere with what is called Man's *Free Will*. Every the most *Voluntary Action* of our Lives, complies as exactly with the Appointment of *Eternal Destiny*, as the Accidental Fall of a Tyle from a House, or the more Regular and Constant Descent of Rain, Snow and Hail from the Clouds. And, for ought I know, we may as Properly call it the *Free-Will* of a River to run toward the Sea, as for a Man to pursue the Various Currents of his own Reason or Appetite. For so a *Fountain* frequently divides it self into many *Streams*, before it falls into the Ocean, which is its Center. And Man himself, notwithstanding the boasted *Freedom* of his *Will*, is
as

as much confin'd to act according to his *Principles*, *Prepossessions*, *Prejudices*, *Passions*, and *Habits*; as the different *Rivulets* issuing from the same *Spring*, are restrained each within the *Banks* of its proper *Channel*.

But not to entertain thee with more *Allu-*
gories; both thou and I, and all Men, find
our selves violently carried away by certain
Inclinations so forcible, as no Power of our
Will is able to resist: Sometimes our Love,
Hate, Joy, Grief, and so the rest of Humane
Passions, are as *Involuntary* as the Motions of
our *Pulse*. And though in the most Important
Actions of our Lives, we generally form some
regular Design, as their Scope and Center;
Yet we do many Things without Reflection,
as *Musicians* are said sometimes to play ex-
cellent *Tunes*, without so much as regarding
or thinking what they are about. By all
which it is evident, that our *Will* has little to
do in the Conduct of our Lives. We, like
all other Creatures, act according to certain
Secret Impulses of Nature. The very same *Fa-*
culty which we call *Instinct* in the *Beasts*, is
no other than what we term *Reason*, *Wis-*
dom, *Knowledge*, *Discretion*, and *Forecast* in
our Selves. And I think 'tis no *Solecism* to say,
That that was a Prudent Dog, who percei-
ving his Master making ready a Rope to hang
him, slyly slip'd away, and never came near
him more.

Suffer me to make yet a farther Digression,
and ascribe it to Fate. For I'm on a sudden
strangely interrupted in my Thoughts, by a

most

most Furious *Tempest*; A Medley of Hail, Rain, Lightning and Thunder: And this last, though not over-noise and loud, yet it was the most singularly terrifying that ever I heard in my Life. There is a sort of *Thunder* which they call the *Drum*, because it approaches near the Sound of that Warlike Instrument, making a lively, fierce rumbling in the Air, like the Beat of an Alarm. There is another more surprizing, like the Roaring of Cannons. But this had a Touch in it, of the most harsh, affrightning and Irregular Noises, that ever shook the *Welkin*.

I was possessed with a deep Melancholy, as soon as I heard the horrid Clatter begin, and saw the Air darken apace, with a more than ordinary Gloominess. Then I felt some *Religious* Passions struggling with my Reason. I was full of Fears, lest God was angry with me for my counterfeited Life among the Christians: And imagined no less, than that this *Tempest* was railed on purpose to destroy me; and make me an Example to all *Musfulmans*, who dare deny the *Holy Prophet*, to serve the Interest of the *Grand Signior*, as much a Mortal as themselves. Or, at least, I concluded I should taste my Share of the Wrath of Heaven, at this Cholerick Juncture. Nay, and all the *Philosophy* I could muster together served but to raise my dismal Expectations of the *Fatal Blast*. For I could not avoid thinking, That a Wicked Man is a *Magnet*, which *Naturally* attracts the *Vengeance* of Heaven: And that I being such in the

the Higheſt Degree, could not fail of having my *Soul ſcorched* up at Once to *Nothing*, or *Metamorphoſed* to a *Fury* (which is *Worſe*) by ſome *Surprizing* and *Inevitable Flaſh*. For, to paſs from this *Life* by *Light'ning*, *Poyſon*, or an *Earthquake*, are the only Deaths I fear.

I fell on my *Knees* and *Face*, addreſſing my ſelf to *God*, with the moſt *Humble* and *Fervent Devotion* I was alſo capable of. I made my *Application* alſo to his *Prophets*. I ſaid and did, all that I thought would procure a *Reſpite* of the *Puniſhment* I fear'd. At length being tired and ſick of too much *Prayer*, I roſe and ſate down chearfully; remembering I was a *Muſſulman*, and reſigned to the *Will of Deſtiny*. Conſidering alſo, that I was an *Arabian*, of a *Noble Stock*; I reſolv'd, if I muſt die, to prepare my ſelf with a *Moderation* worthy of my *Blood*; that ſo I might go to the *Inviſibles*, like the *Grand-Son* of an *Emir*.

Perhaps thou wilt impute this to *Vanity*: But I eſteem it a *Point of Juſtice*, for a *Man* to take *Care*, that he may live and die like himſelf, without degenerating from the *Virtue* of his *Anceſtors*, or bringing a *Diſgrace* on the *Tribe* to which he belongs. For, tho' *God* has Created all *Men* of the ſame *Mould*, yet he has diſtinguiſh'd One *Family* from Another, by more than *Specifick Characters* Imprinted on them in their *Nativity*: And has Ennobled ſome *Mortals* with *Peculiar Qualities*

ties and Innate Perfections, which Others are wholly Strangers to. So, there are Others Remarkable for *Hereditary Vices*.

Whether these things depend on the *Blood*, or on the Different Circumstances of *Souls* before they came into these Bodies, is a Question not soon resolv'd. But, this I'm sure of, That I find in my self both some Virtues and Vices, which I could never yet discover so Odly blended together in any other Mortal. I'm always Campagning on the *Frontiers* of *Good* and *Evil*. Yet my Passions are not Mercenary: No Price can tempt me to Treason or Perfidy. I am Master of a certain Fastness of Spirit, which no Human Charm is able to dismantle. My Integrity cannot be warp'd by Gold. And 'tis for this Reason, I a little value my self. Which makes me sometimes inclin'd rather bravely to sally forth into the *Unknown World*, than tarry in *This*, where I meet with Nothing but Contempt and Disesteem from the *Slaves* of *Him*, for whose Sake I bear the Fatigue of Life. Surely, think I, wherever it be my Lot to go, after my Escape from this *Mortal State*; the *Spirits* of that *Region* will be kind to me, for the Sake of my Incorruptible Trustiness: For, they have Intrigues as well as we; and consequently, will be glad of Faithful *Agents*.

In a Word, since all my Zeal and Loyalty is thought not to merit any Reward in this Life; I would fain try, whether at least I may not deserve to be a *Ghost* of Honour; If there
be

be any such Distinctions in that *World of Spirits*.

Paris, 27th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1657.

LETTER II.

To Mustapha, Bassa.

I Shall acquaint thee with a late Transaction in this *Kingdom*, which I believe has but few Examples. The *Kaimachan* has already receiv'd a *Dispatch* from me, wherein I signified the Return of *Christina*, Queen of *Sweden*, into *France*: This Princess since her Arrival at *Fontainbleau*, having discovered some secret Treachery in one of her Retinue, who was an *Italian* Marquess, pronounc'd a Formal Sentence of Death on him: Which was accordingly Executed on the 10th Day of the 11th Moon, by her own Officers, in a Gallery of her Palace, after he had been warn'd of it by her express Order, and had a Confessor sent to him, to prepare him for Another *World*.

When this was done, she immediately sent a Messenger to acquaint the *French King* with this Action, and the Reasons which induc'd her to it. Some of the Courtiers at first perswaded him, That the *Queen's* Proceeding entrench'd

trench'd on his *Royal Prerogative*, he being the sole *Arbiter of Life and Death* within his own *Dominions*. Whereupon *Monsieur de Chanut* was sent to *Expostulate* with her. I have formerly mentioned this Person in some of my Letters, when he was *Embassador* from this *Crown* to *Queen Christina*, then *Reigning in Sweden*. He is a *Gentleman of great Abilities*; and for that Reason has been employ'd in the most difficult *Negotiations*, with the *States of Holland* and other *Countries*.

Yet People Censure variously; and the Case has been referred to the *Doctors of the Civil Law*, who pronounc'd this Sentence in her Favour, *That being an Independent Sovereign, and having the King of France's Permission to reside in this Realm, the Rights of Sovereignty could not be deny'd her over her own Subjects: Such are to be esteemed all that are in her Service, and take her Pay, except the Subjects of the State where she resides.*

The swift Execution of this *Queens Sentence* on her *Servant*, in part resembles the *Rigor of our Eastern Justice*, which admits of no *Delays* in punishing *Criminal Persons*, and removing *Traytors* out of the *Way*. Neither is it to be diverted by any *Fears of After-Claps*. And though these *Western Monarchs* generally put no *Man to Death* without a *Formal Process at Law*; yet sometimes they have leap'd over this *Rule*, and only given the *Word of Command* to some of their *Officers*, ad the *Business* was done:

As

Vol. V. *a Spy at* PARIS. 285

As in the Case of the *Marshal d'Ancre*, and the *Duke of Guize*; the one falling by a Pistol Bullet, the other by the Stab of a Dagger; and both in the King's own Palace, surrounded with their Servants and Friends. And there was no other Way for the Crown of *France* to secure it self from the Attempts of these dangerous Men, who were grown to such a height, as to Monarch it almost as much as their Masters.

Mighty *Bassa*, the Charms of *Sovereignty* are very strong, creating Envy and Ambition in *Subjects*, and Jealousie in *Princes*. It is not safe for an eminent *Grandee* to appear too Popular. For he that is invested with a *Diadem* can never brook a *Rival*, or one whom he has Reason to suspect for such.

Paris, 2d of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER III.

To Mustapha, Barber Aga.

THE *Spaniards* are all dissolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a Young *Prince*, and *Heir* of that declining Monarchy. 'Tis said, that the King his Father appointed a solemn *Festival* throughout all his *Dominions*, commanding his Subjects to celebrate it with the most exalted Demonstrations of Joy. And on that day, he himself wore the Ransom of *Kings* in his Apparel; the very *Diamonds* and *Pearls* in his Hat, being valu'd at three Millions of *Gold*. By which thou mayst guess at the rest.

He has also communicated this joyful News to all *Christian Princes* and *States*, his Friends and Allies. And indeed, he has some Reason to make a Noise of this good Fortune, being an old Man, and in all Mens Opinion not likely to have any more Children.

His *Ambassadors* in *Foreign Countries*, endeavour to imitate their *Prince* in all manner of magnificent Triumphs. And particularly from *Holland* we have the following Account: That on a certain Day of this Moon of *January*, Don *Stephano de Gamara*, the *Spanish Ambassador* at the *Hague*, caus'd *Te Deum* to be sung with excellent Voices and Musick, whilst fifty Pieces of *Ordnance* play'd continually. At Night a Hundred and Fifty *Pitch-Barrels*

Barrels were lighted on several Scaffolds in the Streets, and all the Windows in the *Hague* were Illuminated with *Wax-Tapers*. And these Words were seen flaming in an Artificial *Fire-Work* for Two Hours together;

*ParVe, at Magne PHILippe,
Prospere proGeDe, & regna.*

I need not explain this *Inscription* to thee who art vers'd in the *Roman Language*; and wilt find, that all the *Salt* of these Words lies in the *Capital Letters* pointing at the Year wherein this Young Prince was born. *viz. MDCLVII.* except a little *Pun* upon his Name, which is *Philip Prosper*. On each Side, appear'd the *Arms* of the *Spanish King*; and Underneath, the *Golden Fleece*, so Artificially contriv'd, that from it sprung Fountains of divers Kinds of Wine, at which the Multitude drank liberally for some Hours: Whilst many new-Coin'd Pieces of Gold and Silver were scatter'd among them out of the *Ambassadors Windows*. They were stamp'd with an *Olive Tree*, having this *Motto* on One Side,

Crescente hac, Pax aurea crescet:

And on the Other Side a *Hand*, with this *Inscription* in a *Label*,

Dabit Populis Pacem.

The *French* ridicule this latter *Motto*, and say, The *King of Spain* will ee'r long deserve the

the Title of *Peace-Maker*, when he shall be forc'd to sue for it, not being in a Condition to carry on a *War*.

Illustrious Officer, I know thou art well versed in the *Roman Histories*, having been Educated under *Achmet-Lala*, who was a Learned Man. And 'tis probable, thou art no Stranger to the more Modern Relations of *Europe*, and the Diverse Characters of the *People* that inhabit it. Yet, give me Leave to tell thee, That *Rome* in all its Victorious Bravery, never saw Firmer Soldiers in a Battle, than the *Spaniards* are at this Day. But the *French* have Finer Wits, more Money, and better Fortune: And 'tis this makes 'em insult. Besides, *Destiny* over-rules all Things. Every *Kingdom* and *Empire* has its *Climacters*, wherein it droops, declines, and at the Grand *Critical Period* falls to ruin.

The *Greeks* had Money enough when the Great *Sultan Mahomet* besieged *Constantinople*: But they had not Wit to use it for their own Preservation; and so that City, the last Considerable Stake of the *Empire*, was lost to the *Ottomans*, who soon after became *Masters* of all the rest.

Thou hast Wealth in Abundance, and Discretion to manage it: Slip no *Opportunities*, but remember the Old *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *God has given whole Days to the Fortunate, but to the Unhappy he affords only some Hours.*

Paris, 17th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1658,

LET-

LETTER IV.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs at Constantinople.*

I Remember my Promise, though it be late. Thou know'st I have many Hindrances, and therefore wilt not tax me with feigning an Excuse. However, thy Letter came to me in a good Hour, to put me in mind of these Things, and to enquire of our Mothers Health, who still resides in this City.

I have said Nothing of her, since my first Letter after her Arrival at *Paris*. And, to tell thee the Truth, she has said little her self, being ignorant of the *French* Tongue, and too Old to learn it. Therefore her chief Conversation has been with *Eliachim* and me above these three Years: For, that *Jew* speaks indifferent good *Turkish* and *Arabick*.

If thou wouldst know how she has spent her Time, 'tis divided between her *Devotions* and her *Needle*. She lives more recluse than a *Christian Nun*; seldom or never stirring abroad, unless to take the Air of the Fields, and then shut up in a Coach with her Maid. In a Word, her Manner of Living is a fit Example for the *French Women*: For, in all Things she observes the *Laws* of her *Education*, and the modest *Customs* of the *East*.

O

No

No Argument can persuade her to change her *Grecian* Garb, or dress her self after the Loose Mode of *Western* Females. Neither will she Eat or Drink any where, but in the House of *Eliachim*, for fear of infringing the Precepts of the *Alcoran*, and disobeying the Messenger of God: For she esteems the Diet of the *Jews* Pure, and free from *Pollution*. In her Pious and Motherly Zeal, she rebukes me for Eating and Drinking with *Infidels*: And I've nothing to say in my Defence, but the Necessity I lie under of preventing Suspicion, that so I may serve the *Sultan* with greater Success, and that I have the *Mufti's* Dispensation for this and many more Irregularities. When she hears this, she lifts up her Eyes to *Heaven*, lays her Hand upon her Breast, and appears resign'd: Yet shakes her Head, and seems to pity my Case; not without some Reflections on the Corruption of the Times, the Impiety of the *Seraglio*, and Want of Zeal for the *Holy Prophet*.

She has her Health to a Miracle: And excepting the First two *Moons* after she came to *Paris*, I never heard her complain of the least Indisposition. 'Tis possible, the Change of Air, with the Inconveniencies of Travelling so far by Sea and Land, might incommode her at first. She was for a while troubled with *Rheums*, *Obstructions*, and a *Dysentery*: But she soon overcame these Distempers, and has ever since been perfectly well.

We often discourse together of thee, and thy Travels in the *East*. Sometimes I read Part of thy *Journal* to her, which affords her infinite Delight. She congratulates her self, and thy good Fortune, in escaping so many Perils and Deaths as every where threaten a Stranger; and takes a particular Delight to hear thy Adventures with the *Indian Lady* at the Court of *Raja Hulacu*. Thou may'st be assur'd, our Mother bears a singular Affection to thee; for we never meet without wishing thee in our Company. She rejoices mightily to hear of thy Prosperity and Advancement in the Favour of the *Grand Signior*, and his *principal Ministers*; wishing thee every Day a new Step of Honour and Interest. Thou may'st also rest satisfied, that *Mahmut* comes not short of the Affection he owes to such a Brother.

At other times we talk of our Cousin *Isouf*, who is now in the *Frozen Regions* of the North. His *Itinerary Memoirs* are also very pleasant; and we pass some Hours in reading and comparing them with the *Dispatches* which I frequently receive from *Mehemet* an exil'd Eunuch in *Egypt*: for *Isouf* is more large in his Description of that Country, and his Remarks on its *Antiquities*, than on any other Part of *Africa*. Yet he says enough of all that *Southern Quarter*.

As to what I promis'd to inform thee, concerning the *Pyramids*, *Mummies*, and other Singularities of *Egypt*; know, that our Kinsman *Isouf* is a great Critick, and gives the

Lye to *Herodotus*, *Diodorus*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other Writers of *Greece* and *Rome*. Neither will he consent in all things to our *Arabian Histories*.

He says, the *Pyramids* are neither so High, nor does their *Basis* take up so much Ground, as is reported by the *Ancients*. He laughs at those who affirm, They cast no *Shadows* at Noon, having experienc'd the Contrary when the *Sun* was in *Capricorn*. And we may believe him in this, on good Ground: For it is Recorded of *Thales Milesius*, who liv'd above 2000 Years ago, That he took the Height of the *Pyramids* by their *Shadows*.

There are 3 of these *Admirable Structures* not far from *Caire*, and about 18 more in the *Deserts* of *Libya*. It is generally suppos'd, That they were built for *Sepulchres* of the *Egyptian Kings*; some of them before the *Flood*, the rest after. There are not wanting *Historians*, who assert the greatest of the *Pyramids* to be the *Tomb* of *Seth* the Son of *Adam*.

Isouf was within this *Mighty Fabrick*, and attests, That after he and his Company had descended and ascended through certain *Galleries*, they came at last to a *Square Chamber*, wall'd about with pure *Thebaick Marble*; in the Middle of which was a *Chest* of the same Stone, which when struck with the Foot, sounded like a *Musical Instrument*. It is believ'd, that in this *Chest* was laid the *Body* of the *King* who built that *Pyramid*.

The Ancient *Egyptians* were of Opinion, That even after that which we call *Death*,

or

or the *Separation* of the *Soul* and *Body*, there were certain *Arts* to retain 'em together; if not in so strict and intimate an *Union* as before, yet in a very *Familiar Correspondence* for many *Ages*. So that the *Soul* should always take *Delight* to hover about the *Body*, and to exercise its *Faculties* in the *Place* where that was reposed.

For this Reason, in the first *Place* they took out the *Bowels*, and whatsoever was most liable to *Corruption*: And having wash'd the Empty *Belly* with *Wine of Palms*, mix'd with *Aromatick Powders*, they stuff'd it with *Myrrh*, *Cassia*, and many costly *Confections*: and then sow'd it up. After this, they purified the whole *Body* with *Nitre*; And having drawn out the *Brains* by the *Nostrils* with a *Hook*, they fill'd up the *Skull* with melted *Gums*. And last of all, they swath'd up the whole *Body* in *Silk*, smearing it over with rich *Mixtures* of *Bitumen*, *Spices* and *Gums*, and so delivered it to the *Kindred* to be laid up in the *Sepulchre*.

These were the *Preparations* they made to Court the Presence of the *Soul*, by rendring the *Body* for ever sweet and incorruptible. And, that the Majesty of *Royal Ghosts* might never be Interrupted or Violated by the Neighbourhood of *Vulgar Spirits*, or the Ruder Approach of *Mortals*; *Kings* built these magnificent *Piles*, as the *Palaces* of their *Last Repose*. 'Tis therefore they were Erected in *Desert* and *Unfrequented Places*, and in such a *Form* as was esteemed the most

Durable, and secure from the Injuries of *Time*, the Assaults of the *Elements*, and from the Common Fate of all Humane Enterprises. Each Stone of a prodigious Bulk, and riveted to the next with a Bar of Iron: Which with the Strength and invincible Fastness of the Cement, renders it a thing impossible for any one of these *Pyramids* to be demolished, though all Mankind were set to work for many successive Generations.

Al Mamun, the *Caliph* of *Babylon*, attempted to do it, but in vain: For after he had set his Men at Work, and been at vast Expences, they made but one small Breach, so inconsiderable, that being made sensible it would exhaust his *Treasures* to remove but the hundredth part of the *Pyramid*, he desisted, full of Wonder at the Wisdom of the *Founders*.

If it be true, that the *Soul* may by such Allurements as these be prevailed on to remain with the *Body* in its *Sepulchre*, and that a Man's future Happiness consists in this, I should my self Admire and Imitate those *Egyptian Sages*. I would in my Life-Time build me a small *Mausoleum*, according to my Ability, and order in my *Last Will* and *Testament*, that my *Body* be Embalmed, and Condit for a perpetual Duration. But if none of these *Arts* can alter the *Decrees* of *Destiny*, or force an *Immortal Spirit* from Ranging where it pleases, I must conclude with *Pliny*, That this celebrated Wisdom of the *Egyptians*, was no other than Glorious Folly,

Folly, and all the Magnificence of their *Kings* in building such costly *Sepulchres*, but *Royal Waste*.

They themselves, in thus cautiously providing to secure the *Soul's* Abode with the *Body* after *Death*, tacitely own'd, That by the Course of *Nature* it would immediately pass into some other. Nay, the *Transmigration* of *Souls*, was an *Established Doctrin* in *Egypt*. How then could they be so blind as to imagine a *Dead Carcase*, however *Perfumed* and *Fenced* against *Corruption*, was more inviting than an *Embryo* formed to live? Or that it was more *Eligible* for the *Soul* to be Imprisoned in a *Dark Dungeon* (for no better are the *Insides* of the *Pyramids*) than to enjoy the *Light* of the *Sun*, *Moon*, and *Stars*, and the *Various Sweets* of the *Elements*? Brother, in my *Opinion*, 'twere better to be a *Bird*, a *Worm*, a *Fly*, or any living *Thing*, than to be thus immur'd for many *Ages*, and have no other *Companion* but an *Old Salted Mummie*.

Isouf has made some *Remarks* on the *River Nile*, to which he says *Egypt* owes not only its *Corn* and *Fruits*, but also the very *Soil* which brings them forth. For every *Year*, at the *Time* of the *Inundation*, that *River* brings along with it from *Ethiopia*, or some other *Regions* through which it passes, *Abundance* of *Slime* and *Mud*, with which it covers all the *Land* of *Egypt*, leaving it behind at the *Decrease* of the *Waters*: So that the *Soil* of *Egypt* is borrowed from other

Countries. And if this be true, for ought we know, the Place of its Situation may be borrowed from the Sea, according to the Opinion of some Ancient Philosophers.

Herodotus, Pliny and others, were of this Persuasion, grounding their Conjectures on the nearer Approaches of the *Continent* to the *Island Pharos*, from the time of *Homer*, who exactly calculated its Distance. And they concluded. That the immense Quantities of Slime which the *Nile* transports from the Mountainous *Regions* of *Africa*, might in the space of two *Myriads* of Years have filled up all that Part of the Sea which is now *Firm Land*, and called *Egypt*.

If this be true, it seems to me very strange, That the *Egyptians* should boast of greater *Antiquity* than any other *Nation* in the *World*; tho their Country it self be the youngest of all the *Regions* on Earth, an Abortive Spot of Ground, hatched by a River in the Depths of the Sea, and ever since cherish'd by that River as by a Parent or Nurse, which ceases not to convey to it yearly a convenient Proportion of Aliment, whereby the Country it self grows in Bulk, and the Inhabitants are maintained. O Admirable Providence of *Nature*, who can penetrate into thy Mysterious Conduct! O *Egypt* abounding in Prodigies and Wonders! Where the *Land* and *Water*, with the other *Elements*, conspire to render thee all over *miraculous*.

Dear *Pesteli*, I am transported when I think of that *Region*; and could relate a thousand

land more Passages, both out of *Iscuf's Memoirs*, and from the Mouths of others, who have travelled thither to observe so many *Miracles*. But I believe, thy Patience will be sufficiently tir'd with the Length of this Letter. Besides, my Mother is just come to visit me, and desires me to recommend her Unfeigned Affections to thee.

Be assured also, that *Mabmut* loves thee with the Integrity of a Man, and the Tenderness of a Brother: And he serves thee in all Things without repining.

Paris, 17th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER V.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Venetians* are very angry for the loss of *Tenedos*; and not without Reason: For, that *Island* is a delicate Spot of Ground, abounding in rich Wines, and other Products of *Nature*. Besides, it commands the Avenue of the *Shining City*, the *Refuge* of Mortals.

They variously relate the Manner of its being retaken from 'em, by the *Arms* which no *Earthly Power* is able to resist. Endeavouring in all their Rumours, to disguise the

Truth as much as they can, and misrepresent the Bravery of the *Ottomans*; That so the Actions of their own *Generals* may make the greater Figure.

These *Nazarenes* have a bad Cause, and therefore are compelled to make use of Shifts and Equivocations to support it. They are quite degenerated from the Integrity of the *Primitive Followers* of *Jesus*. In a Word, they make good the Character of the ancient *Candids*; of whom a certain Poet says, *They are thorow-pac'd Lyars, ravenous Beasts, and gluttonous Drones.*

It's believ'd in these Parts, That when the *Venetians* quitted the *Island* they departed not without Revenge, setting Fire to a Mine, and blowing up several Hundreds of *Mahometans* into the Air.

However, they have for Ever Proscribed and Excommunicated *Girolamo Loredan*, and *Giovanni Contarini*, in whose Custody the Chief Fortresses of the *Island* were; accusing them of Cowardice and Treachery: Offering also Two Thousand *Sequins* to any that seizes on 'em within the Dominions of *Venice*, and Three Thousand to him that kills 'em in another Country.

I know, 'tis in the Power of the All-Commanding *Port* to protect these *Exiles*, if they are within the Territories of our *Sovereign*; much more, if they shelter themselves in that *Sanctuary* of the *Distressed*. But thou, and the other *Supreme Ministers*, are best able to judge whether these *Infidels* merit so great a *Favour*.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, their Case may be like that of *Nadast*, Governour of *Buda*, when *Solyman* the *Magnificent* besieged that City. For *Nadast* was a Man of Invincible Courage and Fidelity, but was betrayed by the Soldiers, who bound him in Chains, and deliver'd up the City and Castle to the *Victorious Sultan*. That brave *Hero* understanding their Treachery, and the Resolution of *Nadast*, set him at Liberty, and presented him with noble Gifts; but commanded the perfidious Garrison to be cut in Pieces: A due Reward of their Treason. For, though Princes often make Use of *Traytors* to serve their own Designs; yet, when the Work is done, they commonly pursue the hated Instruments with the Effects of a just Contempt and Indignation.

Plutarch, the *Greek Historian*, abounds with Instances of this Nature; so does *Herodian*, and other *Roman Authors*. But, no Example of Punishment in this kind seems so Proportionate, Regular and Ingenious, as that which *Brennus*, King of the *Gauls*, caused to be inflicted on a Virgin of *Ephesus*; who, when he Besieged that City, promised to deliver it into his Hands, on Condition that his Soldiers would bestow on her all their *Ornaments of Gold*, which they had Plundered in the *Wars of Asia*, and wore about them as *Trophies*: For, when she had performed her Contract, the *Wise General* to do his Part, caused this *Virgin* to sit down on the Ground; and then every Soldier in his Army casting his Plate into her Lap, she was
oppressed

oppressed with the insupportable Weight, and buried Alive in a heap of Gold.

I do not mention this, as if the like were due to the *Venetian* Captains. I refer the Judgment of such Things to my *Superiours*, *Ministers* of the *Blessed Sanctuary* of *Mankind*.

'Tis possible, the *Vizirs* of the *Bench* thought me dead, or turned *Renegado*, because they have not received any News from me these five *Moons*. But I tell thee, neither *Men* nor *Devils* can corrupt the *Faith* of *Mahmut*. By the *God* of my *Vows*, there is not a more *Trusty* Man in the *Universe*.

All the Reason of my Silence, was the height of the *Waters*, which seemed to threaten the *Earth* with a *Second Deluge*. *Germany* was a *Sea*, and *Flanders* a *Lake*, for above three *Moons* together; so that 'twas impossible for the *Post* to travel. There were seen also strange *Spectres* of *Fire* in the *Air*; And the People of *Brabant* were alarmed with uncouth Noises in the *Elements*.

Perhaps, *Illustrious Kaimacham*, these are the last Preparations, to the *Grand Cholick* of *Nature*; when *Wind*, *Water* and *Fire*, shall strive to turn this *World* into its *Old Chaos*.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of th: Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Solyman, *his* Cousin, at Constantinople.

MORE Melancholy still? Wilt thou have no Compassion on thy Exil'd Uncle, but harangue him to Death with thy Religious Fargon? Believe me, thy Letters of this kind are as irksom to me, as the continual Din and Babling of Boys is to a Poor weary Pedagogue. I forbid thee not to write to me, and that as often as thou wilt: 'Tis a Comfort in my Banishment, to hear from those of my Blood. But let me beg of thee, to alter both thy Theme and Style. Leave Spiritual Things to the Mollabs and Imaums: And let thy Thoughts be taken up in Things belonging to thy Trade. In that be as inquisitive as thou canst. Bend thy Mind wholly to make new Discoveries and Improvements in that; and it will turn to thy Advantage. At thy Hours of Leisure I counsel thee to read Histories, and sometimes go into Company: There is much to be gain'd by Conversing with Men of Sense. Such will serve as Mirrors, wherein thou may'st behold Humanity in its Proper Figure, and the Deformity of that Vizard with which Error and Superstition disguise our Nature. They will correct thy Mistakes, without putting thee to a Blush.

Blush. Wit and Reason shall flow from their Tongues, as soft Harmonies breathe from the Pipes of an *Organ*, which cheer the Spirits, and serene the Heart that was clouded with Sadness.

The *Imperial City* is full of such, both Natives and Strangers. Cull them out from the mix'd Multitude, and make them thy Companions, without regarding the Difference of Religion, whether they be *Mussulmans*, *Franks*, *Armenians*, *Jews*, or others. Above all Things, shun the Society of *Bigots*; and number not thy self among those who are Opinionated, because they profess the *True Faith*: For, What signifies that, if their Lives be Vitious? I tell thee, they are worse than the *Infidels*. Give no Heed to *Fortune-Tellers*, and such as pretend to *Astrology*: For whilst they boast of knowing other Mens Fates, they are ignorant of their own. And if there be any Truth in that Science, one may say, their Ignorance in it affronts the *Stars*, and often provokes them to hasten their own Ruin. Assure thy self, they only amuse the World with Portentous Stories, to get Fame and Money.

Associate thy self with none but Prudent and Moderate Men, whose *Morals* are not leaven'd with a too furious Zeal; who look not superciliously and with Disdain on a *Frank* as he walks along the Streets, much less offer him any Indignity, when he goes about his Honest Business, under the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. It becomes none but

but *Fanizaries* and *Ruffians*, to be guilty of these Incivilities to *Strangers*. The *Law of Nations*, and the particular Commands of our *Holy Prophet*, oblige us to treat such with all Humanity and Tendernefs. Besides, 'tis a Reflection on the *Justice* and *Hospitality* of the *Magnificent-Port*, which is the *Refuge* and *Sanctuary* of all the *Earth*, that a *Stranger* cannot walk the *Streets* in Peace. Despise no Man on the Score of his *Religion*; for there are no *Factions* in *Paradise*: But consider, that whilst *Thousands* of *Mussulmans* shall go to *Hell* for their wicked *Lives*, so an equal Number of those we call *Infidels*, may be received into the *Mansions* of the *Blessed* for their *Virtues*.

Thou seemest to be much concern'd for thy *Soul*: Thy Letter abounds with *over-much* care in this Point. In being too solicitous, it is evident thy *Faith* is small. Every Line is tinctur'd with sad Expressions about the Perils, Snares, Ambushes, Hooks, Gins, and I know not what other Devices the *Devil* has to ruin thy *poor Soul* (as thou call'st it.) *Cousin*, dost thou know what the *Soul* is, about which thou keepest such a pudder? If thou do'st, 'tis more than I do, and yet I have been searching and prying into it above these thirty Years; I mean, from the Time that I first began to *think* and *consider* of *Things*; but am as far to seek as ever I was. Neither cou'd all the *Wise Men* of *Old*, the *Philosophers* and *Sages*, for ought I perceive, agree in their Verdict about this *Mysterious* Thing which we call the *Soul*.

One

One will have it to be, *Only the finest Part of Matter in the Body*. Another says, *'Tis the Air which the Lungs suck in; and diffuse through all our Members*. A third sort affirm it to be, *A Mixture of Air and Fire*: A Fourth, *Of Earth and Water*: A Fifth call it, *A Complexion made up of the Four Elements, a Kind of Quintessence*, and I know not what. The Egyptians call'd it, *A certain moving Number*: And the Chaldeans, *A Power without Form it self, yet Imbibing all Forms*. Aristotle call'd it, *The Perfection of a Natural Body*. All these agreed, That it was *Corporeal*, and as it were *Extracted from Matter*. The best *Definition* among them is not worth an *Aspre*.

But there were Men of sublime Speculations, who affirm'd the *Soul* to be, *A Divine Substance, Independent of the Body*. Of this Opinion were *Zoroaster, Hermes Trismegistus, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Plutarch, Porphyry, and Plato*. This last defin'd the *Soul* to be, *A Self-moving Essence, endu'd with Understanding*. But when they have said all, I prefer the Modesty of *Cicero, Seneca*, and others, who acknowledg'd they were altogether Ignorant what the *Soul* is.

There was no less Disagreement among the *Philosophers*, about the *Seat* of the *Soul*. *Hippocrates* and *Hierophilus* plac'd it in the *Ventracles* of the *Brain*. *Democritus* assign'd it the *Whole Body*. *Strabo* was of Opinion, it resides between the *Brows*; *Epicurus*, in the *Breast*. The *Stoicks* lodg'd it in the

the Heart ; and *Empedocles* in the Blood. Which last seems to be the most current Opinion of the *East* to this Day : In regard both *Moses* the *Lawgiver* of the *Jews*, and *Mahomet* our *Holy Prophet*, asserted the same, and for that Reason forbid *Flesh* to be eaten with the *Blood*.

But be it what it will, either *Corporeal* or *Incorporeal*, a *Substance* or an *Accident*, whether it dwell in the *Head* or in the *Feet*, within or without the *Body*, there is no Certainty of these Things, neither can we be assured what will become of it after *Death*. Therefore 'tis in vain to disquiet thy self in search of a *Mystery* that is hid from *Mortals*. And equally foolish it will be, to frighten thy self with an Imagination of Hooks, Gins, and such like *Chimera's*, which thou suppos'est the *Devil* is busie with to entrap thy *Soul*. 'Tis a Wonder thou art not afraid to sleep; lest he should catch thee Napping, and steal thy *Soul* from thee. I wou'd fain know, what sort of Tools he must use to take hold of a *Substance* more Thin and Imperceptible than a *Shadow*, or how he will be able to seize and run away with a *Being* Active and Free as *Thought* ?

Cousin, serve God after the Manner of thy *Forefathers* ; love thy Friends, pardon thy Enemies, be Just to all Men, and do no Injury to any *Beast*. If thou observest this Rule, thou may'st defie the *Devil*, for thy *Soul* is in safe Custody. God is nearer to thee than thou art to thy self. He is in the Center
of

of Every Thing, and is Himself the Centre of All Things. In a Word, He is All in All.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon
of the Year 1658.



LETTER VII.

To Afis, Bassa.

NOW the Scenes are changed in Europe, Enemies are become Friends, and those who professed a mutual Friendship are at open Defiance. Constancy is a Vice in the Politicks, and a dextrous way of shifting from one Engagement to another: for Interest is esteemed the only State-Virtue.

I have already Intimated to the Divan the War which broke out last Year between the Swedes and Danes. The latter begun it by Solemn Proclamation, sending a Herald at Arms to the Swedish Court, and dispatching Embassadors to all his Allies in Christendom, to give them an Account of his Proceedings. Now I shall entertain thee with a short Idea of this War: By which thou wilt comprehend, That the Danes are either much degenerated from the Valour of their Ancestors, who

who formerly made the most terrible Figure of all the *Nations* in the *North*: Or else, they are less obliged to *Fortune*, who has not favoured them with so many Successes and Triumphs of late, but rather expos'd 'em to the Insults of their Enemies, and the Contempt of all Men.

When the *King* of *Denmark* first proclaimed this *War*, he had a fair Advantage of the *Suedes*, who at that time were sorely entangled between the *Polanders*, *Germans* and *Moscovites*, and had more Need of Helps than Hinderances. Yet, *King Gustavus* turning part of his Forces into *Holstein*, *Schonenland*, and *Frisland*, he took one Part after another, till he had over-run those *Provinces* in the space of six *Moons*; And reduced the *Danes* to a Necessity of Composition, and that on such dishonourable Terms, as renders them the Scorn of the Neighbouring *Nations*.

On the 13th of the 3d *Moon*, the two *Kings* had an Interview near *Copenhagen*, the Capital City of *Denmark*: For, so far had the Fortune of the *Suedish* Arms carried their Victories. They Eat and Drank together several Times, and Convers'd privately some Hours. At last, a *Firm Peace* was concluded between them, and they concerted the Measures of a perfect Friendship.

But, before this, the *Dane* had been forced to yield up *Schonenland*, with *Elfsberg*, which commands half the *Baltick Sea*. He
surren-

surrendred also the *Provinces* of *Blakin* and *Halland*, with a very strong Castle; the *Island* of *Burtholme*; ten *Ships* of *War*; and obliged himself to pay a *Million* of *Dollars*; and to maintain *Four Thousand* *Horse* and *Foot* in the *King* of *Swedeland's* *Service*, and give *Free Quarter* to all the *Swedish* *Forces* till the fifth *Moon*. These are such dishonourable *Articles*, that the *King* of *Denmark* has quite lost himself in the *Esteem* of all his *Allies*. They call him a *Poor-spirited Prince*, not worthy of *Support* or *Assistance*.

In a word, *Serene Bassa*, it is like to fare with him as with other *Unfortunate Men*, who when they are once falling, every *Body* will help to throw them down. Therefore conserve thy *Honour*, as the only *Bulwark* of thy *Interest* and *Life*.

Paris, 3d of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

To the Mufti.

BY the Faith of a True Believer, I swear, the *Christians* are Enemies to themselves if they do not embrace the Project of a certain *Jesuit*. They are no Friends to their *Messias*, if they reject so Regular an *Idea*, so reformed a Model of the *Nazarene Empire*, as this Sage has lately proposed to the *Pope* and the *Cardinals*.

He lays his *Foundation* very deep, and draws his *Examples* from the *Practice* of *Peter*, the *Prince* of the first *Twelve Christian Caliphs*, whom the *Franks* call the *Apostles* of *Jesus the Son of Mary*. For, according to their *Traditions*, the *Messias* before he ascended to Heaven, left an exact *Pattern* of the *Empire* he designed to Establish on Earth. He divided this *Empire* into *Twelve distinct Provinces*, according to the Number of his *Apostles* or *Vicars*, assigning to each that *Quarter* of the *World* where he was to preside, as *Moses* had formerly *Cantonized* the *Holy Region* of *Palestine* among the *Twelve Tribes*, that descended from *Jacob*.

But the *Happy Son* of *Mary*, being a far greater *Prophet* than *Moses*, or any that had gone before him ; they say, he would not be content with diminutive *Territories*, or *Dominions*

minions disproportionate to his ineffable *Descent* and *Original*. Therefore he resolved on the Conquest of the whole Earth ; commanding his *Vicegerents* to disperse themselves through all *Nations*, according to a certain Method, and proclaim his *Laws* to every *Creature* on the *Globe*.

Venerable *President* of the *Faithful*, I relate these Things as I receive them from the Mouths and Pens of Learned *Christians*, who may be presumed to know their own *History*. Thou wilt perhaps expect to hear of Armies immediately raised ; of Camps, Battels, and Sieges ; of Devastations by Fire and Sword ; Storming of Cities, and Famishing of the more impregnable Fortresses : In a Word, I believe thou lookest for a Relation of Campagnes and Victories, more glorious than the Archievements of the *Roman Cæsars*, more fortunate than the Successes of *Alexander the Great*: But I tell thee, all the *Registers* and *Archives* of the *Primitive Christians* cannot furnish us with any *Memoirs* of this Nature.

Their *Gospel* mentions no Warlike Undertakings, nor so much as the drawing of a *Sword* by the *Son of Mary*, or any of his *Followers*, unless in a private Rencounter, when *Peter* the *Lieutenant* of the *Messias*, enflamed with a *Passion* to see his *Master* betrayed by *Judas*, his *Kahya*, or *Testerdar*, and rudely assaulted by *Malchus*, a *Slave* of the *Jewish Mus-ti*, the *Valiant Apostle* drew his *Cymetar*, and cut off the *Fellows Ear*.

Believe

Believe me, O Myſterious Doctor of the *Muſſulmans*, I have perus'd the *Four Hiſtories* of the *Life of Jeſus*, written by thoſe who were Eye-Witneſſes of his Actions; and I find indeed, that he once ſaid to them of his Retinue, *I come not to ſend Peace on Earth, but a Sword.* Yet by the Sequel it is evident, That when he examined what *Weapons* his Followers had, and they told him, *but two Swords*; he ſeem'd to be well ſatisfied, ſaying, *It is enough*; though a moment before he bid him among 'em that had *no Sword*, ſell his *Robe* and buy *one*.

And I have ſeen a *Diſpatch* ſent by *Paul*, one of the *Primitive Chriſtian Caliphs*, to the *Nazarenes* at *Ephesus*; wherein he counſels them, to put on Compleat Armour, as *Helmet, Breſt-Plate, Shield, Buſkins, Sword*, and the reſt.

Befides theſe Paſſages, or ſuch like, there is no *Military* Diſcourſe throughout the *Book of the Goſpel*; much leſs any Relation of *Battels, Sieges*, or any *Martial Exploits*. And the *Chriſtian Mollahs* or *Doctors* interpret that *Letter of Paul* in a *Myſtical Senſe*.

Wilt thou know then, how the *Meffias* and his *Apoſtles* ſubdu'd the World? I tell thee, It was by *Exemplary Vertue* and *Good Works*, by *Miracles*, and evident *Demonſtrations* of a *Supernatural Power* aſſiſting them. For, they ſpake all *Languages*, yet were moſt of them *Illiterate* Perſons: They cur'd the *Deaf*, the *Blind*, the *Lame* and the *Paralytick*, without the *Methods of Surgery*
or

or *Physick*. They cast out *Devils*; Rais'd the Dead: And finally, performed such and so many stupendous Actions, that the World became Captivated to their *Doctrines* and *Laws*, and willingly submitted to a Yoke, which seem'd to come from Heaven. With Divine Eloquence, and the *Dint* of irresistible Reason, *Peter* the Prince of the *Christian Caliphs* subdu'd the Minds of his Astonish'd Auditory, one Day in *Jerusalem*; so that before the *Sun* went down, he gain'd five thousand *Profelytes*. The Fame of these Things was soon spread through the Adjacent Countries, and divers remote *Provinces*; and the Number of the Converts was proportionably encreased. In a Word, all that embrac'd the Faith of *Jesus*, surrendred both Themselves and their Estates, to be entirely dispos'd of, at the Pleasure of the *Apostles*. So great and unreserv'd an Attach had they for the *Vicars* of their God.

Now the fore-named *Jesuit* considering these Things; and comparing the State of those Devout Times, with the Libertinism, Divisions, Wars, and general Contempt of the *Priesthood* among the Christians of Succeeding Times, and especially in this Present Age; attributes the Source of all these Evils to the Ill Conduct of the *Apostles* themselves, and their Successors in the Primitive Times, who did not sufficiently improve the Advantages they were possess'd of, when the *Pious Multitude* wou'd willingly have made them *Lords of all Things*. For, says he, by the same

same Methods and Reasons might they have Claimed the *Dominion* o'er the *Estates* of *Kings* and *Emperours* themselves, as o'er the Goods and Lands of the Meanest *Profelyte*: Since they were all equally *Sons* of the *Church*, and *Subjects* to the *Discipline* and *Laws* of *Jesus*.

This *Ecclesiastick Politician* therefore mightily blames *Pope Sylvester*, who sat in the *Chair* of *Peter*, when *Constantine the Great* became a *Christian*, being the *First* of the *Roman Emperours* who embraced that *Faith*. He accuses him, I say, of Weakness and a Mean Spirit, for accepting of that *Donation*, which to this Day is called the *Patrimony* of the *Church*, and comprehends all the *Temporal Estate* the *Roman Pontiffs* can boast of. Whereas, he ought to have claimed an Entire Resignation of the Whole *Roman Empire* into his Hands, as *Supreme Vicar* of *God* on *Earth*. This would have been a *Pattern*, says he, to all the *Kings* and *Princes* of the *Earth*, who thought fit to turn *Christians*. And so the *Dominions* of the *World*, had all fallen to the share of the *Priests*.

Neither could it appear difficult, in his Opinion, to have reduced the *Greatest Monarchs*, to such a Forgetfulness and Contempt of their *Royal Birth*, and all the Potent Charms of a *Crown*: Since the same *Rhetorick* which perswaded 'em to be *Followers* of the *Messias*, would have also convinc'd 'em of the Vanity of all *Earthly Enjoyments*; and of the Obligation they had to be Morti-

fied, and to pursue their Claims to *Diadems* of a more *Exalted* Degree, the Ineffable *Regalia* of *Paradise*.

But since Things are thus in their *Present State*, and the *Christian Princes* retain their *Sovereignty*, without any other Dependance on the *Pope*, saving in Matters purely *Religious*; this *Jesuite* proposes, That the *Roman Pontiffs* would either first Reform their own *Lives* and *Court*, to the Height of that *Primitive* and *Apostolical Purity*, which shined so eminently in the Earliest *Governours* of the *Church*; and by that means perswade all the *Monarchs* in *Christendom* to become their *Subjects*: Or else, compel them by Force to take the *Order* of *Priesthood*, and so turn their *Crowns* into *Mitres*, their *Kingdoms* into *Ecclesiastick Commonwealths*, where all the *Publick Offices* of *State*, *Seats* of *Judicature*, and in Fine, the Whole *System* of the *Civil* and *Politick Administration* should be managed by the *Priests*, in a Subordinate Dependance One of Another, according as their several Characters required. By which means, all *Christendom* would be soon United into one *Ecclesiastick Empire*, whereof the *Pope* should be the *Supreme Head*, in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*.

What I have related, is not only this Man's *Private Project*, but the *Universal Aim* of his *Whole Order*. And Thousands of other *Priests* and *Dervises*, are Caballing, in all the *Courts* and *Countries* of *Europe*, to bring it to pass.

Venerable

Venerable Esad, if God should suffer their Contrivance to take Effect; it is to be feared, our Wars with the *Christians* would be as *Expensive* and *Troublesome*, it not more *Fatal* to the *Mussulman* Interest, than when these *Infidels*, formerly laying aside their *Private Fends*, banded together to Conquer the *Holy Land*.

Paris, 25th. of the 7th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER IX.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of the College of Sciences at Fez.

I Received the *Pacquet* of Venerable Import, containing Sacred Counsels and Acceptable Intelligence; replenished with Noble *Memoirs* and Illustrious Remarks, Sage Precepts, and Refined Improvemnts in *Philosophy* and the *Mysterious Science* of *Nature*.

With abundance of Affection and Joy I read the Character of *Musu Abu'l Yahyan*, and the *Encomium* of his Wildom and Virtues. May a *Constellation* of such *Lights* always adorn that Renowned College, and from thence disperse their Learned *Influence* and *Rays*, not

only through *Africa*, but over all the *Earth*: That *Fez* may be Numbered among the *Cities* whose Fame is sweet; That it may be ranked with *Jerusalem* the *Holy*, *Masre* the *Ancient*, *Medina Talnabi* the *Chast*, and the *Salutiferous Babylon*; acquiring a Peculiar Title of Honour, an Attribute worthy of Respect, when Men shall every where call it, *Fez*, the *Mother of Sciences*.

My Soul has been very Inquisitive and Restless for many Years, and I think this is owing to my Captivity in *Palermo*. For before that, whilst I lived at Ease in the *Seraglio*, basking under the Warmer Influence of *Royal Majesty*, the Sacred Presence of the *Grand Signior*, who like the *Sun* gives Motion, Heat and Life to all things; I ne'er regarded *Books*, or once applied my Mind to study any Thing, but how to acquit my self in my *Station*, and strengthen my Interest at the *Court*: Esteeming all other *Learning* as *Barbarous*, which conducted not to this End.

Foreign Histories and *Languages*, were Equally Contemptible to me: I thought it beneath a *Mussulman Courtier*, to give his Tongue and Mind the Fatigue of any other *Dialect*, save the *Persian*, *Arabick*, and *Turkish*: Or to load his Memory with the *Records* of other *Nations*, designed to be the *Slaves* of *True Believers*.

As to the *Speculative Sciences*, I was Naturally desirous enough of *Knowledge*. But I either had not Leisure, or wanted *Books* and other Advantages of *Study*. So that all the
Knowledge

Knowledge I could then boast of, consisted only in some loose Notions of *Logick* and *Metaphysicks*, which I had got by reading an Old *Arabick Manuscript*. And I thought my self *Historian* enough, after I had perused the *Annals* of the *Ottoman Empire*, and now and then cast an Eye on the *Turkish Translation* of *Herodotus* and *Plutarch*.

'Tis true indeed, by *Conversing* frequently with the *Greeks*, I soon learned their *Vulgar Dialect*; But this is far from the *Polite Language* of the *Ancient Grecians*: And a *Page* of the *Treasury*, taught me the Rudiments of *Sclavonian*; which afterwards I learn'd more Perfectly, hoping it would be of some Service to me one Time or other.

All these were very *Superficial Accomplishments*; yet I thought my self *Happy* enough, without searching any farther. The *Pleasures* and *Gayeties* of a *Courtly Life*, took from me the *Edge* and *Gust*, with which I have since pursued more *Solid Studies*, and looked into the *Wisdom* of the *Ancients*.

But when once *Misfortune* had changed the *Scene* of my *Life*, and instead of the *Honourable Post* I had in the *Grand Signior's Service*, *Fate* had render'd me a *Miserable Abject Slave* in *Sicily*; I began to grow very *Thoughtful* and *Pensive*. The *Continual Drudgery* and *Labour* I underwent, soon mortified my *Former Passions*, and weaned me from all *Hopes of Worldly Honour*. And the *Cruel Stripes* I daily receiv'd from that *Barbarous Infidel*, my *Master*, so broke my *Spirits*, that

Servitude became Familiar to me; and despairing to be Happy in this World, I was only Ambitious to be Wise.

I grew very Contemplative: And having acquainted my self with an honest *Carpenter* in the *Town* where we lived, who had a great many *Books* in's Custody, he lent me several Choice *Treatises*; and I borrowed all the Hours I could from Sleep, to peruse them with Attention and Profit. That *Carpenter* pity'd my Condition, and did me many Good Offices of Friendship, without other Hopes of Reward, save what he expected from *God*. By his Means, I contracted a Familiarity with Two or Three *Learned Men*, who spared no Pains to Instruct me in the *Roman* and *Ancient Greek Languages*, as also in the *Principles of Philosophy*. My *Master* often beat me for this, attributing the Neglect of his Business, to my *Bookishness* (as he called it) and keeping the *Priests Company*. But all his Severity, could not abate my *Ardent Thirst* after *Knowledge*. I still continued Studying at certain Seasons, till the Happy Hour of my *Redemption*; and then I frequented the *Academies*. Ever since which Time, I have neglected no Opportunities of Improving my *Reason*: Yet find my self at this Day, much in the Dark. There appears no Certainty, in any *Science* but the *Mathematicks*. All the Rest are entangled with a Thousand Controversies and Riddles: Which has made me turn *Sceptick* in most Things. Only I retain an Inviolable *Faith* for the *Alcoran*, and the

Book

Book of Prophetick Doctrines and Traditions. Next to these, I pay a Profound Respect to the *Writings* of *Porphyry* the *Philosopher*, who seems to approach nearest to *Reason* of all the *Ancient Sages*. His True Name was the same as thine [*Melech*] which thou knowest, in the *Syriack* signifies [*King*.] Whence his *Tutor Longinus* taking Occasion from the Usual Colour of *Royal Robes*; called him *Porphyrius*, which in the *Greek* signifies, *One clad in Purple*. He was born at *Tyre*, the *Metropolis* of the *Ancient Phœnicians*. His *Pedigree* was *Noble*, and his *Education Generous*. Nature also had formed him for a *Sage*, and *Fortune* favoured him with *Advantages* enough. For besides his *First Tutor*, whom I have already mentioned (who was the *Greatest Grammarian* and *Orator* of his Time;) *Porphyry* went to *Rome*, where he gained the *Friendship* of *Plotinus*: And that *Philosopher* accomplished him in the *Perfection* of all *Science*. So that he had *Power* over the *Demons*, and expelled the *Genius Atan*, which Infested certain *Baths* in *Rome*. In a Word, his *Doctrines* appeared *Divine*, and his *Actions* more than *Humane*. Yet he himself before his *Death*, publish'd a *Reverse* of his *Former Writings*: Which is a sufficient *Argument*, That there is no *Stability* in the *Thoughts* of *Mortals*.

Therefore, since the *Wiseſt* of *Men* contradict themselves and turn *Scepticks*, tell me, O *Oracle* of the *Age*, Why may not I?

Paris, 13th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

P 4

LET.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Bassa.

There has been something lately transacted between the *French* and the *English*, which seems a *Mystery*. No body here understands the Meaning of it, but the very *Privado's* of the *Cabinet*: Yet every one guesses, 'tis a Fetch of *Mazarini's* Wit. That *Minister* has more *Meanders* in his Brains, than an Old *Turkish* Gamester at *Chess*; who foresees no less than *Nine* Unavoidable Consequences, before he makes *One* bold Motion: And, to be sure, the last shall be to his own Advantage. In a Word, *Dunkirk*, the Strongest and most Important *Sea-Town* of all the *West*, is surrendered by the *Spaniards* to the *French*; and by these, as an Earnest of Friendship, is put into the Hands of the *English*.

The little *Politicians* of the *City*, are amaz'd at it; and the Greatest *Machiavils* of the *Court*, either cannot, or will not inform 'em of the True Secret.

You shall see Two or Three Grave *Citizens*, brooding Thoughts together over a *Box* of *Polvita*, and sneezing out their Sentiments, without Reserve. Yet after all their Wise Consult, they part as great Fools as they met, and only satisfy themselves, with Nodding
Wise-

Wisdom to each other, at the last *Congè*; wherein is comprehended, the Whole *System* of the *Politicks*.

It was generally thought to be some Extraordinary Overture this *Court* would make to the *English*, when a little before the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, the *Duke of Crequi*, First Gentleman of the *Bed-Chamber*, and *Monsieur Mancini*, the *Cardinal's* Nephew, were sent with a Splendid *Retinue* of *French Nobles* to *England*. Every Body guess'd, some Surprising Action would follow; and that it must needs be a *Mystery* of Grand Importance, which could not be trusted to Persons of less Note than the Two Chief *Favourites* of the *Cardinal Minister*. And now 'tis come out, they know not what to make on't. Neither can I possibly learn as yet, the true Reason of putting the *English* in Possession of such a *Town* as this, which commands all the *Northern Seas*, and has cost so much Sweat and Blood to take from the *Spaniards*. I have set *Osmin* the *Dwarf* to Work, and laid Traps to get the Secret from several other *Courtiers*. But, I might as well have attempted to find out the *Body* of *Moses*, which caus'd a Quarrel between *Michael* and the *Devil*. Time perhaps will discover the Secret. And I dare at present conclude, that the *English* are the only *Nation* in *Europe*, whose Friendship the *French* think worth Courting.

The *King* has been very Ill of a *Fever*, and in great Danger of his Life: But is now recovered again; which occasions Abundance

of Real Joy among his Friends and Loyal Subjects. As for the Rest, they know how to counterfeit.

I had almost forgot to tell thee, that the *Spaniards* endeavouring to relieve *Dunkirk*, were encountered by the *French*, and Routed: About Two Thousand of their Men being killed, and as many taken Prisoners.

Sage Bassa, the Successes of this *Monarch* are so Constant, that they have given Birth to a *Proverb*: For when they would encourage any Man's Hopes, or make a strong Assertion, they usually say, *As sure as the Great Lewis will get a Town or Two in Flanders this Campagne.*

Mareschal Turenne is a Brave General, and the *French* Victories are in a great Measure owing to his Conduct. He is very Expeditious in his Undertakings. There were but a few Days between the Surrender of *Dunkirk*, and his taking of *Bergen*, *Furnes* and *Dixmude*; Three strong Fortresses in *Flanders*. And, 'tis thought, 'twill not be long before he takes others.

The *French King*, is in a Fair Way to the *Empire of the West*. But this will not be for the Interest of the *Grand Signior*. For, then he will have a New Enemy, of an Old Friend, and one more Potent than he had before. Yet, *Destiny* over-rules All Things.

Paris, 13th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

To Mahammed, *the* Eremit of
Mount Uriel *in* Arabia.

I Have often troubl'd thee with Importunate Addresses, O Matchless Mortal; Permit me once more to unbosom my Thoughts, as to my *Confessor*, or rather as to an *Oracle*.

Surely, this Hour the *Stars* of my *Nativity* suffer a Mighty Change. I seem to my self, like one newly awak'd out of a deep Sleep, or from the Delusions of a long *Dream*: For, so methinks, have my Past Years gone away like a *Night*, wherein my Labouring Spirit has encounter'd with Nothing but *Phantasms*, *Visions* and *Darkness*.

My *Infant Days* I esteem the most Happy, when my Ignorance of Vice had greater Influence on my Actions, and preserv'd me more free from Blemish, than cou'd afterwards all my Acquir'd Knowledge of the *Precepts* and *Maxims* of *Vertue*. For no sooner was I enjoin'd the Study of *Morality*, and taught to distinguish between *Good* and *Evil*, but my Curiosity prompted me to examine the Nature of the *Latter*, more closely than by bare Speculation. I found my self more Forcibly carry'd away by a Secret Pleasure, to make Experiment of what was *Forbidden*, than to practise what was *Commanded*: So prone is Man
to

to be jealous of his *Tutors*, and to suspect those *Laws* as *Impositions*, which put a *Restraint* on his *Native Liberty*.

Besides this, there are certain Genial Inclinations in every Mortal, which the *Youngest*, and he that is in his *Nonage*, thinks he has as much right to gratify, as the *Wiseſt Senior*. Nor can any Reason easily persuade him to part with this Privilege, but under the Notion of being highly wrong'd; since every Man Naturally places his Interest and Happiness, in pursuing the Motions of his own Will.

'Tis true, I never was prone to any Enormous *Vices*, or such as for their Singularity, would make the most harden'd *Libertine* blush, did he practise them to the Knowledge of Men.

I ever had an Unconquerable Abhorrence for those Specifick Acts of Lasciviousness, which ought not to be nam'd, and whose very *Idea* makes the Thought recoil: Yet am Naturally Amorous, and cannot but pay to Beauty, the Sentiments and Passions which are due from *Platonick Love*. I admire Symmetry and Elegance, where-ever I discern them; and can stand gazing whole Hours together, on a *Flower*, a *Tree*, or a *Peacock*. I am Enamour'd with the Brightness of the *Sun*; and like another *Endymion*, I languish for a more Intimate Acquaintance with the *Moon*. The Lesser Beauties of the Night, the *Stars*, enflame me with a Thousand Passions. I make my Court to the Whole Hoast of *Heaven*, yet I hope commjt no *Idolatry*. In fine, I am
in

in Love with the *Universe*; and die hourly, when I contemplate the Glory of that *Transcendent Essence*, which is the *Root and Source of All Things*.

These are Passions not unbecoming a *Musfulman*. But I have also some Emotions for Beautiful Women, more Violent than all the Rest, more Dangerous and Fatal. Tell me, O Pious *Sylvan*, how I shall gratify my Love, without offending Virtue, or the Gravity of a Man?

These *Creatures* seem to be Created for our Perplexity; since a Man can neither well be Happy with, or without 'em. They are Perfect *Riddles*: And to love 'em, or hate 'em too much, is an Equal *Solecism*. 'Twere a Question worthy of a *Philosopher*, Whether this *Sex*, among all the Necessary Good Offices they do us, were not sent into the World as *Spies* and *Trepans*, to observe our Counsels and Actions: And by mixing Smiles with Frowns, Flatteries with Reproaches, Sullenness with more Obliging Favours; to keep us in a Perpetual *Maze* and *Labyrinth*, lest the Aspiring Wit of Men shou'd, if left to themselves, attempt something more Audacious than the Poets feign of the *Sons of Titan*, or the *Written Law* Records of *Nimrod* and his Companions, who built the *Tower of Babel*.

But, whether they be *Spies*, or *Faithful Assistants*, *Enemies* or *Friends*, I tell thee plainly, I have not been able to forbear Loving 'em excessively. And this is Part of the *Dream or Trance*, out of which I am just now Awak'd. Another

Another *Scene*, is that of *Honour*. This is a *Phantome* also, a mere *Vapour*, a *Shadow*. I never hunted after *Glory*, nor courted *Popular Applause*. Yet being entrusted with the *Sublime Secrets*, and commanded to serve the *Grand Signior* in this *Station*, I wou'd fain acquit my self without *Disgrace*. Nay, like other *Mortals* in such a *Post*, I wou'd willingly have the *Smiles* of my *Sovereign*, and the *Caresses* of the *Happy Ministers* who serve him, if it shall be my *Lot* ever to return to the *Seraglio*. Nothing appears to me more *Terrible*, than at such a *Time* to encounter with *Rugged*, *Furrow'd* *Visages*, or *Cold* and *Faint Embraces* of my *Fellow-Slaves*.

This puts me upon a *Thousand Inquietudes*; makes me swear to *Contradictions*; utter *Lyes* and *Blasphemies*, which would turn the *Devil* to a *Saint* for *Fear*. In a *Word*, I stumble at no *Vice* or *Immorality*, which may promote the *Cause* I am engag'd in. And all this for the *Sake* of a *Fair Character* at the *Port*: Whilst I'm cajoling my self as well as others with a *Persuasion*, that 'tis only on the *Score* of *Honesty*, and to acquit my self a *Good Man*. Thus, I pursue a *Blast*, a *Bubble*, the *Idea* of *Nothing*, mere *Vanity* and an *Empty Dream*. And 'tis harder for me to shake off this *Enchantment*, than that of *Love*.

Yet, all this while, I have not taken the *French Method* to gain *Honour*. I never was *Guilty* of *Oppression* and *Cruelty*, nor bath'd my *Hands* in *Human Blood*. No *Widow* or *Orphan*

Orphan mourns for what I've taken from 'em. Nor did I ever Dragoon any Body into Compliance with Reason. All the Parts I've Acted in this Nature, were Defensive; Pure Efforts of *Self-Preservation*: Which, thou know'st, is a *Principle* Natural to all Men, and even to the *Worms* of the Earth. These Little *Reptiles*, when they're trampled on, will turn again. And nothing more do I, unless in the *Sultan's* Cause.

This puts me in Mind of my *Integrity*: For, I must tell thee my Virtues as well as my Vices. Neither *Arabia*, nor all the *East*, have ever brought forth a Man more true to his Trust, than Honest Loyal *Mahmut*. I will for ever boast of this, in an Age so full of Treachery. This alone will carry me safe to *Paradise*, in Spight of all the *Mollahs*. As for the Rest, they're only *Venial* Sins, easily dropt off on the Bridge of Tryal. And so long as no Body can say, I've betray'd my *Master's* Secrets, I'm safe as an *Angel* that is not oblig'd to stand *Sentinel* at the Lowest Post of *Heaven*: For, there he's within Gun-shot of the *Devil*.

Just as I drew my Pen from that Word, a suddain Noise in the Streets call'd me to the Window. Where turning my Eyes from the Earth to the *Moon* and *Stars* (for 'twas a very serene Sky) I observ'd a small swift Cloud to glide along from *South* to *North*, much in Appearance like a *Bale* of *Silk*. It cleft the *Element* like a Sly *Arab Thief*, that swims for Booty on the River *Tigris*. Wondring

ding at this, when all the *Firmament* was Clear, and not another Cloud above the *Horizon*; I soon concluded, 'Twas the *Chariot* of some *Airy God*, a *Mercury* or *Messenger*, sent with speedy News, to the *High Lords*, *Commanders* of the *Artick Regions*; to bid 'em be upon their Guard, or some such weighty Matter. Perhaps, thought I, a *War* is commenc'd between the *Spirits* of the *Poles*. Or, it may be, King *Æolus* has sent a *Summons* to the *Northern Winds*, being resolv'd to play some Royal *Pneumatick Freaks* upon the Sea.

In good Earnest, it made me reflect on our Ignorance of the *Laws* and *Constitutions* of the *Elements*. It put me in Mind of the Fogs and Mists, which sometimes envelop the *Globe* in Darknes; on Purpose, for ought we know, to hinder us from seeing what is transacting at such Seasons in the *Higher Regions* of the *Air*. The *Spirits* of those *Serener Tracts*, may then be Frolicking in *Visible Forms*, Celebrating Solemn *Festivals*, and kindling all the *Meteors* of the Upper *Welkin*, as Natural *Fire-Works* and *Illuminations*, not fit for Mortals to behold, lest we shou'd learn too much, and grow as Wise as they. However, it made me very Contemplative, to see a single Solitary Cloud thus glide along the Air: And I cou'd have wish'd for Wings to pursue its Motions, because the Appearance was not Common.

Thou that hast measur'd the whole *Frame* of *Nature*, and taken the *True Dimensions* of

of the *World*; that hast penetrated into the Secrets of the *Elements*, and art always busy'd in the most Sage and Solid Scrutinies; wilt smile at the Vanity of Common Morta's, such as I, who when we are Unintelligible to our selves, yet presume to comprehend the Ways of the *Omnipotent*, who is *Perfect* in *Knowledge*.

As for me, who have study'd in the *Academies*, and read *Aristotle*, *Avicen*, *Plotinus*, *Averroes*, with other *Philosophers*; I esteem my self still but at the Bottom of *Plato's* Cave, Conversing with Shadows, mistaken in every Thing, but the *Idea* of thy *Sanctity* and *Immense Wisdom*, which is Imprinted on my *Soul*, as those which the *Philosophers* call *First Principles*, because they are *Self-Evident*.

I design'd to have said more to thee; but a sudden Indisposition and Extreme Faintness, has taken away my Spirits. My Limbs tremble, my Head is giddy, my Heart fails me. In a Word, I seem like one between a *Mortal* and a *Ghost*.

Paris, 29th. of the 8th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER XII.

To Achmet Padishani Culligiz,
Bassa.

THY Sur-Name argues thee a *Favourite* at the *Seraglio*: And for that Reason, I know, thou art accusom'd to receive Infinite Submissions and Flatteries. But I must be as blunt with thee, as I was with the New *Mufti*, when I Congratulated his *Accession* to the *Chief Patriarchate*. I told that *Prince* of the *Mussulman Prelates*, that I had no Encouragement to welcome him to a *Dignity*, which though in it self Sacred and Inviolable, yet cou'd not secure him from the Persecutions of *Popular Envy*, any more than it did his *Predecessor*. And the same I must say to thee.

Darnish Mehemet, Bassa, is fall'n a *Victim* to the Rage of the *Multitude*; and thou hast got his *Seat* on the *Bench*. May'st thou enjoy it long, and never be *Mob'd* out of thy Honour and Life as he was. Some Years ago, he forbid me to write any more to him. What his Reason was, I know not, neither did I ever enquire. However, I obey'd his Injunction; being Indifferent to whom I send my Intelligence, provided I do the *Grand Signior* any Service. For, to that End am I plac'd here.

Illustrious

Illustrious Bassa, I shall now acquaint thee with Two the most Principal Points of News stirring in *Europe*. One is, the *Election* of *Leopoldus Ignatius Josephus*, King of *Hungary* and *Bohemia*, to the *German Empire*. They have been canvassing this Business Eleven *Moons*. And at last the *Austrian Faction* carried it. This was done on the 8th. of the 7th. *Moon*. And he was solemnly Crown'd on the 22d. of the same. This has height'n'd the Quarrel between the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, and the *Prince Palatine*. The Latter was so far transported with Passion at the *Diet* of *Frankford*, that he threw a *Standish* of *Ink* at the *Bavarian Ambassador*: Which is resented as an Unpardonable Affront. And the *Duke* is marching with an Army to revenge it, or demand Satisfaction. The *Electo*r of *Mentz* has deny'd him Passage through his *Principality*. And they are all like to be embroil'd in a *Civil War* about it. This is no bad News for the *Mussulmans*.

But, that which makes yet a greater Noise, is the Death of *Oliver*, the *Protector* of the *English Commonwealth*; who whilst Living, was the Terror of all *Europe*. The *Superstitious*, and such as regard Signs, say, This was presag'd Three *Moons* ago, when a Great *Whale*, Nine Times as long as a tall Man, was taken in a River of *England*, near the *Capital City* Forty Miles from the Sea. I know not whether these Kind of Observations are worthy of Credit. Yet, it seems, the *Annals* of that *Nation* take Notice, That the Unusual

usual Appearance of a *Whale* so far within Land, has always Prognosticated some Mighty Change. Perhaps, the Fate of *Illustrious Personages*, affects *Nature* with a more than ordinary Passion, puts the *Elements* into a Disorder, and Inspires the *Brutes* with *Sympathy*.

We are assur'd, that on the Day of this *Prince's* Death, and at the very Hour of his Departure, there was so Violent a Tempest of Wind, Rain, Hail, Thunder and Lightning, as had never been known by any Man then alive in that *Nation*. Which some Interpreted to his Dishonour, as if he were a *Magician*, or at least a very Wicked Man: And that this *Hurricane* was rais'd by the *Devils*, who transported his *Soul* to *Hell*. Whilst others affirm'd this Mix'd Storm, to be only the Sighs and Tears of *Nature*, the Mournful Passions of the *Guardian Spirits* of *England*, for the Loss of so Great and Fortunate a *Hero*: And that the very *Inanimate Beings* Condol'd his *Death*. As for me, I look on all these Things as pure *Accidents*, the Effects of *Chance*. I have an Equal Opinion of another Circumstance, much observ'd both by his Enemies and Friends; That he died on the same Day, whereon he had formerly gain'd some Notable Victories. The *One* descanting on this to his Reproach, the *Other* drawing from it Arguments of Honour. 'Tis difficult to say any Thing of him, without appearing Partial. He had Great *Vertues*, and no Less *Vices*. He was a Valiant *General*, and wise
States-

Statesman: Yet a *Traytor* to his *Sovereign*. As for *Religion*, though he profess'd himself a *Zealot*, yet 'tis thought, he was as *Indifferent* as other *Princes*; who for *Reasons of State*, and to please their *People*, make a *Shew of Piety*, but in their *Hearts Adore* no other *Gods* but *Fortune* and *Victory*.

He was esteem'd one of the *Greatest Politicians* of this *Age*; and none cou'd match him but *Mazarini*. Yet I cannot but smile when I call to Mind, how both these *Eminent Statesmen* were cheated this Year, by *Two or Three Fugitives*.

A certain *French Captain* nam'd *Gentilot*, that had serv'd under the *States of Holland* in the *Wars*, and on that Account had often pass'd through the *Sea-Towns* in *Flanders*; observ'd a *Weakness* in one Part of the *Walls of Ostend*, by which the *Town* mighty easily be surpriz'd. At his Return to *Paris*, he acquainted *Cardinal Mazarini* with this; and gave him so great *Encouragement*, that the *Cardinal* resolv'd to try some *Stratagem* in Order to gain that *Important Place*, without the *Cost* and *Hazards* of a *Formal Siege*.

To this End, he commands *Gentilot* to seek out some *Persons* fit to be engag'd in the *Plot*: *Men of Resolution, Conduct and Secrecy*. This *Captain* therefore knowing *Two or Three Fugitives* in *Paris*, who were forc'd to fly out of *Flanders* to save their *Lives*, having committed *Murders*, and other *Crimes* against the *Spanish Government*; breaks the *Business* to them, promising *Mountains of Gold*, if they wou'd assist in carrying it on. They

They seem'd to embrace his Proposals with Abundance of Readiness, and were introduc'd into the *Cardinal's Cabinet*. Where that *Minister* being satisfy'd in their Characters, and the Offers they made to serve him in this Affair; seconded the Promises which *Gentilot* had made 'em, with many Additional Encouragements. In a Word, they consulted together frequently; were late every Night in the *Cardinal's Lodgings*: And at last, having adjusted all the Necessary Measures that were to be taken; the *Fugitives* were dispatch'd away into *England*, with Letters from *Mazarini* to *Oliver*, the *English Protector*. Wherein he acquainted him with the Design, requiring the Assistance of some *English Ships* to transport Men into the *Haven of Ostend*.

These *Agents* went accordingly, but with a Resolution to put a Trick both on the *Cardinal* and the *Protector*; and by doing their *Country* so Considerable a Service as the saving this *Town*, to merit a Repeal of the *Sentence* pronounc'd against 'em, that so they might return Home in Peace, and enjoy their Estates and Native Liberty.

Oliver receiv'd 'em very kindly, and embrac'd the Motion with some Warmth. But upon Second Thoughts, try'd to out-bribe *Mazarini*, and hire these Persons for himself. *Ostend* was too sweet-a Bait in his Eye, to let it so tamely fall into the Hands of the *French*, for Want of a few larger Promises, and Offers of Gold. Wherefore he ply'd these *Agents* briskly

briskly with all the Effectual *Oratory* he could, to win 'em over to his own Separate Interest; engaging to bestow Great *Preferments* on 'em in *England*, with Two Hundred Thousand *Sequins*, as soon as the Business was accomplished.

The Three *Flemings* desired no better Sport, than thus to cajole Two the Ablest *Statesmen* in *Europe*. They possessed *Oliver* with an Entire Belief of their *Zeal* and Fidelity in his Service: And it was agree'd on between 'em, To hold *Mazarini* in Play, and that *Oliver* should send him an Answer, refusing to meddle in an *Intrigue* which seemed to carry so little Probability of Success.

From *England* these *Agents* passed over into *Zealand*. It having been so concluded before they parted from *Cardinal Mazarini*; that so they might there gain more Confederates, and lay all the Necessary Trains to bring this *Intrigue* to the desired Issue. But, Instead of doing either the *Protector* or *Cardinal Mazarini* this Service, they went immediately, and revealed the whole Secret to the *Governor of Flanders*.

He having duly examined all Circumstances, and being satisfied in the Truth of their Relations, and in their Loyalty to the *King of Spain*; commanded them to proceed in deluding both the *French* and the *English*, as long as they could, with fair Hopes of accomplishing their Aims. Whilst he took Care to secure *Ostend*, and other Parts of *Flanders*, from all Attempts of this Nature.

In

In fine, the *Protector* falling off again, being frightened by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Threats, who had discover'd his Under-Hand Dealing; these *Agents* applied themselves close to the *French*, who were now made so much more Eager, by *Oliver's* Design to Interlope 'em. They spun out the *Intrigue* several *Moons*, brought the *French King* to sign *Articles*, and to pass his Word for the Payment of near a Million of *Gold*; cajol'd his *General* in *Flanders*, and at one Time made him believe, 'Twas his Interest to lie still for Six *VWeeks* together, when all the *VWorld* expected he would pursue his *Conquests* in that *Province*. At another Time, caus'd him to march with so much *Precipitation*, when the *VVays* were *Unpassable*, that he was forced to leave most of his Cannon, and a Thousand *VVaggon*s plunged in the deep Roads; with the Loss of Three Thousand Men, who were either drown'd or starv'd: And all this for the Sake of gaining *Ostend*. *VVhen* after all, they were not only cheated of their Hopes in that Point, but most shamefully expos'd to the Derision and Contempt of all *Europe*. For *Cardinal Mazarini* repos'd an Entire Confidence in the Fidelity of his *Flemish Agents*. So that whatsoever they propos'd, as an Expedient to compass the Design, was a Law. Hence it was, that the *French General* in *Flanders* received Express Orders to embark part of his Army on certain Vessels that lay before *Dunkirk*, and on a perfix'd Day to sail into the *Haven* of *Ostend*, there
to

to Land his Men, and take Possession of the *Town*, in the Name of his *Master*: Being made to believe, That the Gates would be opened to him, and that the *Spanish* Garrison should march out in his Sight.

All this was carried on with so much Artifice and Subtle Management, that when he entered the *Haven* with Ten Vessels, he thought himself secure of the *Place*: Yet no sooner Landed his Men to the Number of Fifteen Hundred, but they thund'ed upon them such Volleys of Great and Small Shot from the Walls, that Two Hundred of them fell immediately, as many threw down their Arms, and the *Citizens* making a Vigorous Sally, the Rest were either Kill'd or taken Prisoners, he himself not escaping that Misfortune.

By this thou mayest discern, how easy 'tis for an *Agent* of any *Prince*, to embarrass his *Master's* Affairs: And, that a *Publick Minister* can never commit a greater or more dangerous Error, than in being too Credulous.

Serene *Bassa*, let not *Mahmut's* Name sound harsh at the *Port*, nor his Honour be traduced by *Sycophants*: Since his *Loyalty* is Proof against all *Temptations*; And this the *Ministers* of the *Divan* know by Twenty Years Experience.

Paris, 5th. of the 10th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER XIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother*, Master
of the Grand Signior's Customs
at Constantinople.

I Have receiv'd a *Dispatch* from our Cousin
Isonf. He has been in a *Cold Region*, with-
in the *Artick Circle*, but now is at *Stockholm*
in *Sueden*. The *Parts* he has visited, are the
Farthermost *Tracts* of our *Continent* to the
North. They may be call'd, The *Territories*
of *Night* and *Darkness*: For they have but
One Day in a *Whole Year*. The *Sun* appears
but *Once* above their *Horizon*, during his *An-
nual* Progress through the *Zodiack*. Yet, he
makes them amends by the long continued
Light he affords them at that *Season*: For,
that *One Day* is, without the *Miracle* of *Jo-
shua*, prolong'd the Space of Four, Five, or
Six *Moons*, according to the Proportionate
Distance of each *Country* from the *Pole*.

Isonf relates Strange Things of those *Dark*
Countries, and such as seem almost to surpass
Credit, were they not confirm'd by very Grave
and Learned *Writers*. He says, that in some
Parts of *Norway*, no Tree is to be seen, by
Reason of the Violent Force of the Winds,
which blow down all before 'em, carrying a-
way even the Roofs of Houses, and scattering
them at a great Distance. So that the Inha-
bitants

bitants are forced to dwell in Dens and Caves, and burn the Bones of Fishes, for want of better Fuel: Since it is Impossible for any *Plant* to grow in those Parts. Neither can Men travel safely on Horses or a-foot, at certain Tempestuous Seasons. For, the Wind will either throw both Horse and Man to the Ground, or catch 'em up into the Air.

But when he describes the Horrible Coldness of these Regions, the very Idea of it is enough to make one quake. He says, Cold is an *Active Quality*, and Reigns under the North Pole, as in its Proper Kingdom or Centre, from whence it darts its Freezing Rays through the Earth. Yet, others are of Opinion, that Cold is only a *Privation of Heat*, a bare *Passive Disposition* of the *Elements*; and therefore more Sensibly felt in those *Climates* that are farthest from the Warm Influences of the Sun, whose Beams give Life and Vigor to All Things. Be it how it will, its Effects are very Remarkable in those Northern Regions.

All the Rivers, Lakes, and Seas there, are frozen up during the Winter. Men, Horses, Waggon, Coaches, and even whole Armies pass as commonly over the Ice, as before Ships sailed there, or as we travel o'er the Firm Land. And last Winter, the Baltick Sea was the Road of Ice, over which the King of Sweden marched with his Army of Horse and Foot into Zealand, to prosecute the War in those Parts. They also raise Strong Forts of Snow, able to sustain the Battery of Bullets and Engines of War, with all the Vi-

olence of the Fiercest Assaults. They build *Carvansera's* on the *Frozen Seas and Lakes*, for the Convenience of *Travellers*; and set up Branches of Firr or Juniper, as Marks to distinguish the Holes and Fissures of the *Ice*, from that which is solid and secure: For there are *High-Ways* on those *Congealed Waters*; and *Officers* appointed to survey them, and take all Necessary Orders for the Security of *Travellers*. And sometimes they fight *Pitch'd Battles* on the *Frozen Element*.

Our *Kinsman* also has made Curious Remarks on the *Triumphal Obelisks*, and *Funeral Monuments* of Ancient *Hero's* among the *Goths* and *Suedes*: For those *Nations* boast of *Giants* and Famous *Warriours*. These *Monuments*, tho' of Stone, and Exquisitely Shaped, yet were never cut by the Hand of Man; but are as so many Splinters of Rocks and Mountains, torn from the Main Body by the Violence of Earthquakes, Thunders, or the like Motions of *Nature*; And falling down in the Forms of *Pyramids*, and other *Artificial Figures*, were of Old set up by the *Graves* of *Giants* and other *Renowned Persons*. Having also *Inscriptions* on them, signifying the Particular *Hero* who there lies buried. Such as these,

I Uffo,

I Uffo, Fighting in Defence of my Country, with my Own Hand Kill'd Thirty Two Giants: And at last being Kill'd by the Giant Rolvo, my Body lies here.

And,

I Ingolvas that Subdu'd all Oppressors, and defended the Poor and Weak; Now grown Old, Poor and Weak my self; yet having my Sword girt to my Thigh, am forc'd to yield to Death (who Conquers All Things) and to go down into this Sepulchre, which I prepar'd for my Last Retreat.

It seems; there are Infinite Numbers of these *Tombs* all over the Desarts, Mountains, and Vallies of the *North*. Which is an Argument, That however Contemptible these *People* may seem to the *True Believers*; Yet they have not been wanting in Valiant Men and *Hero's*. Doubtless, *God* has dispens'd his Vertues and Graces to Men of

all *Nations*: He is not Partial in his Gifts. We ought to Praise him in the Beginning and End of all Our Actions. And if we contemplate his Honour in the Middle of our Affairs, we shall not do amiss; Since, as he is the *First* and the *Last* of the *Universe*, so he is the *Center* of *Every Thing*.

I had not these Relations only from *Isonf*, but out of the *Historians* themselves, who write of these *Countries*: Yet our *Kinsman* informs me of Some Things, which are omitted by those *Authors*. Every *Traveller* is Singular in his Observations: For, all Men have not the same *Genius*. And thy *Journal* of the *East*, abounds with Remarks which are not common in other *Writers*,

Brother, if I may advise thee, it shall be, to do nothing by Imitation; but pursue the Dictates of thy own Sense, and the Peculiar Bent of thy *Soul*. For whatever is forced and affected, is Nauseous.

Paris, 16th. of the 12th. Moon,
of the Year 1658.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant
in Venice.

THE *Kaimacham* has informed me, that thou art appointed to succeed *Adonai* the Jew, in *Italy*. He has also acquainted me with other Matters relating to thy Charge. I am glad they have found out a *Mussulman* Capable of that *Important Trust*; and that we shall not always stand in Need of *Jews* to serve the *Grand Signior*, Emperor of the Faithful. Tho' some of that Nation are very Honest and Loyal; yet 'tis better to be without em.

Thou and I, are Strangers to each other: But 'tis Necessary for us to be speedily acquainted, and hold a Mutual Intimacy by Letters; that so we may serve our Great Master, without Interfering or Clashing in our Intelligence. I have been here these Twenty Years, and made no False Steps in my Sovereign's Business, whatever I have done in my own: Yet have encounter'd a Thousand Difficulties and Perils; suffered Imprisonment many Moons in *Paris*, for my Fidelity; whilst my Enemies at *Constantinople*, persecuted me as a Traitor and an Infidel.

'Tis Impossible to avoid these Crosses, in the Course of Humane Life. They are as

Natural as the Wind or the Rain. All that we can do is, by a prudent and dextrous Management of Contingences, to wind our selves out of Trouble as well as we can. And above all, rather to be our Own Executioners, than betray the least Secret committed to us.

I question not, but thou hast had the same Instructions given thee by the *Ministers* of the *Happy Port*. What I say, is only to confirm thee in thy Fidelity and Care. Write to me with the same Frankness, and let Nothing make thee reserved to thy *Fellow-Slave*. We are both *Followers* of the *Prophet*: We Worship *One God* after the same Manner, and Equally reverence the *Alcoran*. We serve *One Master*; and tho' in different *Stations*, yet let our Affections and Interests be United as Friends. Let no little narrow Passions or Emulations, corrupt our Integrity; or teach us to un-Man our selves.

I know not thy *Original*, whether thou art of *Mahometan* or *Christian* Parents. 'Twould be very Obliging to send me a short *History* of thy *Life*, and how thou learned'st the *Italian Tongue*: For without that, I judge they would not have sent thee into that *Country*.

As for me, I'm an *Arabian* by *Birth*, brought up in the *Seraglio*; from thence sent to Sea; there taken *Captive* by the *Christians*; sold in *Sicily*, where I underwent a tedious *Servitude*, yet at length gained my *Freedom*: and having passed through Vari-
ous

ous Fortunes, at last was sent hither, to observe the Secret *Counsels* of the *Christians*, especially of this *Court*.

I now grow Old, having seen near Fifty Years. Yet tho' the Strength of my *Body* fails, I feel not the least Decay in my Zeal for the *Mussulman Faith*, or my *Master's* Service. I'm still *Mahmut*, the *Loyal Slave* of the *Port*; and thy Friend, so long as thou art so to thy self.

Paris, 30th. of the 1st. Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

IT rejoyses me to hear, that *Adonai's Place* is supplied by a *Mussulman*, in whom the *Sublime Port* may put more Confidence, than in any of *Jewish Race*. 'Twill be an Encouragement to the *True Faithful*, and a Precedent of good Import. For, no *Nation* love to see their *Prince* bestow *Offices of Trust* on *Strangers*, when his own *People* are as capable of *Employment* as they. 'Tis Generally taken as an Affront and Contempt of their Abilities or their Vertue, and has often produced Ill Consequences.

I deny not, but there are many Honest and

Wise Men among the *Hebrews*, Persons of Merit and Honour, from whom the *Sultan* receives no small Services. But, this ought not to diminish the Reputation of those who are of the same *Faith* with their *Sovereign*. Doubtless, *Arabia* and *Turky* are not barren of Good *Soldiers*, Prudent *Statesmen*, and Dextrous *Ministers*.

I know not the Character of *Zoidi Alamanzi*, whether he be a Natural born *Turk*, a Tributary Son of a *Christian*, or a Voluntary *Renegado*. However, the Choice that is made of him, convinces me, that the Unerring *Divan* esteem him a Man fit for the Business committed to his Charge.

He ought to be perfectly skill'd in *Italian*, or at least in some other *Language* of the *Nazarenes*: That so he may pass the better unsuspected among the People where he resides, who are more Jealous of Strangers, than any other *Nation* in *Europe*. 'Tis a Crime thought worthy of Imprisonment, for a *Venetian* to converse with a *Foreigner* too frequently, and in Private: For they are afraid lest by that Means, a dangerous Correspondence should be established betwixt some ill-affected Subjects of that *Commonwealth*, and its Enemies: Whereby their Secrets may be betray'd, and Measures taken to ruine 'em.

For this Reason also, they have forbid *False Hair* or *Perrukes* to be worn by any in their *Dominions*, lest this might serve as a Disguize for Villains and Traytors. Yet Nothing

thing more common in *France* and other Countries of *Europe*, than for Men to wear on their Heads, Ornaments of Womens Hair, instead of their own.

As to *Religion*, I believe, they will not much trouble him, being no *Zealots* themselves: And provided he does but profess himself a *Christian* and a *Catholick*, they'll make no farther Inquisition.

The *Italians* in General, are much like the Ancient *Romans* in their Humour. Men of grave Aspects, and Carriage, and much more compos'd in both than the *French*, who appear Ridiculous through the Levity of their Discourse and Actions. The Former abound in Sage Precepts of Morality, and Politick Aphorisms, which serve as a Rule whereby to square the Course of their Lives: The Latter only affect some flashy Improvements of Wit and Conversation, studying rather how to please Women, than Men; coveting to be perfect in External Accomplishments, and the Graces of the Body, whilst they slight the more valuable Endowments of the Mind. In a Word, they are mere *Apes*, and *Mimicks*. On the Contrary, the *Italians* are Men of an Awful and Majestick Behaviour, solid Judgment, and deep Reach. If you see them smile, you shall seldom or never hear 'em laugh: Whereas, the Motion of a Feather will set the *French* a-Braying like *Asses*. These will contract a Warm Friendship with any Man at first Interview, heighten it with a Thousand Compliments, make him their

Confessor,

Confessor, and unbosom all their *Secrets*. Yet *Second* Encounter shall extinguish this *Passion*, and a *Third* shall revive it again. Whereas, those are cautious and slow in the choice of their *Friends*; and when once that *Knot* is dissolv'd, 'tis never to be fasten'd there again. They are *Irreconcilable* in their *Hatred* and *Revenge*.

But, there are Men to be excepted in Both *Nations*, who fall not under these General Characters. *France* affords many Wise, and Learned Persons; and *Italy*, not a few Fools and Ideots. Vertues and Vices are strangely mix'd in all People. War, Commerce and Travel, with other Humane Occurrences, alter Men's Natural Dispositions, and give the Lye to the Exactest Observations that can be made. Besides, Time changes all Things: And the Qualities which this Age remarks in the *Italians*, may in the next be transferr'd to the *French*. For, there is no Constancy in any Thing under the *Moon*.

Zeidi will find great Examples of Frugality, among the *Venetians*, in the necessary Expences of their Persons and Families; Yet Abundance of Magnificence in whatever relates to the *Publick*, which the *Subjects* of that *Commonwealth* serve with open Purses, and free Hearts.

Indeed, they are not so Remarkable for their Temperance, as some other Parts of *Italy*. Libertinism and Voluptuousness, reign uncontroul'd in *Venice*. *Women* and *Wine*, are there almost as Common, as the *Elements*.

Yet,

Yet, 'tis observ'd, that Strangers generally debauch more with Both, than the Natives. God preserve *Zeidi* from their Temptations.

If it be his Fortune, or Duty to visit *Padua*, he ought not to make too long an Abode in that Nest of *Philosophers* and *Physicians*, lest they first Anatomize his *Soul*, and discover the *Secrets* of his *Commission*; and then turn his Body to a *Skeleton*, as they once serv'd a *Moor*, whom they dissected Alive, to make Experiment, perhaps, whether a *Mahometan's* Blood Circulated the same Way as a *Christians*.

Those *Italian Physicians*, are very Cruel; and think it no Sin to try Poisons, and other Fatal Tricks on the *Poor*, that so they may be the better able to keep the *Rich* on the Rack at their Pleasure, and make their Market on 'em.

I know not *Zeidi's* appointed *Station*, or what *Cities* he is to see: But, where-ever he goes, 'twill be Necessary for him to use Abundance of Caution; for the *Italians* are the closest, slyest and most Judicious People in the World.

But, I forget that he is chosen by the *Divan* for this *Employment*, to whom the Characters of all *Nations* are known, and who penetrate into the most Interior Recesses of Men's Spirits.

Therefore, I lay my Hand upon my Mouth in profound Submission, and acquiesce to my *Superiors*. Still praying, That the *Grand Signior*

Signior may have Faithful and Wise *Ministers* at Home, and no Novices for his *Agents* Abroad.

Paris, 3d. of the 2d. Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVI.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of
Austria.

There is a *Street* in *Paris*, which they call the *Street of Hell*. The Reason of this Name is said to be, because at one End of it, there formerly stood an Old House, possess'd by *Devils*, who were so troublesome, that as the *Records* of *Paris* affirm, an *Edict* of *Parliament* was pass'd, to remove all the Inhabitants out of their Houses in that *Street*, and shut up the Entrance with a Wall. Since which, these *Demons* were expell'd by the *Carthusians*, who built a *Monastery* in the Place. If this Story be true, it redounds much to the Reputation of that *Order*, and of all you *Monasticks* in General, who by your *Exorcisms* are able to subdue the *Infernal Spirit*. But I have heard so many silly Tales of Houses being haunted by *Ghosts* and *Hobgoblins*, that I know not how to give Credit to this.

Besides,

Besides, when I consider the Nature of *Incorporeal Beings*, it seems Ridiculous to think, that they can take Delight to play the *Antiques*, to frighten poor Mortals: Or confine themselves to an Old Ruin'd *Castle* (for such was this House) for the Sake of a Little Sport; When according to the Ancient *Philosophers*, every *Incorporeal Being* is far more Excellent than the most *Perfect Body*, and can be *Every Where*: Neither are they at any Time *Locally Present* in *Bodies*, but only by a Propension or Habit are inclin'd to them: And this they mean of *Living Bodies*. What *Charm* then can there be in an Old Rotten *Fabrick* of *Stone* and *Wood*, to allure and detain *Immaterial Substances*?

Certainly, the Nature of these *Separate Essences*, is very Remote from all *Compound-ed Beings*. I have been often at a Loss, in Contemplating the *Soul* of Man. Sometimes it seems no otherwise distinguish'd from the *Souls* of *Brutes*, than by being United to a *Body* of Different *Organs*; Which causes us to shew more Evident Tokens of *Reason* than they, in the *Faculty* of *Discourse*, and in our *Actions*. Yet when I consider more attentively the *Operations* of our *Mind* and *Intellect*, I cannot but conclude, There is a vast Distinction between *our Souls*, and those of the *Beasts*. I have with Pleasure observ'd the Excellency of *Humane Intellect* in *Madmen* and *Dreamers*; who being come to themselves, (as we usually say) relate many Things of which they were before Ignorant, and comprehend

prehend Things surpassing their Former Imaginations.

It appears therefore more Rational to me; That the *Soul* is *Every-Where* and *No-Where*, as the *Ancients* say; Than that it is shut up and Imprison'd in the *Body*, as a *Wild Beast* in his *Den*, or *Liquor* in a *Glass*. However, by an Ineffable Production of it self, it is Present in *Every Part* of the *Body*, as the *Light* of the *Sun* is diffus'd through the *Air*, and can as soon withdraw it self, as that *Light* when interrupted by a *Cloud*. In a Word, I conceive the *Soul* to be a very *Free Agent*, and that it is *here*, and *there*, and *every where*. It United it self to the *Body* by its own Choice, and can retire again from it at Pleasure.

One closely pursu'd Act of *Contemplation*, will at any Time carry thee or me to the *Invisibles*, whenever we go resolutely about it.

Paris, 1st. of the 4th. Moon:
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*To the Venerable Ibrahim, Cadi-
lesquer of Romeli.*

There has not a Year escap'd, since my Arrival at *Paris*, wherein I did not send to the *Ministers* of the Ever Happy and Exalted *Port*, constant Intelligence of Battles, Sieges, Storming of Towns, and such other Occurrences of *War*, as happen'd between the *Kingdoms* of *France* and *Spain*. But now I believe, my Future *Dispatches* must contain other Matters. For, in all Appearance, this *War* which has lasted Four and Twenty Years, is in a fair Way to be ended. The *King* of *Spain* grows weary of his Continual Losses in *Italy*, *Flanders*, and *Catalonia*: And he of *France*, seems glutt'd with Perpetual Victories and Conquests. In a Word, these Two Potent *Monarchs* laying aside their Quarrels, are making diligent Preparations this Year for a *Campagne* of Friendship and Love.

They are both in *Arms*, yet commit no Acts of *Hostility*. Whilst *Cardinal Mazarini* on the Part of this *Crown*, and *Don Louis d'Aro de Gusman*, First *Minister* of *Spain*, are gone to meet each other on the *Frontiers* of both *Kingdoms*, as *Plenipotentiaries* for their Respective *Masters*, to concert the Measures

tures of a Lasting *Peace*, and treat of a *Marriage* between the *King of France*, and the *Infanta of Spain*.

All *Europe* is amaz'd at this surprizing Change. And the *French* and *Spaniards*, who border on each other, can hardly believe their own Senses, whilst they find a Mutual Commerce restor'd between their *Frontier Towns* and *Villages*, which had been Interrupted, ever since the Year 1635. about Sixteen *Moons* before I came to this City.

But, though they are thus disposed to *Peace* here in the *West*; the *Northern Monarchs* are pushing the *War* forward in *Sweden*, *Denmark*, and *Potland*, with all Imaginable Vigour and Animosity. The coming over of the *Elector of Brandenburg* to the *Danish* Interest, has made a great Alteration in their Affairs. For, whereas *Fortune* seem'd before in all Things to favour the *Suedes*; now they lose Ground, and find their Attempts Unsuccessful. Four Thousand of their Men fell before the Walls of *Copenhagen*, in Three Nights and Two Days: Which caus'd *King Gustavus* to raise the Siege. Whilst the *Duke of Brandenburg* retook *Fredericks-Ode*, and thereby restor'd to the *King of Denmark*, the *Provinces of Holstein, Jutland and Ditmarsen*.

The *Hollanders* also have had a Combat with the *Suedes* at *Sea*, and sunk Fourteen of their best Ships: Besides what they burnt and took.

These Events have stirr'd up several *Princes* to mediate a *Peace*. And 'tis not Improbable, but in a little Time, we may see all the *Christians* good Friends: And then 'twill be Time for the *Mussulmans*, to be upon their *Guard*.

As for *Mahmut*, he will not fail to pry into the Counsels of these *Infidels*; and send timely Notices to the *Port*. Leaving the Rest to the Wisdom of his *Superiours*, and the Pleasure of *Destiny*.

Paris, 29th. of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER XVIII.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Alsaqui,
Professor of Theology at Fez.

THE Character, which the Great and Illustrious *Abdel Melec Muli Omar*, President of Presidents, Grace and Ornament of Ancient Learning, Oracle of Africa, and Restorer of Obsolete Truth; has given me of thy Profound Wisdom and Science, fills me with Reverence and Sacred Love. I am ravished with Wonder and Joy to hear, That in this Age, wherein the *Mussulman Theology* has suffered so many Innovations, there yet survives a Man who dares, and is able to assert
against,

against all Opposers, not only the *Primitive and Original Truth*, brought down from *Heaven* by the *Hand of Gabriel*; but also the *Real and Indubitable Sayings, Sermons, Counsels, and Actions* of the *Prophet*, whilst he was on *Earth* conversing with *Mortals*, before his *Transmigration* to the *Gardens of Eternal Repose and Solitude*. Thou art the *Enoch, the Hermes Trismegistus* of the *Age*.

I have seen many *Copies* of the *Zunè*, or the *Book of Doctrine*; each pretending to comprize the whole *System* of that *Divine Philosophy and Wisdom*, which dropt from the *Lips* of our *Incomparable* and most *Holy Lawgiver*, and were *Attested* by his *Wife*, the *Holy Agesha, Mother of the Faithful*, and by his *Ten Disciples*. Yet all these various *Transcripts* differ, both in their *Sence* and *Manner of Expressions*.

I have perused the *Books* Entituled *Dahif, or Imperfect*; which contain the *Memoirs* of his other *Wives*; and the *Manuscripts* called *Maucof, or Fragments*: Being only a *Collection* of some *Select Sentences, Aphorisms and Parables* of the *Sent of God*. But these have no other *Authority* to back 'em, save the *Credit* of some *Learned Scribes*, who were not familiar with the *Divine Favourite*, only living in his *Time*, and taking *Things on Report*.

In fine, I have met with several *Parchments* of the *Zaquini*, or *Pretended Traditions* of *Abu Becre, Omar, and Othman*: But these I esteem as *Spurious, Corrupted, and full of Errors*. What

What shall I say? The Zeal of Omar Ebn Abdil-Aziz, the Ninth Caliph of the Tribe of Merwan, is not unknown to me. I am no Stranger to his singular Piety, not to be matched among *Crowned Heads*: For, of him it is Recorded, That as he descended from the *Throne* at the Time of his *Inauguration*, he gave the Robe from his Back, as an Alms to a Poor Man; And, That during his whole *Reign*, he spent but Two *Pia-sters* a-Day on himself. And so great was his Resignation to *Destiny*, (an Admirable Vertue in a *Sovereign Emperour*) that when he was on his Bed in his last Sickness, and was counselled to take *Physick*, he answered, No; if I were sure to heal my self, only by reaching my Finger to my Ear, I would not. For, the Place to which I am going, is full of Health and Bliss.

This Caliph was a Miracle of Humility, and his Charity always kept him Poor. Moslema Ebn Abdil Malec relates, That going to visit Omar on his Death-Bed, he found him lying on a Couch of Palm-Leaves, with Three or Four Skins instead of a Pillow, his Garments on, and a foul Shirt underneath. Seeing this, Moslema was grieved, and turning to his Sister Phatema the Empress, he said, How comes it to pass, that the Great Lord, Commander of the Faithful, appears in so squalid a Condition? She replied, As thou livest, he has given away all that he had, even to the very Bed that was under him, to the Poor, and only reserved what thou seest, to
cover

cover his Nakedness. Then *Moslema* could not refrain, but burst forth into Tears, saying, *God shew thee Mercy upon Mercy, thou Royal Saint: For, thou hast pierced our Hearts with the Fear of his Divine Majesty.* This *Caliph* was numbred among the *Saints*.

He it was, that perceiving the Contradiction, and Disputes of the *Mussulman's*, the Darkness and Confusion in the Various Copies of the *Zuni*, or *Book of Doctrine*; assembled a *General Divan* of *Mollah's*, and *Learned Men* at *Damascus*, from all Parts of the *Empire*: Commanding that all the *Manuscripts* of the *Zuni*, which were extant, should be brought in to this *Assembly*, on Pain of Death to him that should detain one. This being done, he Commanded Six of them, to be chosen out of the *Whole Number*, by Vote; Men Eminent for Learning and Piety: And that these Six should severally collect, out of all the Multitude of Copies, each Man a *Book*, containing what he thought to be the most *Genuine Discourses* of the *Prophet*, concerning this *World*, and that which is to come. When this was executed according to his Will, he commanded all the *Old Books* to be burn'd, in a Field near *Damascus*.

Yet, after all the *Religious Care* of this *Holy Caliph*, to restore these *Writings* to their *Primitive Integrity*, the *Mussulmans* soon fell into New Contentions, about the *Sence* and *Interpretation* of these *Correct Copies* of the *Zuni*. From whence sprang the *Four Cardinal Sects*, on which, all the *Innumerable* lesser

lesser and later Divisions among *True Believers*, are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly rejoyce, and from my Heart highly applaud the Method taken by those of your Renowned College, to discern the *True Doctrines and Sayings* of the *Holy Prophet*, from those which are *Suppositions*, by comparing all the *Books* that are extant together, and reducing *Matters of Divine Revelation* to the *Analogy* of the *Alcoran*; Those of *Philosophy* and *Moral Regards*, to the Standard of *Experience* and *Reason*: For, it is Impious to believe, that the *Divine Apostle* would impose any Thing on our *Faith*, repugnant to the *Sence of Men*, or the *Express Will of Heaven*. By the *Soul of Pythagoras*, *Mahomet* said Nothing but what was Rational, and Evident to any Unprejudiced Mind. But, the Greatest Part of these *Sectaries*, are besotted. They form to themselves False Notions of *God* and his *Prophet*, and think to merit *Paradise* by their Stupidity.

Reverend *Alfaqui*, I have much more to say to thee, and many Questions to ask; But, Time and the *Grand Signior's Service*, force me to conclude abruptly, wishing thee *Perfection of Bliss*.

Paris, 29th. of the 6th. Moon, of the Year 1659.
according to the Christian Style.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

Vol. V. No. 1. 1853.
Latter and later Divisions are
never are founded.

I cannot therefore but inwardly
and from my heart apply to
the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel,
the God of the Jews, the God of the
of the old Testament, from whose will and
appointment the Christian Church
is sprung together, and wishing
to be united in the unity of the Father
and the Son, and the Holy Spirit;
to the standard of Jesus Christ and His
love, it is impossible to have any other
standard would in fact be a denial of
our repentance to the Lord of Hosts or
the Father of all, who is the God of
the Jews, and who is the God of the
Christian Church. Nothing but what
is rational, and evident to every
sensible mind, can be the ground of
our faith. I have found no other
ground than the Word of God, and His
promises to merit by their faith.

div.
Rev. I have much more to
say to the many Questions to ask; But
and the Great Signior's service, for
me to conclude simply, willing that I
be of the

Paris, 10th of the 6th. Month of the Year 1853.
According to the Christian style.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

